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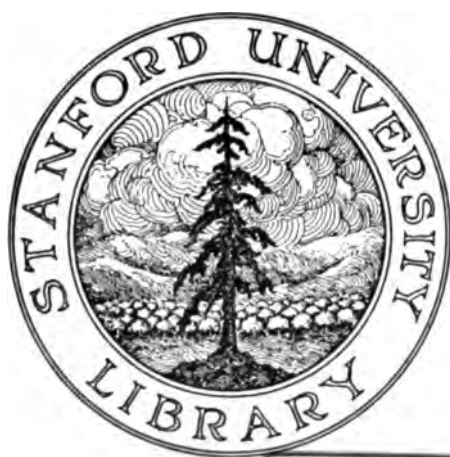
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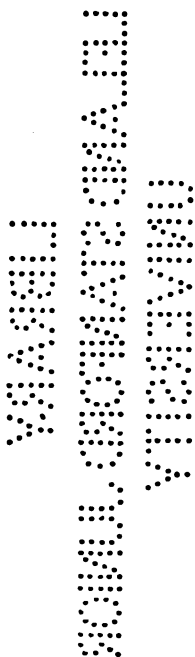
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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I. — *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By his Nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. In Two Volumes. London, 1876.

A PECULIAR faculty, and one approaching to the dramatic order, belongs to the successful painter of historical portraits, and belongs also to the true biographer. It is that of representing personality. In the picture, what we want is not merely a collection of unexceptionable lines and colours so presented as readily to identify their original. Such a work is not the man, but a duly attested certificate of the man. What we require, however, is the man and not merely the certificate. In the same way, what we want in a biography, and what, despite the etymology of the title, we very seldom find, is *life*. The very best transcript is a failure, if it be a transcript only. To fulfil its idea, it must have in it the essential quality of movement; must realise the lofty fiction of the divine Shield of Achilles, where the upturning earth, though wrought in metal, darkened as the plough went on, and the figures of the battle-piece dealt their strokes and parried them, and dragged out from the turmoil the bodies of their dead.

To write the biography of Lord Macaulay was a most arduous task. Such seems to have been the conception, with which it was approached; nor is it belied by the happy faculty with which it has been accomplished. Mr. Trevelyan had already achieved a reputation for conspicuous ability; and the honour of near relationship was in this case at least a guarantee for reverent and devoted love. But neither love, which is indeed a danger as well as an ally, nor intelligence, nor assiduity, nor forgetfulness of self, will make a thoroughly good biography, without this subtle gift of imparting life. By this it was that Boswell established himself as the prince of all biographers; by this Mr. Trevelyan has, we believe, earned for himself a place on what is still a somewhat scanty roll.

Beyond doubt, his subject has supplied him with great, and, to the general reader, unexpected advantages. The world was familiar in a high degree with the name of Lord Macaulay, and thought it knew the man, as one transcendent in much, and greatly eminent in all, that he undertook. With the essayist, the orator, the historian, the poet, the great social star, and even the legist, we were all prepared, in our anticipations of this biography, to renew an admiring acquaintance. But there lay behind all these what was in truth richer and better than them all—a marked and noble human character; and it has not been the well-known aspects, and the better-known works, of the man which Mr. Trevelyan has set himself to exhibit. He has executed a more congenial and delightful office in exhibiting *ad vivum* this personality, of which the world knew little, and of which its estimate, though never low, was, as has now been shown, very far beneath the mark of truth. This is the pledge which he gives to his readers at the outset (vol. i. p. 3):

‘For every one who sat with him in private company, or at the transaction of public business, for every ten who have listened to his oratory in Parliament, or on the hustings, there must be tens of thousands whose interest in history and literature he has awakened and informed by his pen, and who would gladly know what *manner of man it was* that has done them so great a service. To gratify that most legitimate wish is the duty of those who have the means at their command . . . . His own letters will supply the deficiencies of the biographer.’

And the promise thus conveyed he redeems in some nine hundred and fifty pages, which are too few rather than too many. In the greater part of the work, he causes Lord Macaulay to speak for himself. In the rest he is, probably for the reason that it was Lord Macaulay’s custom to destroy the letters of his correspondents, nearly the sole interlocutor; and the setting will not disappoint those who admired, and are jealous for, the stones.

Lord Macaulay lived a life of no more than sixty years and three months. But it was an extraordinarily full life of sustained exertion—a high table-land without depressions. If in its outer aspect there be anything wearisome, it is only the wearisomeness of reiterated splendour, and of success so uniform to be almost monotonous. He speaks of himself as idle; but his idleness was more active, and carried with it hour by hour a greater expenditure of brain-power, than what most men regard as their serious employments. He might well have been, in his mental career, the spoiled child of fortune; for all he tried succeeded, all he touched turned into gems and gold. In a happy childhood he evinced extreme precocity. His academical career

career gave sufficient, though not redundant, promise of after celebrity. The new golden age he imparted to the 'Edinburgh Review,' and his first and most important, if not best, parliamentary speeches in the grand crisis of the first Reform Bill, achieved for him, years before he had reached the middle point of life, what may justly be termed an immense distinction. For a century and more, perhaps no man in this country, with the exception of Mr. Pitt and of Lord Byron, had attained at thirty-two the fame of Macaulay. His parliamentary success and his literary eminence were each of them enough, as they stood at this date, to intoxicate any brain and heart of a meaner order. But to these was added in his case an amount and quality of social attentions such as invariably partake of adulation and idolatry, and as perhaps the high circles of London never before or since have lavished on a man whose claims lay only in himself, and not in his descent, his rank, or his possessions. Perhaps it was good for his mental and moral health that the enervating action of this process was suspended for four years. Although after his return from India in 1839 it could not but revive, he was of an age to bear it with less peril to his manhood. He seems at all times to have held his head high above the stir and the fascination, which excite and enslave the weak. His masculine intelligence, and his ardent and single-minded devotion to literature probably derived in this respect essential aid from that depth and warmth of domestic affections, which lay nearer yet to the centre of his being.

Mr. Trevelyan has further promised us (i. 4) that he 'will suppress no trait in his disposition, or incident in his career, which might provoke blame or question. . . . Those who best love him do not fear the consequences of freely submitting his character and his actions to the public verdict.' The pledge is one which it was safe to give. It is with Macaulay the man that the biographer undertakes to deal, and not with Macaulay the author. Upon the structure of his mind, upon its extraordinary endowments and its besetting dangers, there is much that must or may be said, in tones of question and of warning, as well as of admiration and applause. But as regards the character and life of the man, small indeed is the space for animadversion; and the world must be more censorious than we take it to be if, after reading these volumes, it does not conclude with thankfulness and pleasure that the writer who had so long ranked among its marvels has also earned a high place among its worthies.

He was, indeed, prosperous and brilliant; a prodigy, a meteor, almost a portent, in literary history. But his course was labo-

rious, truthful, simple, independent, noble ; and all these in an eminent degree. Of the inward battle of life he seems to have known nothing ; his experience of the outward battle, which had reference to money, was not inconsiderable, but it was confined to his earlier manhood. The general outline of his career has long been familiar, and offers neither need nor scope for detail. After four years of high parliamentary distinction, and his first assumption of office, he accepted a lucrative appointment in India, with a wise view to his own pecuniary independence, and a generous regard to what might be, as they had been, the demands of his nearest relations upon his affectionate bounty. Another term of four years brought him back, the least Indian, despite of his active labours upon the legislative code, of all the civilians who had ever served the Company. He soon re-entered Parliament ; but his zest for the political arena seems never to have regained the temperature of his virgin love at the time of the Reform Bill. He had offered his resignation of office during the debates on the Emancipation Act, at a time when salary was of the utmost importance to him, and for a cause which was far more his father's than his own. This he did with a promptitude, and a manly unconsciousness of effect or merit in the act, which were truly noble. Similar was his dignified attitude, when his constituents of Edinburgh committed their first fault in rejecting him on account of his vote for Maynooth. This was in 1847. At the general election in 1852, they were again at his feet ; as though the final cause of the indignity had been only to enhance the triumph of his re-election. Twice at least in the House of Commons he arrested the successful progress of legislative measures, and slew them at a moment's notice and by his single arm. The first was the Copyright Bill of Serjeant Talfourd in 1841 ; the second, the Bill of 1853 for excluding the Master of the Rolls from the House of Commons. But whenever he rose to speak, it was a summons to fill the benches. He retired from the House of Commons in 1856. At length, when in 1857 he was elevated by Lord Palmerston to the Peerage, all the world of letters felt honoured in his person. The claims of that which he felt to be indeed his profession acquired an increasing command on him, as the interests of political life grew less and less. Neither was social life allowed greatly to interfere with literary work, although here, too, his triumphs were almost unrivalled. Only one other attraction had power over him, and it was a lifelong power—the love of his sisters, which about the mid-point of life came to mean of his sister, Lady Trevelyan. As there is nothing equally touching, so there is really nothing more wonderful in the memoirs, than the large, the immeasurable abundance of this  
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gushing stream. It is not surprising that the full reservoir overflowed upon her children. Indeed he seems to have had a store of this love that could not be exhausted (ii. 209) for little children generally; his simplicity and tenderness vying all along in graceful rivalry with the manly qualities, which in no one were more pronounced. After some forewarnings, a period of palpable decline, which was brief as well as tranquil, brought him to his end on the 28th of December, 1859.

With these few words we part from the general account of Macaulay's life. It is not the intention of this article to serve for lazy readers, instead of the book which it reviews. In the pages of Mr. Trevelyan they will find that which ought to be studied, and can hardly be abridged. They will find too, let us say in passing, at no small number of points, the nearest approach within our knowledge, not to the imitation but to the reproduction of an inimitable style. What remains for critics and observers is to interpret the picture which the biography presents. For it offers to us much matter of wide human interest, even beyond and apart from the numerous questions which Macaulay's works would of themselves suggest.

One of the very first things that must strike the observer of this man is, that he was very unlike to any other man. And yet this unlikeness, this monopoly of the model in which he was made, did not spring from violent or eccentric features of originality, for eccentricity he had none whatever, but from the peculiar mode in which the ingredients were put together to make up the composition. In one sense, beyond doubt, such powers as his famous memory, his rare power of illustration, his command of language, separated him broadly from others; but gifts like these do not make the man; and we now for the first time know that he possessed, in a far larger sense, the stamp of a real and strong individuality. The most splendid and complete assemblage of intellectual endowments does not of itself suffice to create an interest of the kind that is, and will be, now felt in Macaulay. It is from ethical gifts alone that such an interest can spring. They existed in him not only in abundance, but in forms distinct from, and even contrasted with, the fashion of his intellectual faculties, and in conjunctions which come near to paradox. Behind the mask of splendour lay a singular simplicity; behind a literary severity which sometimes approached to vengeance, an extreme tenderness; behind a rigid repudiation of the sentimental, a sensibility at all times quick, and in the latest times almost threatening to sap his manhood. He, who as speaker and writer seemed above all others to represent the age and the world, had the real centre of his being in the  
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the simplest domestic tastes and joys. He, for whom the mysteries of human life, thought, and destiny appear to have neither charm nor terror, and whose writings seem audibly to boast in every page of being bounded by the visible horizon of the practical and work-day sphere, in his virtues and in the combination of them, in his freshness, bounty, bravery, in his unshrinking devotion both to causes and to persons, and most of all, perhaps, in the thoroughly inborn and spontaneous character of all these gifts, really recalls the age of chivalry and the lineaments of the ideal. The peculiarity, the *differentia* (so to speak), of Macaulay seems to us to lie in this, that while, as we frankly think, there is much to question—nay, much to regret or even censure in his writings—the excess or defect, or whatever it may be, is never really ethical, but is in all cases due to something in the structure and habits of his intellect. And again it is pretty plain that the faults of that intellect were immediately associated with its excellencies: it was in some sense, to use the language of his own Milton, ‘dark with excessive bright.’\*

Macaulay was singularly free of vices, and not in the sense in which, according to Swift’s note on Burnet, William III. held such a freedom; that is to say, ‘as a man is free of a corporation.’ One point only we reserve; a certain tinge of occasional vindictiveness. Was he envious? Never. Was he servile? No. Was he insolent? No. Was he prodigal? No. Was he avaricious? No. Was he selfish? No. Was he idle? The question is ridiculous. Was he false? No; but true as steel and transparent as crystal. Was he vain? We hold that he was not. At every point in the ugly list he stands the trial; and though in his history he judges mildly some sins of appetite or passion, there is no sign in his life, or his remembered character, that he was compounding for what he was inclined to.

The most disputable of the negatives we have pronounced is that which relates to vanity; a defect rather than a vice; never admitted into the septenary catalogue of the mortal sins of Dante and the Church; often lodged by the side of high and strict virtue, often allied with an amiable and playful innocence; a token of imperfection, a deduction from greatness; and no more. For this imputation on Macaulay there are apparent, but, as we think, only apparent, grounds.

His moderation in luxuries and pleasures is the more notable and praiseworthy because he was a man who, with extreme healthiness of faculty, enjoyed keenly what he enjoyed at all. Take in proof the following hearty notice of a dinner *a quattr*

\* ‘Paradise Lost,’ iii. 380.

*occhi* to his friend:—‘Ellis came to dinner at seven. I gave him a lobster-curry, woodcock, and macaroni.\* I think that I will note dinners, as honest Pepys did’ (ii. 243; compare ii. 281).

His love of books was intense, and was curiously developed. In a walk he would devour a play or a volume (ii. 287, 299, 282): and once his performance embraced no less than fourteen Books of the ‘Odyssey’ (vol. ii. 295). ‘His way of life,’ says Mr. Trevelyan, ‘would have been deemed solitary by others; but it was not solitary to him’ (ii. 465). This development blossomed into a peculiar specialism (ii. 466). Henderson’s ‘Iceland’ was ‘a favourite breakfast-book’ with him. Some books, which I would never dream of opening at dinner, please me at breakfast, and *vice versa*!’ There is more subtlety in this distinction than could easily be found in any passage of his writings. But how quietly both meals are handed over to the dominion of the master-propensity! This devotion, however, was not without its drawbacks. Thought, apart from books and from composition, perhaps he disliked, certainly he eschewed. Crossing that evil-minded sea, the Irish Channel, at night in rough weather, he is disabled from reading: he wraps himself in a pea-jacket and sits upon the deck. What is his employment? He cannot sleep, or does not. What an opportunity for moving onwards in the processes of thought, which ought to weigh on the historian. The wild yet soothing music of the waves would have helped him to watch the verging this way or that of the judicial scales, or to dive into the problems of human life and action which history continually casts upon the surface. No, he cared for none of this. He set about the marvellous feat of going over ‘Paradise Lost’ from memory; when he found he could still repeat half of it (ii. 263). In a word, he was always conversing, or recollecting, or reading, or composing; but reflecting, never.

The laboriousness of Macaulay as an author demands our gratitude; all the more because his natural speech was in sentences of set and ordered structure, well-nigh ready for the press. It is delightful to find, that the most successful prose-writer of the day was also the most painstaking. Here is indeed a literary conscience. The very same gratification may be expressed with reference to our most successful poet, Mr. Tennyson. Great is the praise due to the poet: still greater, from the nature of the case, that share which falls to the lot of Macaulay. For a poet’s diligence is, all along, a honeyed work. He is ever travelling

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\* On this word *vide* note, p. 9.

in flowery meads. Macaulay, on the other hand, unshrinkingly went through an immense mass of inquiry, which even he sometimes felt to be irksome, and which to most men would have been intolerable. He was perpetually picking the grain of corn out of the bushel of chaff. He freely chose to undergo the dust, and heat, and strain of battle, before he would challenge from the public the crown of victory. And in every way it was remarkable that he should maintain his lofty standard of conception and performance. Mediocrity is now, as formerly, dangerous, commonly fatal, to the poet: but among even the successful writers of prose, those who rise sensibly above it are the very rare exceptions. The tests of excellence in prose are as much less palpable, as the public appetite is less fastidious. Moreover, we are moving downwards in this respect. The proportion of middling to good writing constantly and rapidly increases. With the average of performance, the standard of judgment progressively declines. The inexorable conscientiousness of Macaulay, his determination to put out nothing from his hand which his hand was still capable of improving, was a perfect godsend to our slipshod generation.

It was naturally consequent upon this habit of treating composition in the spirit of art, that he should extend to the body of his books much of the regard and care which he so profusely bestowed upon their soul. We have accordingly had in him, at the time when the need was greatest, a most vigilant guardian of the language. We seem to detect rare and slight evidences of carelessness in his *Journal*: of which we can only say that, in a production of the moment, written for himself alone, we are surprised that they are not more numerous and considerable. In general society, carelessness of usage is almost universal, and it is exceedingly difficult for an individual, however vigilant, to avoid catching some of the trashy or faulty usages which are continually in his ear. But in his published works his grammar,\* his orthography, nay, his punctuation (too often sur-rendered

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\* In an unpublished paper on 'Appointment by Competition,' we find (at ii. 342) the following sentence: '*Instead of purity resulting from that arrangement to India, England itself would soon be tainted.*' Can the construction, of which the words we have italicised are an example, be found anywhere in the published works of Macaulay? Or in any writer of fair repute before the present century? Or even before the present day? Let any one, who desires to test its accuracy, try to translate it into a foreign language. Fonblanque, who was laudably jealous for our noble mother tongue, protested against this usage. His editor records the protest; and in the next page himself commits the crime. We find another example in Macaulay's letter to his father at p. 150 of vol. i. '*All minds seem to be perfectly made up as to the certainty of Catholic Emancipation having come at last.*' This very slovenly form of speech is now coming in upon us like a flood, through

rendered to the printer), are faultless. On these questions, and on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of a word, he may even be called an authority without appeal; and we cannot doubt that we owe it to his works, and to their boundless circulation, that we have not witnessed a more rapid corruption and degeneration of the language.

To the literary success of Macaulay it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of recent authorship. For this, and probably for all future, centuries, we are to regard the public as the patron of literary men; and as a patron abler than any that went before to heap both fame and fortune on its favourites. Setting aside works of which the primary purpose was entertainment, Tennyson alone among the writers of our age—in point of public favour, and of emolument following upon it—comes near to Macaulay. But Tennyson was laboriously cultivating his gifts for many years before he acquired a position in the eye of the nation. Macaulay fresh from college, in 1825, astonished the world by his brilliant and most imposing essay on Milton. Full-orbed he was seen above the horizon; and full-orbed, after thirty-five years of constantly-emitted splendour, he sank beneath it. His literary gains were extraordinary. The cheque for 20,000*l.* is known to all. But his accumulation was reduced by his bounty; and his profits would, it is evident, have been far larger still, had he dealt with the products of his mind on the principles of economic science (which, however, he heartily professed), and sold his wares in the dearest market, as he undoubtedly acquired them in the cheapest. No one can measure the elevation of Macaulay's character above the mercenary level, without bearing in mind, that for ten years after 1825 he was a poor and a contented man, though ministering to the wants of a father and a family reduced in circumstances; though in the blaze of literary and political success; and though he must have been conscious from the first of the possession of a gift which, by a less congenial and more compulsory use, would have rapidly led him to opulence. Yet of the comforts and

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through the influence of newspapers, official correspondence, and we know not what beside. As to errors of printing not obviously due to the operative department, during our searches in preparation for this article we have only chanced to stumble upon one; in the Essay on Bacon, the word *ἀποροννημένα* is twice printed with the accent on the *antepenultima*. Mr. Trevelyan records the rigour with which Macaulay proscribed 'Bosphorus' instead of Bosphorus, and Syren instead of Siren. In the interests of extreme accuracy, we raise the question whether Macaulay himself is correct in writing *macaroni* (ii. 243) instead of *maccaroni*. *Macaroni* is according to the French usage, and is referred by Webster to *μάκαρ*, a derivation which we utterly reject. But the original word is Italian, and is derived from *macca*, signifying abundance or heap (see the admirable 'Tramater' Dictionary, Naples, 1831).

advantages,

advantages, both social and physical, from which he thus forebore, it is so plain that he at all times formed no misanthropic or ascetic, but on the contrary a very liberal, estimate. It is truly touching to find that never, except as a Minister, until 1851 (ii. 291, 292), when he had already lived fifty of his sixty years, did this favourite of fortune, this idol of society, allow himself the luxury of a carriage.

It has been observed, that neither in art nor letters did Macaulay display that faculty of the higher criticism, which depends upon certain refined perceptions and the power of subtle analysis. His analysis was always rough, hasty, and sweeping, and his perceptions robust. By these properties it was that he was so eminently *φορτικός*, not in the vulgar sense of an appeal to spurious sentiment, but as one bearing his reader along by violence, as the River Scamander tried to bear Achilles. Yet he was never pretentious; and he said frankly of himself, that a criticism like that of Lessing in his *Laocoon*, or of Göthe on *Hamlet*, filled him with wonder and despair. His intense devotion to the great work of Dante (ii. 22) is not in keeping with his tastes and attachments generally, but is in itself a circumstance of much interest.

We remember, however, at least one observation of Macaulay's, in regard to art, which is worth preserving. He observed that the mixture of gold with ivory in great works of ancient art—for example, in the *Jupiter of Phidias*—was probably a condescension to the tastes of the people who were to be the worshippers of the statue; and he noticed that in Christian times it has most rarely happened that productions great in art have also been the objects of warm popular veneration.

Neither again had he patience for the accurate collection of minute particulars of evidence, to disentangle an intricate controversy, and by the recovery of the thread to bring out the truth. He neither could, nor would have done, for example, what Mr. Elwin has done in that masterly Preface to the *Letters of Pope*, which throws so much light upon the character.\* All such questions he either passed by unnoticed, or else carried by storm. He left them to the Germans, of whose labours he possessed little knowledge, and formed a very insufficient estimate. His collection of particulars was indeed most minute, but he was the master, not the servant, of his subject-matter. When once his rapid eye was struck with some powerful effect, he could not wait to ascertain whether his idea, formed at a first view, really agreed with the ultimate presentation of the facts. If,

\* 'The Works of Alexander Pope. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Rev. Whitwell Elwin.'

however,

however, he wrote many a line that was untrue, never did he write one that he did not believe to be true. He very rarely submitted to correct or to retract; and yet not because he disliked it, but simply because, from the habits of his mind, he could not see the need of it. Nothing can be more ingenuous, for example, than the following passage, written when he was at the very zenith of his fame (ii. 442), in 1858:

‘To-day I got a letter from —, pointing out what I must admit to be a gross impropriety of language in my book; an impropriety of a sort rare, I hope, with me. It shall be corrected, and I am obliged to the fellow, little as I like him.’

If then Macaulay failed beyond many men inferior to himself in the faculty (as to his works) of self-correction, what was the cause of this defect? It certainly did not lie in any coarse, outward, vulgar view of his calling.

It was not in such a spirit that Macaulay wooed the Muses. In whatever garb he wooed them, it was always in the noble worship of the Georgics, as the divinities—

‘Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore.’

Though, relatively to the common standard of literary production, his very worst would have been good, his taste and his principle alike forbade him to be satisfied with less than his best. His conception of the vocation was lofty to the uttermost; his execution was in the like degree scrupulous and careful. Nowhere, perhaps, can we find a more true description of the motive which impels a great writer, than in the fine thought of Filicaja:

‘Fama non cerco o mercenaria lode,’

that poet was content to sing for love of singing—

‘Purch’io cantando del bell’Arno in riva  
Sfoghi l’alto desio che ’l cor mi rode.’

He could not, indeed, have accepted that portion of the Italian minstrel’s ‘self-denying ordinance’ which dispensed with Fame. With the entire and peculiar force of his fancy, he projected in his mental vision the renown which the future was to bring him; and, having thus given body to his abstraction, allowed himself to dwell on it with rich enjoyment, as on some fair and boundless landscape. On the publication of his History, he felt as in all its fulness, so in all its forms,

‘La procellosa e trepida  
Gioia d’un gran disegno.’\*

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\* Manzoni’s ‘Cinque Maggio.’

‘The sale has surpassed expectation ; but that proves only that people have formed a high idea of what they are to have. The disappointment, if there is disappointment, will be great. All that I hear is laudatory. But who can trust to praise that is poured into his own ear ? At all events, I have aimed high. I have tried to do something that may be remembered. I have had the year 2000, and even the year 3000, often in my mind. I have sacrificed nothing to temporary fashions of thought and style ; and, if I fail, my failure will be more honourable than nine-tenths of the successes that I have witnessed.’ —(ii. 246).

Yet we infer from the general strain of his Journals and Letters, that even had there been no such thing as fame in his view, he still would have written for the sake of writing ; that for him reputation was to work, what pleasure properly is to virtue—the normal sequel, the grace and complement of the full-formed figure, but not its centre nor its heart.

We have spoken of some contrast between Macaulay himself and his works. It cannot be more fairly illustrated than in an instance which Mr. Trevelyan, true to his pledge, has not shrunk from exhibiting. Macaulay used the lash with merciless severity against the poems of Robert Montgomery ; and it entered deeply into the flesh of the man. Like ‘poor Yorick,’ there are those who remember Montgomery, and who can say of him this, that if he was not, as he was not, ‘a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,’ he was a man of pure and high character, and of natural gifts much above the common. If his style was affected, his life was humble. He committed the fault of publishing, as hundreds do, indifferent verses ; and the popular press of the day, with the public at its back, offered an absurd worship before the idol. But he was an idol ; and Macaulay, as the minister of justice for the welfare of the republic of letters, hurled him from the pedestal into an abyss. It was, we have not a doubt, without a shadow of ill-feeling towards the culprit that the judge, in this instance, put on the black-cap of doom. We very much regret, that when Montgomery subsequently appealed for mercy, although it seems he had the folly to intermix some kind of menace with his prayer, Macaulay (ii. 276) refused to withdraw his article, which had more than served its purpose, from the published collection of his Essays ; so that this bad poet, but respectable and respected man, is not allowed the sad privilege of oblivion, and the public are still invited to look on and see the immortal terrier worrying the mortal mouse. We have here an example of the inability of Macaulay to judge according to measure. But this is not the point we seek to illustrate. What was the fault of Robert Montgomery ?



Montgomery? It certainly did not lie in the adulation he received; that was the fault of those who paid it. It lay simply and wholly in the publication of bad poems. And chiefly of the first bad poem; for when public praise told him his lines were good, and enabled him to go to Oxford for education with the proceeds, it was surely a most venial act on his part to give way to the soft illusion, and again and again to repeat the operation. His sin, then, was in giving a bad poem to the world. For this sin he was, as Scott says, 'sair mashackered and misguggled' by the reviewer. But the very offence, so mercilessly punished by Macaulay the author, was habitually favoured and promoted by Macaulay the man. See his *Journal* (in or about 1856, ii. 413).

"I sent some money to Miss —, a middling writer, whom I relieved some time ago . . . Mrs. — again. I will send her five pounds more. This will make fifty pounds in a few months to a bad writer whom I never saw . . . If the author of — is really in distress I would gladly assist him, though I am no admirer of his poetry.'

There is no way of promoting the publication of bad books so effectual as that of giving subsidies to those who mistake their vocation in becoming and continuing bad authors.

There is, indeed, one patent, and we might almost say lamentable void in the generally engaging picture which the 'Life of Macaulay' has presented to us. We see his many virtues, his deep affections, his sound principles of civil, social, and domestic action in full play; nor is there anywhere found, or even suggested, a negation of those great principles of belief, which establish a direct personal relation between the human soul and its Creator, and an harmonious continuity between our present stage of destiny and that which is to succeed it in the world to come. Mr. Trevelyan has noticed his habitual reserve on subjects of religion; a habit perhaps first contracted in self-defence against the rather worrying methods of his excellent, but not sympathetic, nor always judicious father. He speaks of Bacon's belief of Revelation, in words which appear to imply that the want of it would have been a reproach or a calamity; and, when challenged as to his own convictions before the constituency of Leeds, he went as far, in simply declaring himself to be a Christian, as the self-respect and delicacy of an honourable and independent mind could on such an occasion permit. He nowhere retracts what is thus stated or suggested. Much may be set down to the reserve which he commonly maintained on this class of subjects; but there are passages which suggest a doubt whether he had completely wrought the Christian dogma,

dogma, with all its consolations and its lessons, into the texture of his mind, and whether he had opened for himself the springs of improvement and of delight which so many have found, and will ever find, in it. At the same time, with a sigh for what we have not, we must be thankful for what we have, and leave to One, wiser than ourselves, the deeper problems of the human soul and of its discipline.

We are free, however, to challenge outright the declaration of Mr. Trevelyan, that his uncle had a decided and strong taste for theology. 'He had a strong and enduring predilection for religious speculation and controversy, and was widely and profoundly read in ecclesiastical history' (ii. 462). For all controversy, and for all speculation which partook of controversy, he manifestly had not a sour or querulous, but a genial and hearty love. And again, as respects ecclesiastical history; in many of its phases it constitutes a part, and a leading part, of the history of the world. What records the origin of the wars of the Investitures, the League, and the Thirty Years, could not be foreign to the mind and eye of Macaulay. But very large tracts of Church History lie outside the currents of contemporary events, though they involve profoundly the thoughts and feelings, the training and the destiny of individual men. Of all these it would be hard to show that he had taken any serious account at all. It must be admitted, indeed, that no department of human records has on the whole profited so little as Church History by the charms, perhaps even by the methods, of literary art; but Macaulay, if he had desired to get at the kernel, was not the man to be repelled by the uncouth rudeness of the shell. As respects theology, the ten volumes of his published works do nothing to bear out the assertion of Mr. Trevelyan. We have ourselves heard him assert a paradox which common sense and established opinion alike reject, that the theology of the Seventeenth Article was the same as that of the portentous code framed at Lambeth about the close of the sixteenth century. A proof yet more conclusive of a mind, in which the theological sense had never been trained or developed, is supplied by his own contemptuous language respecting a treatise which has ever been regarded as among the gems of Christian literature. 'I have read Augustine's "Confessions."' The book is not without interest. But he expresses himself in the style of a field preacher' (i. 465).

And again, he rather contemptuously classes the great Father with the common herd of those who record their confessions, or, in the cant phrase, their experience. He had indeed no admiration, and but little indulgence, for any of these introspective productions.

productions. They lay in a region which he did not frequent ; and yet they are among not only the realities, but the deepest and most determining realities, of our nature. We reckon his low estimate of this inward work as betokening the insufficient development of his own powerful mind in that direction.

It has been felt and pointed out in many quarters that Macaulay, as a writer, was the child, and became the type, of his country and his age. As, fifty years ago, the inscription 'Bath' used to be carried on our letter-paper, so the word 'English' is as it were in the water-mark of every leaf of Macaulay's writing. His country was not the Empire, nor was it the United Kingdom. It was not even Great Britain, though he was descended in the higher, that is the paternal, half from Scottish ancestry, and was linked specially with that country through the signal virtues, the victorious labours, and the considerable reputation of his father Zachary. His country was England. On this little spot he concentrated a force of admiration and of worship, which might have covered all the world. But as in space, so in time, it was limited. It was the England of his own age. The higher energies of his life were as completely summed up in the present, as those of Walter Scott were projected upon the past. He would not have filled an Abbotsford with armour and relics of the middle ages. He judges the men and institutions and events of other times by the instruments and measures of the present. The characters whom he admires are those who would have conformed to the type that was before his eyes, who would have moved with effect in the court, the camp, the senate, the drawing-room of to-day. He contemplates the past with no *desiderium*, no regretful longing, no sense of things admirable, which are also lost and irrecoverable. Upon this limitation of his retrospects it follows in natural sequence that of the future he has no glowing anticipations, and even the present he is not apt to contemplate in its mysterious and ideal side. As in respect to his personal capacity of loving, so in regard to the corresponding literary power. The faculty was singularly intense, and yet it was spent within a narrow circle. There is a marked sign of this narrowness in his disinclination even to look at the works of contemporaries whose tone or manner he disliked. It appears that this dislike, and the ignorance consequent upon it, applied to the works of Carlyle. Now we may have little faith in Carlyle as a philosopher or as an historian. Half-lights and half-truths may be the utmost which in these departments his works will be found to yield. But the total want of sympathy is the more noteworthy, because the resemblances, though partial, are both numerous and substantial  
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between these two remarkable men and powerful writers, as well in their strength as in their weakness. Both are honest, and both, notwithstanding honesty, are partisans. Each is vastly, though diversely, powerful in expression; and each is more powerful in expression than in thought. Both are, though variously, poets in prose. Both have the power of portraiture, extraordinary for vividness and strength. For comprehensive disquisition, for balanced and impartial judgments, the world will probably resort to neither; and if Carlyle gains on the comparison in his strong sense of the inward and the ideal, he loses in the absolute and violent character of his onesidedness. Without doubt, Carlyle's licentious, though striking, peculiarities of style have been of a nature allowably to repel, so far as they go, one who was so rigid as Macaulay in his literary orthodoxy; and who so highly appreciated, and with such expenditure of labour, all that relates to the exterior or body of a book. Still if there be resemblances so strong, the want of appreciation, which has possibly been reciprocal, seems to be of that nature which Aristotle would have explained by his favourite proverb: *κεραμὺς κεραμῇ*. The discrepancy is like the discrepancy of colours that are too near. Carlyle is at least a great fact in the literature of his time, and has contributed largely, in some respects too largely, towards forming its characteristic habits of thought. But on these very grounds he should not have been excluded from the horizon of a mind like Macaulay's, with all its large, and varied, and most active interests.

His early training, and consequently the cast of his early opinions, was Conservative. But these views did not survive his career at Cambridge as an undergraduate. No details are given, but we hear that, during that period, Mr. Charles Austin effected, it would seem with facility, the work of his conversion (i. 76). He supplied an example rather rare of one who, not having been a Whig by birth, became one, and thereafter constantly presented the aspect of that well-marked class of politicians. *Poeta nascitur, orator fit*; and so as a rule a man not born a Liberal, may become a Liberal; but to be a Whig, he must be a born Whig. At any rate Macaulay offers to our view one of the most enviable qualities characteristic of that 'variety' of the Liberal 'species'—a singularly large measure of consistency. In this he will bear comparison with Lord Lansdowne or Lord Grey; but in proportion as the pressure of events is sharper on a Commoner than on a Peer, so the phenomenon of consistency is more remarkable. And the feature belongs to his mental character at large. It would be difficult to point out any great and signal change of views on any important subject  
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between the beginning of his full manhood, and the close of his career. His life is like a great volume; the sheets are of one size, type, and paper. Here again Macaulay becomes for us a typical man, and suggests the question whether the conditions of our nature will permit so close and sustained an unity to be had without some sacrifice of expansion? The feature is rendered in his case more noteworthy by the fact that all his life long, with an insatiable avidity, he was taking in whole cargoes of knowledge, and that nothing which he imported into his mind remained there barren and inert. On the other hand, he was perhaps assisted, or, as a censor might call it, manacled, by the perpetual and always living presence in his consciousness, through the enormous tenacity of his memory, of whatever he had himself thought, said, or written, at an earlier time. It may even be, as he himself said, that of the whole of this huge mass he had forgotten nothing. It cannot be doubted that he remembered a far larger proportion, than did other men who had ten or twenty times less to remember. And there was this peculiarity in his recollections; they were not, like those of ordinary men, attended at times with difficulty, elicited from the recesses of the brain by effort. He was alike favoured in the quantity of what he possessed, and in the free and immediate command of his possessions. The effect was most singular. He was (as has been variously shown) often inaccurate: he was seldom, perhaps never, inconsistent. He remembered his own knowledge, in the modern phrase his own concepts, better than he retained, if indeed he ever had embraced, the true sense of the authorities on which these 'concepts' were originally framed. In the initial work of collection, he was often misled by fancy or by prejudice; but in the after work of recollection, he kept faithfully, and never failed to grasp at a moment's notice, the images which the tablets of his brain, so susceptible and so tenacious, had once received. *Diù servavit odorem*. Among Macaulay's mental gifts and habits, it was perhaps this vast memory by which he was most conspicuously known. There was here even a waste of power. His mind, like a dredging-net at the bottom of the sea, took up all that it encountered, both bad and good, nor even seemed to feel the burden. Peerless treasures lay there, mixed, yet never confounded, with worthless trash. This was not the only peculiarity of the wondrous organ.

There have been other men of our own generation, though very few, who, without equalling, have approached Macaulay in power of memory, and who have certainly exceeded him in the un-failing accuracy of their recollections. And yet not in accuracy as to dates, or names, or quotations, or other matters of hard fact,

when the question was one simply between aye and no. In these he may have been without a rival. In a list of Kings, or Popes, or Senior Wranglers, or Prime Ministers, or battles, or palaces, or as to the houses in Pall Mall, or about Leicester Square, he might be followed with implicit confidence. But a large and important class of human recollections are not of this order; recollections for example of characters, of feelings, of opinions; of the intrinsic nature, details, and bearings of occurrences. And here it was that Macaulay's wealth 'was unto him an occasion of falling.' And that in two ways. First the possessor of such a vehicle as his memory could not but have something of an overweening confidence in what it told him; and quite apart from any tendency to be vain or overbearing, he could hardly enjoy the benefits of that caution which arises from self-interest, and the sad experience of frequent falls. But what is more, the possessor of so powerful a fancy could not but illuminate with the colours it supplied the matters which he gathered into his great magazine, wherever the definiteness of their outline was not so rigid as to defy or disarm the action of the intruding and falsifying faculty. Imagination could not alter the date of the battle of Marathon, or the Council of Nice, or the crowning of Pepin. But it might seriously or even fundamentally disturb the balance of light and dark in his account of the opinions of Milton or of Laud, or his estimate of the effects of the Protectorate or the Restoration, or of the character, and even the adulteries, of William III. He could detect justly this want of dry light in others: he probably suspected it in himself: but it was hardly possible for him to be enough upon his guard against the distracting action of a faculty at once so vigorous, so crafty, and so pleasurable in its intense activity.

Hence arose, it seems reasonable to believe, that charge of partisanship against Macaulay as an historian, on which much has been, and probably much more will be, said. He may not have possessed that scrupulously tender sense of obligation, that nice tact of exact justice, which is among the very rarest, as well as the most precious, of human virtues. But there never was a writer less capable of intentional unfairness. This during his lifetime was the belief of his friends, but was hardly admitted by opponents. His biographer has really lifted the question out of the range of controversy. He wrote for truth; but, of course, for truth such as he saw it; and his sight was coloured from within. This colour, once attached, was what in manufacture is called a mordent; it was a fast colour; he could not distinguish between what his mind had received and what his mind had imparted. Hence when he was wrong, he could not  
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see that he was wrong; and of those calamities which are due to the intellect only, and not the heart, there can hardly be a greater. The hope of amending is, after all, our very best and brightest hope; of amending our works as well as ourselves. Without it, we are forbidden *revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras*, when we have accidentally, as is the way with men, slipped into Avernus. While, as to his authorship, Macaulay was incessantly labouring to improve, in the substance of what he had written he could neither himself detect his errors, nor could he perceive them when they were pointed out. There was a strange contrast between his own confidence in what he said, and his misgivings about his manner of saying it. Woe to him, he says of his History, if some one should review him as he could review another man. He had, and could not but have, the sense of his own scarifying and tomahawking power, and would, we firmly believe, not have resented its use against himself. 'I see every day more and more clearly how far my performance is below excellence' (ii. 232). 'When I compare my book with what I imagine history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed.' It was only on comparing it with concrete examples that he felt reassured (*ibid.*). He never so conclusively proved himself to be a true artist, as in this dissatisfaction with the products of his art because they fell below his ideal; that Will-o'-the-wisp who, like the fabled sprite, ever stirs pursuit, and ever baffles it, but who, unlike that imp, rewards with large, even if unsatisfying, results every step of real progress. But it is quite plain that all this dissatisfaction had reference to the form, not the matter, of his works. Unhappily, he never so much as glances at any general or serious fear lest he should have mistaken the nature or proportions of events, or, what is, perhaps, still more serious, lest he should have done injustice to characters; although he must have well known that injustice from his *χείρ πάχυν*, his great, massive hand, was a thing so crushing and so terrible. Hence what is at first sight a strange contrast—his insensibility to censure in the forum, his uneasiness in the study; his constant repulsion of the censure of others; his not less constant misgiving, nay censure on himself. In a debased form this phenomenon is, indeed, common, nay, the commonest of all. But he was no Sir Fretful Plagiary, to press for criticism, and then, in wrath and agony, to damn the critic. The explanation is simple. He criticised what men approved; he approved what they criticised. His style, unless when in some very rare cases it was wrought up to palpable excess,\* no one attempted to

\* We may take the liberty, after the lapse of more than eight years, of pointing to a successful parody in the number of this 'Review' for April, 1868, p. 290.



criticise. It was felt to be a thing above the heads of common mortals. But this it was which he watched with an incessant, a passionate, and a jealous care, the care of a fond parent, if not of a lover; of a parent fond, but not doting, who never spared the rod, that he might not spoil the child. Of his matter, his mode of dealing with the substance of men and things, by the constitution of his mind he was blind to the defects. As other men do in yet higher and more inward regions of their being, he missed the view of his own besetting sin.

However true it may be that Macaulay was a far more consummate workman in the manner than in the matter of his works, we do not doubt that the works contain, in multitudes, passages of high emotion and ennobling sentiment, just awards of praise and blame, and solid expositions of principle, social, moral, and constitutional. They are pervaded by a generous love of liberty, and their atmosphere is pure and bracing, their general aim and basis morally sound. Of the qualifications of this eulogy we have spoken, and have yet to speak. But we can speak of the style of the works with little qualification. We do not, indeed, venture to assert that his style ought to be imitated. Yet this is not because it was vicious, but because it was individual and incommunicable. It was one of those gifts, of which, when it had been conferred, Nature broke the mould. That it is the head of all literary styles we do not allege; but it is different from them all, and perhaps more different from them all than they are usually different from one another. We speak only of natural styles, of styles where the manner waits upon the matter, and not where an artificial structure has been reared either to hide or to make up for poverty of substance. It is paramount in the union of ease in movement with perspicuity of matter, of both with real splendour, and of all with immense rapidity, and striking force. From any other pen, such masses of ornament would be tawdry; with him they are only rich. As a model of art concealing art, the finest cabinet pictures of Holland are almost his only rivals. Like Pascal, he makes the heaviest subject light; like Burke, he embellishes the barrenest. When he walks over arid plains, the springs of milk and honey, as in a march of Bacchus, seem to rise beneath his tread. The repast he serves is always sumptuous, but it seems to create an appetite proportioned to its abundance; for who has ever heard of the reader that was cloyed with Macaulay? In none, perhaps, of our prose writers are lessons, such as he gives, of truth and beauty, of virtue and of freedom, so vividly associated with delight. Could some magician but do for the career of life what he has done for the arm-chair and the study, what a change would pass  
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on the face (at least) of the world we live in, what an accession of recruits would there be to the professing followers of virtue !

As the serious flaw in Macaulay's mind was want of depth, so the central defect with which his productions appear to be chargeable is a pervading strain of exaggeration. He belonged to that class of minds, whose views of single objects are singularly and almost preternaturally luminous. But Nature sows her bounty wide ; and those, who possess this precious and fascinating gift as to things in themselves, are very commonly deficient beyond ordinary men in discerning and measuring their relations to one another. For them all things are either absolutely transparent, or else unapproachable from dense and utter darkness. Hence, amidst a blaze of glory, there is a want of perspective, of balance, and of breadth. Themselves knowing nothing of difficulty, or of obscurity, or mental struggle to work out of it, they are liable to be intolerant of those who stumble at the impediments they have overleapt ; and even the kindest hearts may be led not merely by the abundance, but by the peculiarities, of their powers, into the most precipitate and partial judgments. From this result Macaulay has not been preserved ; and we are convinced that the charges against him would have been multiplied tenfold, had not the exuberant kindness of his heart oftentimes done for him the office of a cautious and self-denying intellect.

Minds of the class to which we refer are like the bodies in the outer world fashioned without gaps or flaws or angles ; the whole outline of their formation is continuous, the whole surface is smooth. They are, in this sense, complete men, and they do not readily comprehend those who are incomplete. They do not readily understand either the inferiority, or the superiority, of opponents ; the inferiority of their slower sight, or the superiority of their deeper insight ; their at once seeing less, and seeing more. In Macaulay's case this defect could not but be enhanced by his living habitually with men of congenial mind, and his comparatively limited acquaintance with that contentious world of practical politics which, like the heaviest wrestling-match for the body, exhibits the unlimited diversities in the attitudes of the human mind, and helps to show how subtle and manifold a thing is the nature that we bear. Parliament could not but have opened out in one direction a new avenue of knowledge for Macaulay ; but we do not agree with Mr. Trevelyan in thinking that the comparatively few hours he spent there, most commonly with his thoughts ranging far abroad, could have largely entered into, or perceptibly modified, the habits of his mind.

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The very common association between seeing clearly and seeing narrowly is a law or a frailty of our nature not enough understood. Paley was perhaps the most notable instance of it among our writers. Among living politicians, it would be easy to point to very conspicuous instances. This habit of mind is extremely attractive, in that it makes incisive speakers and pellucid writers, who respectively save their hearers and their readers trouble. Its natural tendency is towards hopeless intolerance; it makes all hesitation, all misgiving, all suspense, an infirmity, or a treachery to truth; it generates an appetite for intellectual butchery. There was no man in whom the fault would have been more excusable than in Macaulay; for while with him the clearness was almost preterhuman, the narrowness was, after all, but qualified and relative. The tendency was almost uniformly controlled by the kindly nature and genuine chivalry of the man; so that even, in some of his scathing criticisms, he seems to have a real delight in such countervailing compliments as he bestows: while in conversation, where he was always copious, sometimes redundant, more overbearing, the mischief was effectually neutralised by the strength and abundance of his social sympathies. Yet he exhibited on some occasions a more than ordinary defect in the mental faculty of appreciating opponents. He did not fully take the measure of those from whom he differed, in the things wherein he differed. There is, for example, a parliamentary tradition sufficiently well established\* that Croker assailed, and assailed on the instant, some of Macaulay's celebrated speeches on Reform with signal talent, and with no inconsiderable effect. But he never mentions Croker except with an aversion which may be partially understood, and also with a contempt which it is not so easy to account for. It is common to misunderstand the acts of an adversary, and even to depreciate his motives; but Macaulay cannot even acknowledge the strength of his arm. It is yet more to be lamented that, in this instance, he carried the passions of politics into the Elysian fields of literature; and that the scales in which he tried the merits of Croker's edition of 'Boswell' seem to have been weighted, on the descending side, with his recollec-

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\* In the valuable Biography of Lord Althorp which has just appeared, it is said that Croker attempted a reply to Macaulay, on the second reading of the second Bill, in a speech of two hours and a half, which utterly failed (p. 383). It is not common to make (apparently off-hand) a reply of two hours and a half upon historical details without the possession of rather remarkable faculties. But this volume, though from the opposite camp, bears witness to Croker's powers: it mentions at p. 400 'a most able and argumentative speech of Croker,' and other living witnesses, of Liberal opinions, might be cited to a like effect. This subject is discussed more fully on pages 83-126 of our present number.

tions of parliamentary collision. But the controversy relating to this work is too important to be dismissed with a passing notice ; \* for what touches Boswell touches Johnson, and what touches Johnson touches a large and an immortal chapter of our English tradition. This is the most glaring instance. There are many others. His estimate of Lord Derby is absurdly low. He hardly mentions Peel during his lifetime except with an extreme severity ; and even on the sad occasion of his death, although he speaks kindly of the 'poor fellow' (ii. 278), and cries for his death, he does not supply a single touch of appreciation of his great qualities. Yet Sir Robert Peel, if on rare occasions he possibly fell short in considerateness to friends, was eagerly generous to an opponent like Macaulay, during the struggle on Reform (i. 172), and again in 1841 (ii. 135). Peel moreover had for four years before his decease, from his dread of a possible struggle for the revival of protective duties, been the main prop of the Government which had all the sympathies of Macaulay. There is something yet more marked in the case of Brougham, who is said to have shown towards him in early life a jealousy not generous or worthy. In 1858, at a period when Brougham's character was greatly mellowed and softened, and he had discharged almost all his antipathies, Macaulay writes of him, 'Strange fellow ! His powers gone. His spite immortal. A dead nettle.' At this point only, in the wide circuit of Macaulay's recorded words or acts, do we seem to find evidence of a moral defect. Under the semblance of a homage to justice, he seems to have been occasionally seduced into the indulgence of a measure of vindictive feeling.

The combination of great knowledge, great diligence, great powers of appreciation, and great uprightness and kindliness of mind with a constant tendency to exaggerate, with unjust and hasty judgments, and with a nearly uniform refusal to accept correction, offers a riddle not unknown on a smaller scale in smaller men, but here of peculiar interest, because, though Macaulay's kind may not have been the greatest, he was, in his kind, so singularly great. The solution of it seems to lie in this : that, with a breathless rapidity, he filled in his picture before his outline was complete, and then with an extreme of confidence he supplied the colour from his own mind and prepossessions, instead of submitting to take them from his theme. Thus each subject that he treated of became, as has been observed, a mirror which reflected the image of himself. The worshipping estimate, which Mr. John Stuart Mill formed of his wife's

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\* See *infra*, Art. III.

powers, was unintelligible to those who had known her, until it was remembered that she was simply the echo of his own voice. She repeated to him his own thoughts and his own conclusions; and he took them, when they proceeded from her lips, for the independent oracles of truth. The echo of himself, which Mill found in his wife, was provided for Macaulay in his own literary creations; and what he thought was loyal adhesion to the true and right was only the more and more close embrace of the image he himself had fashioned and adored.

All this, however, is not to be taken for granted. We shall support it by reference to the works of those who we think have supplied the proof, and shall likewise proceed to add some illustrations in detail.

For his own eye, the ornaments of his *Essay on Milton* were so soon as in 1843 gaudy and ungraceful, while for the world they were only rich, dazzling, or at most profuse. As he writes in that year, it contains 'scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves' ('*Essays*,' Preface). But there is no misgiving as to the substance of the *Essay*; and even with regard to his articles on James Mill, which he had dropped on special grounds, he was not 'disposed to retract a single doctrine which they contain.\*' If it be thought unfair or misleading to scrutinise closely a production which, while so wonderful, is likewise so youthful as the *Essay on Milton*, we reply that we examine it for the following reason; because it was the work over which he cast the longest retrospect, and yet this retrospect did not suggest even so much as a qualification, however general, of the opinions it conveyed. We must observe, however, that in the case of Macaulay general qualification would be nearly useless. The least we could have craved of his repentance, had he repented, would have been that the peccant passages should be obelized. For in all his works, the sound and the unsound parts are closely dovetailed; his *series juncturaque*, his arrangement and his transitions, are perfect; the assertions are everywhere alike fearless, the illustrations alike happy; and the vision of the ordinary reader has scarcely a chance of distinguishing between truth and error, where all is bathed, and lost, in one overpowering blaze and flood of light. We might as well attempt to detect, with the naked eye, the spots in the sun.

The *Essay* combines in one view the works, the opinions, and the character of Milton; and it may perhaps be pronounced at once the most gorgeous and the most highflown panegyric to

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\* Preface to '*Essays*,' republished in 1843.

be found anywhere in print. It describes Milton ('*Essays*, i. 4) as the martyr of English liberty; seemingly for no other reason than that in later life the course of public affairs was not to his mind. Deeply dyed with regicide, he was justly and wisely spared; and he suffered no molestation from those whom, the first day he had got the power, he would not have lost a moment in molesting. Macaulay scoffs at the idea that Charles I. was a martyr to religion; but religion had manifestly something to do with his end, and his title to the name is sounder than Milton's at least in this, that his head was actually cut off.

Milton took (says the great Reviewer, p. 30) in politics the part to be expected from his high spirit and his great intellect; for he lived 'at the very crisis of the conflict between Oromasdes and Ahrimanes,' when the mighty principles of liberty were exhibited in the form of a battle between the principle of good and the principle of evil. Such is Macaulay's trenchant view of the character and merits of the great and mixed conflict known by the name of the Great Rebellion. In what strange contrast does it stand with that of another writer, his contemporary and his friend, not less truly nor less heartily a lover of freedom than himself. Let those who prefer a temperate to a torrid zone, pass from these burning utterances to Mr. Hallam's discussion, in his Eleventh Chapter, of the respective claims and merits of the two parties to the war. In a statement, than which perhaps the whole compass of history does not contain a finer example of searching scrutiny together with judicial temper, he arrives at the conclusion that the war was opened in 1642 'with evil auspices, with much peril of despotism on the one hand, with more of anarchy on the other.'\*

Referring to the (then) recently published work of Milton on '*Christian Doctrine*,' Macaulay observes 'some of the heterodox doctrines which he avows seem to have excited considerable amazement, particularly his Arianism, and his theory on the subject of polygamy.' At this amazement he is himself amazed; and with a cursory remark he passes lightly on. As regards his Arianism, we could not reasonably have expected more. That, after all, touches only dogma; and though dogma be the foundation stone of Christianity, still, like other foundation stones, it is out of sight. But the 'theory of polygamy' which, as the Essayist observes, Milton did something to illustrate in his life, ought surely to have made him 'think thrice' before he proceeded to assure us that Milton's conception of love had not only 'all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem,'

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\* '*Constitutional History*' (4to.), i. 615.

and not only 'all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament,' but 'all pure and the quiet affection of our English fireside' (p. 29).

It is especially to be borne in mind that Milton's advocacy of this detestable and degrading institution is not either casual or half-hearted. 'So far,' he says himself, 'is the question respecting the lawfulness of polygamy from being a trivial, that it is of the highest importance it should be decided.'\* He then discusses it at such length, and with such care, that it may fairly be termed a treatise within a treatise. It is not necessary to cite more than a few short references. 'With regard to the passage, they twain' . . . "shall be one flesh" . . . if a man has many wives, the relation which he bears to each will not be less perfect in itself, nor will the husband be less one flesh with each of them, than if he had only one wife.'† 'He who puts away his wife, and marries another, is not said to commit adultery because he marries another, but because, in consequence of his marriage with another, he does not retain his former wife.'‡ 'If, then, polygamy be marriage properly so called, it is also lawful and honourable, according to the same apostle: marriage is honourable in all, and the bed undefiled.'§ Nor was his system incomplete. The liberty of plurality, with which it begins, is capped at the other end by an equally large liberty of divorce. The *porneia*, for which (he says) a wife may be put away, includes (according to him) 'any notable disobedience or intractable carriage of the wife to the husband,' 'any point of will worship,' 'any withdrawing from that nearness of zeal and confidence which ought to be.' 'So that there will be no cause to vary from the general consent of exposition, which gives us freely that God permitted divorce, for *whatever was unalterably distasteful, whether in body or mind.*'|| We must remember also that when we censure the men of that period for their intolerance with respect to religion, witchcraft, and the like, we censure them for what in substance they had inherited from their fathers through many generations, and that from such ties of hampering tradition the extrication must needs be slow. But in this matter of polygamy, Milton deliberately rejected the authority, not only of Scripture, and not only of all Christian, but of all European civilisation, and strove to bring among us, from out of Asiatic sensuality and corruption, a practice which, more directly than any other social custom, strikes at the heart of our religion as a system designed to reform the manners of the world. It seems impossible to deny that this is one of the cases in which the

\* Milton on 'Christian Doctrine' (Sumner's translation), p. 232.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. p. 237.

§ Ibid. p. 241.

|| 'Tetrachordon,' Works (Ed. 1753), i. 279, 304.

debasement of the opinion largely detracts from the elevation of the man. Yet the idolatry of his Reviewer in summing up his character ('*Essays*,' i. 55) can only see just what he likes to see; and he finds that, from every source and quarter, 'his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled'! If ever there was an instance in which close and cautious discrimination is demanded from a critic, it is the case of Milton. For never perhaps so conspicuously as in him were splendid genius, high and varied accomplishment, large appreciation of mankind and life, exquisite refinement, deep affection, and soaring aspiration conjoined, we cannot say united, with a fierceness of opinion and language that belongs to barbarism, with a rejection of the authority of world-wide consent such as only the most irreflective ignorance could palliate, with a violence of prejudice which sometimes drove him to conclusions worthy only of senility, and with conceptions as to the character and office of Christian women, and the laws and institutions affecting them, which descend below historic heathenism, and approximate even to brutality.

Twelve years after the *Essay on Milton*, another and yet more elaborate effort was applied, we can hardly say dedicated, to the character and philosophy of Bacon. The philosophy was set upon a pinnacle, the character trampled in the mire; while the intellectual faculties of that nearly universal genius were highly appreciated and powerfully set forth. We have in this *Essay*, with an undiminished splendour, also an undiminished tendency to precipitancy and to exaggeration; though they are no longer engaged in the worship of a fond idolatry, but working with energy on the side of censure as well as on that of praise.

Into the controversies relating to the life and character of Bacon we do not propose to enter in detail. Of all the cases in which there has been a call for champions to confront the powerful rush of the assailant, this has been the most adequately met. Whewell records his feelings of 'indignation at the popular misrepresentations of Bacon's character, and the levity with which each succeeding writer aggravates them.'\* We may specify Mr. Paget, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and in a peculiar fashion Dr. Abbott, as vindicators of Bacon; but the greatest importance attaches to the life-long labours of Ellis, now deceased, and of Spedding, still happily preserved to English literature. As regards the impeachment of Bacon, if taken alone, it may establish no more against him than that, amidst

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\* Whewell's '*Writings and Letters*,' ii. 380.



the multitude of engrossing calls upon his mind, he did not extricate himself from the meshes of a practice full of danger and of mischief, but in which the dividing lines of absolute right and wrong had not then been sharply marked. Hapless is he on whose head the world discharges the vials of its angry virtue; and such is commonly the case with the last and detected usufructuary of a golden abuse which has outlived its time. In such cases, posterity may safely exercise its royal prerogative of mercy. The wider question is whether, in a list of instances which Macaulay blazoned on his pages, most of all in that of Essex, Bacon did, or did not, exhibit an almost immeasurable weakness, sordidness, and capacity of baseness in his moral character. The question is one of wide interest to the moralist and psychologist, and to England, and even mankind at large. To us the victory seems to lie with the advocates for the defence; the judgments of Macaulay we deem harsh, and his examinations superficial. But we would not tempt the reader to rely upon this opinion, since he has at hand ample and varied materials for the formation of his judgment. With regard to the speculative life of Bacon we shall not be quite so abstinent.

Macaulay's account of the Baconian philosophy is as follows. After stating that from the day of his death 'his fame has been constantly and steadily progressive,' the illustrious Essayist proceeds to say that the philosopher '*aimed* at things altogether different from those which his predecessors had proposed to themselves: 'at a new '*finis scientiarum*.' 'His end was in his own language "*fruit*," the relief of man's estate;\*' '*commodis humanis inservire*;'† '*dotare vitam humanam novis inventis et copiis*.'‡ Two words form its key, '*utility*, and *progress*.' Seneca had taught the exact reverse. 'The object of the lessons of Philosophy is to form the soul.' '*Non est, inquam, instrumentorum ad usus necessarios opifex*.' The Baconian philosophy strikes away the *non*. 'If we are forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker, and the author of the three Books on Anger, we pronounce for the shoemaker: 'so says the Essayist. From this peculiarity of the Baconian philosophy, 'all its other peculiarities directly and almost necessarily sprang.' And Seneca is a type of what was both before and after. Socrates and Plato (but where we would ask is Aristotle?) produced flowers and leaves, not fruits. Accordingly, 'we are forced to say with Bacon that this celebrated philosophy ended in nothing but disputation; that it was neither a vineyard nor an olive ground, but an intricate wood

\* '*Adv. of Learning*,' book i.

† *De Augm.* vii. 1.

‡ *Nov. Org.* i. aph. 81. (Also cites *De Augm.* 'Essays,' ii. 373 *seqq.* 9th edit.; ii. 2, and *Cogitata et visa*.)

of briars and thistles, from which those, who lost themselves in it, brought back many scratches and no fruit' (p. 378). The powers of these men were 'systematically misdirected.' The ancient philosophy was a treadmill, not a path. He then enumerates, among the subjects which that philosophy handled, the following heads: 'what is the highest good; whether pain be an evil; whether all things be fated; whether we can be certain of anything; whether a wise man can be unhappy.' These questions he next compares to the Bigendian and Littlendian controversies in Gulliver, and he gravely pronounces that such disputes 'could add nothing to the stock of knowledge,' that they accumulated nothing, and transmitted nothing. 'There had been plenty of ploughing, harrowing, reaping, and thrashing. But the garners contained only smut and stubble' (p. 380).

At this point we must in fairness allow the reader to pause and ask himself two questions: first, whether in what he has read he is to believe the witness of his own eyes, and secondly, after due rubbing and ruminating, whether Bacon is really responsible for these astounding doctrines? Unfortunately Macaulay has a contempt for Saint Augustine, and therefore we may make an appeal that would in his view be vain, if we observe that that great intellect and heart has left upon record in his works an acknowledgment in terms superlative, if not extravagant, of the value as well as the vast power of the works of Plato; the 'godly Plato,' as Alexander Barclay calls him. Something more we may hope to effect, since Macaulay not only admired but almost worshipped Dante, if we plead that the intellect of that extraordinary man was trained under Aristotelian influences, and imbued, nay saturated, with Aristotelian doctrines. But if we plead for the persons, much more must we contend for the subjects. Can it really be that, in this nineteenth century, the writer who, as Mr. Trevelyan truly says, teaches men by millions, has gravely taught them that the study of the nature of good, of the end for which we live, of the discipline of pain, of the mastery to be gained over it by wisdom, of the character and limits of human knowledge, is a systematic misdirection of the mind, a course of effort doomed beforehand to eternal barrenness, a sowing of seed that is to produce only smut and stubble?

From this strange bewilderment, and this ganglion of errors, even his own Milton might have saved him, who says of his lost angels, 'on a hill retired'—

'Of good and evil much they argued them,  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame.'

And

pions in the case of Bacon. In relation to Mr. Croker's 'Boswell,' no less a person than Lockhart—*nomen intra has ædes semper venerandum*\*—confuted and even retorted, in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' a number of the charges of inaccuracy, and reduced others to insignificance. So far as this instance was concerned, the fame of Boswell's work supplied a criterion which appears decisive of the controversy; for Mr. Croker's edition has been repeatedly republished, and has become classical, although the mere amount of material, extraneous to the text, which it carries, cannot but be deemed a disadvantage. Warren Hastings had not a son; but the heavy charges against Sir Elijah Impey, especially in connection with the condemnation and execution of Nuncomar, brought the son of that Judge into the field. Mr. Impey's 'Memoirs'† of his father appear sufficiently to repel these accusations; but the defence is lost in the mazes of a ponderous volume, known perhaps to no more than a few scores of readers, and that imperfectly, while the original accusation circulates, with the other Essays, in a Student's Edition, 1 vol.; a People's Edition, 2 vols.; a Cabinet Edition, 4 vols.; a Library Edition, 3 vols.; a Cheap Edition, 1 vol.; and as a separate Essay, at 1s.‡ Who shall rectify or mitigate these fearful odds? With greater power and far greater skill, and with more effect, Mr. Hayward, in this Review and elsewhere, cast his shield over Madame Piozzi. Yet the number of persons who have read, without the means of guarding against error, some of the harshest and most gratuitous imputations ever scattered broadcast in the thoughtless wantonness of literary power, must be immensely larger than those who have had the means of estimating the able, and, we apprehend, irrefragable defence.§ A remarkable article in 'Fraser's Magazine' for June, bearing the initials of a distinguished historian, widens the front of the attack, and severely questions the accuracy of Macaulay's representations in a portion of our annals, where they had hitherto been little sifted.

It was, however, the appearance of the History, in 1848 and 1855, which roused into activity a host of adverse witnesses. Of these we will give a cursory account. Bishop Phillpotts, perhaps the most effective pamphlet-writer of his day, entered into a correspondence with Macaulay, which was afterwards published, chiefly on his grave inaccuracies in relation to Church

\* See the inscription under the bust of Wolsey in the Quadrangle of Christ Church.

† 'Memoirs of Sir Elijah Impey.' Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., 1846, pp. ix. seqq.; chapters iii. iv. ix. xiii. and elsewhere.

‡ From the advertising sheet at the close of the Biography.

§ 'Quarterly Review,' April, 1868, p. 316. Hayward's 'Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi.' 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1861.

History. The Bishop, a biting controversialist, had, we say advisedly, none of the servility which is sometimes imputed to him; but he was an eminently, perhaps a redundantly, courteous gentleman. We have sincere pleasure in citing a portion of his introductory eulogium, which we feel confident was written with entire sincerity. After some other compliments of a more obvious kind, the Bishop proceeds:

‘But your highest merit is your unequalled truthfulness. Biassed as you must be by your political creed, your party, and connections, it is quite clear that you will never sacrifice the smallest particle of truth to those considerations.’\*

This correspondence ended as amicably as it began. The Bishop obtained a courteous admission ‘of the propriety of making some alterations.’† But they were to be ‘slight.’ On the main points the historian’s opinion was ‘unchanged.’ We will notice but one of them. It has to do with the famous Commissions taken out by certain Bishops of the sixteenth century, among whom Bonner, under Henry VIII., was one. Macaulay had stated that these documents recognised the Crown as the fountain of all Episcopal authority without distinction. The Bishop pointed out that the authority conveyed by the Commissions was expressly stated to be over and above, *præter et ultra ea, quæ tibi, in Sacris Libris, divinitus commissa esse dignoscuntur*. In gallant defiance alike of the grammar and the sense, as will be seen on reference, Macaulay calmly adheres to his opinion.‡ It is hardly too much to say that with so prepossessed a mind, when once committed, argument is powerless and useless.

One able writer, Mr. Paget, in his ‘New Examen,’§ took up and dealt with most of the passages of the History which had been impugned; nor can we do better than refer the readers to his pages for the defence, against very sweeping and truculent accusations, of Dundee, Marlborough, and William Penn. All these cases are of great interest. In all, the business of defence has been ably, and in most points conclusively performed. But the rejoinder to the defence is truly formidable. It consists in this, that the charge, without the reply, has been sold probably to the extent of half a million copies, and has been translated (ii. 390) into twelve languages. It would not be possible, without adding too greatly to the number of these pages, to give an outline of the argument on the respective cases. But there is an incident connected with the case of Penn, which we cannot omit

\* ‘Correspondence between the Bishop of Exeter and the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay.’ London, Murray, 1861, p. 3. † P. 44. ‡ P. 13.

§ ‘The New Examen’ (reprinted in ‘Paradoxes and Puzzles.’ Blackwood, 1874).

Victoria and Albert amidst their Court did during twenty years for the higher society of our own generation, may well comprehend the force of the converse operation, and rate highly the destructive contagion spread by Charles II. and his associates. But even for the Court of Charles II., we appeal from Lord Macaulay to the most recent and able historian of Non-conformity, Dr. Stoughton. From his pages we may perceive that even within that precinct were to be found lives and practices of sanctity, no less remarkable than the pollutions with which they were girt about.\* We have introduced these preliminary sentences because even now there is, and much more at that time there was, no small degree of connection between the morality of the country, and the piety, honour, and efficiency of the clergy. Among the corrupt retainers of the Court and theatre, there can be little doubt that they were in contempt. From such a stage as then existed, it would have been too much to ask respect for Jeremy Collier and his order.

We shall take in succession the leading propositions of Macaulay. The Reformation, he says, fundamentally altered the place of the clergyman in society. Six or seven sons of peers at the close of Charles II.'s reign held episcopal or other valuable preferment; but 'the clergy were regarded as on the whole a plebeian class; and, indeed, *for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants.*' ('History,' i. pp. 325 *seqq.*)

No doubt the prizes of the Church, as they are called, were fewer and poorer, than they had been before the time of Henry VIII. But more than twice the number of members of noble families stated by Macaulay have been enumerated. This, however, is a secondary error. It is more to the purpose that Eachard, a favourite authority of Macaulay, complains that the gentry as a class made a practice of sending their indifferent and ill-provided children into the ministry. While Archdeacon Oley, who published a preface to Herbert's 'Country Parson' in 1675, writes as follows: 'Though the vulgar ordinarily do not, yet the nobility and gentry do, distinguish and abstract the errors of the man from the holy calling, and not think their dear relations degraded by receiving holy orders.'

Wood says in the 'Life of Compton,' that holy orders were the readiest way of preferment for the younger sons of noblemen.† And Jeremy Collier is yet more to the point. 'As for the gentry, there are not many good families in England, but either

\* Stoughton's 'Ecclesiastical History.' London, 1867 70. See also the very remarkable 'Life of Mrs. Godolphin,' *passim*. London, 1847.

† 'Ath. Ox.' ii. 968 (61. ed.)

have or have had a clergyman in them. In short, the priesthood is the profession of a gentleman.'

Here is a flat contradiction to Macaulay, from a man whom he himself declares to be 'of high note in ecclesiastical history;' and it is taken from the work on the stage, declared by him to be 'a book which threw the whole literary world into commotion, but which is now much less read than it deserves.' ('Essays,' vol. iii. pp. 298-301.)\*

Again, if the clergy were a plebeian class, and nine-tenths of them were menial servants, we must take it for granted that their education was low in proportion. Yet Eachard, on whom Macaulay loves to rely, in his work on the Contempt of the clergy, cites as one of the causes of the mischief, that in the Grammar Schools, where they were educated, they were until sixteen or seventeen kept in pure slavery to a few Latin and Greek words;† the very complaint most rife against Eton and the other public schools during the last fifty years. To make good his view of the ignorance prevailing among the clergy, Macaulay falls foul of the Universities. But his favourite, Burnet, writes, 'learning was then high at Oxford' ('Own Time,' i. p. 321), and Barrow, a still higher authority, thus addresses an academic audience at Cambridge ('Opusc.' iv., 123, 124):

'Græcos auctores omne genus, poetas, philosophos, historicos, scholiastas, quos non ita pridem tanquam barbaros majorum inscitia verita est attingere, jam matris nostræ etiam juniores filii intrepidè pervolvunt, ipsorum lectionem in levis negotii censu reputantes: nec minus promptè Lyceum, aut Academiam adeunt, quam si, romcantibus seculis, cum Platone et Aristotele in mediis Athenis versarentur.'

Not a whit better‡ stand the statements of the historian concerning the marriages of the clergy. 'The wife had ordinarily been in the patron's service; and it was well'—such is the easy audacity of his licence—'if she was not suspected of standing too high in the patron's favour.' Girls of honourable family were enjoined to eschew lovers in orders. Clarendon marks it, as a sign of disorder that some 'damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on divines.' ('History,' i. 328, 329.)

For the extraordinary libel on the purity of the contemporary brides of clergymen, there does not appear to be either the foundation, or even the pretext, of authority. An injunction of Queen Elizabeth in 1559 is cited to prove the vulgarity of clerical marriages one hundred and twenty years afterwards:

\* 'Babington,' pp. 18-21.

† 'Contempt,' &c. p. 4.

‡ 'Bubington,' sect. iv. pp. 37-52.

not to mention that even that Injunction appears to be seriously misunderstood. Clarendon's passage refers to 'the several sects in religion,' and nothing can be more improbable than that, with his views of Church polity, he could by these words intend to designate the Church of England. The divines whom he goes on to mention (early in Charles's reign), are 'the divines of the time,' and it seems more than probable that he intends by the phrase the Nonconforming Ministers, not the young men recently ordained, and of the ordinary age for marriage. Besides, even at the present day, a certain inequality would be recognised in the nuptials of women of rank with clergymen of average station and condition. In citing the testimony of plays of the time, Macaulay forgets the preface to one of those he quotes. 'For reflecting upon the Church of England . . . no learned or wise divine of the Church will believe me guilty of it. . . . A foolish lord, or knight, is daily represented: *nor are there any so silly to believe it an abuse to their order.*' (Preface to Shadwell's 'Lancashire Witches.') It may be truly said that instances of good or high marriages, which can easily be supplied, do not prove the case affirmatively. But Pepys speaks of the extreme satisfaction with which he would give his sister to his friend Cumberland, a priest.\* Nelson speaks of Bull's marrying a clergyman's daughter with praise, because he preferred piety and virtue to the advantages 'which for the most part influence the minds of men upon such occasions.'† Herbert warns the clergy against marrying 'for beauty, riches, or honour.‡ Beveridge speaks of the same temptation in his own case. Collier§ notes as a strange order the Injunction of 1559 (already mentioned), that a clergyman should gain the consent of the master or mistress where a damsel served. Every one of these testimonies loses its force and meaning, if Macaulay is otherwise than grossly wrong in his allegation that the clergy were mostly in the state of menial servants, and made corresponding marriages.

Our readers may be already wearied with this series of exposures, and it cannot be necessary to dwell at any length on the incomes of the clergy. It is extremely difficult to compute them in figures; and Macaulay judiciously avoids it. Yet even here he cannot escape from the old taint of exaggeration. 'Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably.' Ordinarily, therefore, he followed manual employments. On 'white days' he fed in the kitchens of the great. 'Study was impossible.' 'His children were brought

\* 'Diary,' iii. 170. † 'Life of Bull,' p. 44. ‡ 'Country Parson,' chap. ix.  
§ 'On Pride,' p. 40.

up like the children of the neighbouring peasantry.' ('History,' i. 330.) Now, on the point of manual labour, George Herbert, in the preface to the 'Country Parson,' expressly says the clergy are censured 'because they do not make tents, as Saint Paul did, nor hold the plough, thrash, or drive trades, as themselves do' (i.e. laymen). Walker, in the 'Sufferings of the Clergy,' speaks of it as a special hardship when they are driven to such occupations. Eachard speaks of the extreme poverty of such as had but 20*l.* or 30*l.* per annum, and certifies that there are hundreds of such.\* Now, multiplying by four for the then greater power of money, these extreme cases correspond with 80*l.* and 120*l.* at the present day : and there are not only hundreds, but thousands, of our clergy, whose professional incomes do not rise above the higher of the figures. A yet more telling piece of evidence may be had from Walker, who calls a living of 40*l.* or 45*l.* a year small. Such a living corresponds with 160*l.* or 180*l.* at the present time. This is still about the income of a 'small living'; and the evidence under this, as well as the other heads, goes to show, in contradiction to Macaulay, that while the absolute clergyman was without doubt much less refined, his social position relatively to the other members of society was in ordinary cases nearly the same as now. Of the aggregate national income, there can, we think, be no doubt that the clerical order had not a smaller but a larger share.

With respect to the children of the clergy, as a general rule, Macaulay's statement (which he does not support by any authority), that the boys followed the plough and the girls went out to service, is no more and no less than a pure fable. It is also unpardonable, because the contemporary or nearly contemporary authorities, who confute it, are not obscure men, but men whose works any writer on the history of the period must or ought to have known; such as George Herbert, in the 'Country Parson,' Fuller in his 'Worthies of England,' Beveridge in his 'Private Thoughts,' Dr. Sprat, afterwards a Bishop, preaching upon the Sons of the Clergy in 1678, and White Kennet in his 'Collectanea Curiosa.' Only want of space prevents our crowding these pages with citations; and we content ourselves with two passages, each of a few words. The first is from White Kennet, who declares that 'many of the poorer clergy indulge the inclination of their sons by breeding them to a good competence of school learning,' though they are afterwards unable, just as is now the case, to support them at the University, and are in such cases driven to divert them to mean and unsuitable employs.†

\* 'Contempt,' &c. pp. 112-4. 'Babington,' sect. v. pp. 59, 64.

† 'Coll. Cur.' ii. 304.



The second is from Fuller,\* who heads one of his sections thus: 'That the children of clergymen have been as successful as the sons of men of other professions.' Without doubt the difficulties which press so hardly now upon the clerical order along its lower fringe, pressed in like manner on it then. But Macaulay's description is of the order, not of the lower fringe of it. What would he have said if he had discovered that there was under Charles II., as there has been under the sovereigns of the nineteenth century, a 'Poor Pious Clergy Society,' which expressly invited, on behalf of the impoverished priesthood, gifts of cast-off clothing?

We then pass on to the libraries of the clergy: 'He might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves' (i. 330). If the volumes were dog-eared, it was by being much read. If they were but ten or twelve, there was much to be got out of ten or twelve of the close and solid tomes which then were more customary than now. But then it was only the lucky man who had ten or twelve. Now, let the reader mark how this stands. His favourite Eachard † describes the case of men having six or seven works, which he enumerates, together with a bundle of sermons for their library. For this account he was taken to task by his opponent in the 'Vindication.' Whereupon, Eachard himself thus replies: 'The case is this: whether there may not be here and there a clergyman so ignorant, as that it might be wished that he were wiser. For my own part, I went, and guessed at random, and thought there might be one or so.' ‡

And this *minimum* is transformed by Macaulay's magic wand into a *maximum*, this uncertain exception into the positive and prevailing rule. And here, again, while the solitary prop crumbles into dust, the counter-evidence is abundant. Walker recites the 'rabbling' and plunder of clerical libraries of the value of 500 and 600*l*. Saint David's was one of the poorest dioceses of the country: but Nelson § tells us that Bishop Bull considered the reading of the Fathers, 'at least of those of the first three centuries,' 'not only as useful but absolutely necessary to support the character of a priest.' Burnet's demands on the clergy in the 'Pastoral Care,' ‖ seem to be quite as large as a bishop could now venture to put forward; and many other writers may be cited to a similar effect. ¶ The general rule, that no clergyman

\* 'Worthley,' i. 75.

\* 'Contempt,' &c. pp. 108, 7.

† 'Letter to the Author of the Vindication,' p. 234.

‡ 'Life of Bull,' p. 428. § 'Chap. viii.' ¶ 'Bishop's Letter,' &c. i. p. 57-8.

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should be ordained without an university degree,\* was in force then as now ; and probably more than now. The Grand Duke Cosmo III. states in his 'Travels,' when he visited the two Universities, that Cambridge had more than two thousand five hundred students, and Oxford over three thousand ; and it is safely to be assumed that a larger proportion of these large numbers, than now, were persons intending to take holy orders.

That we may in winding up the case come to yet closer quarters, let it be observed that Macaulay admits and alleges† that there was assuredly no lack of clergymen 'distinguished by abilities and learning.' But 'These eminent men were to be found, with scarcely a single exception, at the universities, at the great cathedrals, or in the capital.'

A passage perfectly consistent with all that has preceded ; as, indeed, Lord Macaulay is perhaps more notable than any writer of equal bulk for being consistent with himself. For the places thus enumerated could hardly have included more than a tenth of the clergy. Of the mass the historian has yet one disparaging remark to make : that 'almost the only important theological works which came forth from a rural parsonage' were those of Bull ; and those only because, inheriting an estate, he was able to purchase a library, 'such as probably no other country clergyman in England possessed.'‡ This assertion, not less unhappy than those which have preceded, is reduced to atoms by the production of a list of men, who sent forth from country parsonages works of divinity that were then, and in most cases that are now, after two hundred years, esteemed. Many of them, indeed, have been recently republished. The list includes the names, with others, of Towerson, Puller, Sherlock, Norris, Fulwood, Fuller (who died in 1661), Kettlewell, and Beveridge.

From this compressed examination, which would gain by a greater expansion, it may sufficiently appear that Lord Macaulay's charges of a menial condition and its accompaniments against the clergy of the Restoration period generally and miserably break down. In no instance are they tolerably supported by positive evidence ; in many they are absolutely confuted and annihilated. Not, indeed, that he was absolutely and wholly wrong in any point, but that he was wrong in every point by omission and by exaggeration. Because books were then, especially in the country, more difficult to obtain than now ; because manners were more rude and homely in all classes of the community ; because cases of low birth and conduct, still individually to be found, were perhaps somewhat more frequent :

\* Cardwell's 'Documentary Annals,' ii. 304. 5.

† I. 330.

‡ II. 331.

because

because a smaller number of the well-born might have taken orders during the period of the Protectorate, so that the Episcopal Bench was for a short time filled with men of humble origin, though of great learning and ability; these incidents must be magnified into the portentous statement, that 'for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants.' Isolated facts and partial aspects of his case he eyes with keenness; to these he gives a portentous development; and a magnified and distorted part he presents to us as the whole. The equilibrium of truth is gone; and without its equilibrium it is truth no longer.

That which may be alleged of the clergy of that period is, that they were unmitigated Tories. This is in reality the link which binds together the counts of the indictment; as a common hostility to William of Orange, or sympathy with James the Second, brings into one and the same category of invective and condemnation persons appearing at first sight to have so little in common as Marlborough, Claverhouse, and Penn. The picture of the Restoration clergy is a romance in the form and colour of a history. But while history in the form of romance is commonly used to glorify a little our poor humanity, the illusions of this romance in the form of history go only to discolour and degrade. That William, that Burnet, that Milton should have personal embellishment much beyond their due, is no intolerable evil. But the case becomes far more grievous when a great historian, impelled by his headstrong and headlong imagination, traduces alike individuals and orders, and hurls them into a hot and flaming inferno of his own.

We have selected this case for an exposition comparatively full, not on the ground that it is the most important, but because better than any other, it illustrates and exemplifies the uncommon, the astounding, inequality of the attack and the defence. The researches which we have partially compressed into the last few pages are those of Mr. Churchill Babington, a Fellow of Saint John's, the neighbour college to Macaulay's justly-loved and honoured Trinity. We do not assume them to be infallible. But every candid man must admit that the matter of them is formidable and weighty; that, in order to sustain the credit of Macaulay as an historian, it demands examination and reply. It is in vain that in his 'Journal'\* he disclaims the censorship of men 'who have not soaked their mind with the transitory literature of the day.' For in the first place this transitory literature, the ballad, the satire, the jest-book, the farce or vulga

\* Trevelyan's 'Life,' ii. 224.

comedy, requires immense sifting and purgation, like other coarse raw material, in order to reduce the gross to the nett, to seclude and express the metal from the ore. In the second place, Mr. Babington seems thus far to have made it very doubtful whether Macaulay has made out his case even as tested by that transitory literature. Give, however, transitory literature what you will, it can form no apology for the gross neglect of grave and weighty and unimpeachable authorities.

But if Macaulay's invocation of the transitory literature of the day is insufficient, what shall we say of Mr. Trevelyan's appeal to Buckle? Buckle, forsooth, bears witness that Macaulay 'has rather understated the case than overstated it.' Macaulay, even when least *ἀπρίμους*, can stand better on the feet that Nature gave him, than on a crutch like this. Quote if you choose publicans on liquor laws, or slave-drivers on the capacities of blacks; cite Martial as a witness to purity, or Bacchus to sobriety; put Danton to conduct a bloodless revolution, or swear in the Gracchi as special constables; but do not set up Mr. Buckle as an arbiter of judicial measure or precision, nor let the fame of anything that is called a religion or a clergy depend upon his nod.

Mr. Babington's work can only receive due appreciation upon being consulted *in extenso*. It attracted little notice on its appearance, except from periodicals connected with the clerical profession. He had from Sir Francis Palgrave the consolatory assurance that he had supplied a confutation as complete as the nature of the attainable evidence in such a case would allow. But his work was noticed \* by the 'Edinburgh Review' in language which we can only describe as that of contemptuous ignorance. It is a book by 'a Mr. Churchill Babington' (he was a Fellow of Saint John's and Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge), which was 'apparently intended to confute, but in reality very much confirms, our author's views.' Such was the summary jurisdiction exercised upon the material of which we have presented a sample. † The measure of notice accorded to it by Macaulay was simply the insertion of an additional reference ('History,' 5th edition, i. 331) to the life of Dr. Bray, 'to

\* Not by Macaulay's fault. 'I have told Napier that I ask it, as a personal favour, that my name and writings may never be mentioned in the "Edinburgh Review," Sept. 29, 1842, vol. ii. p. 119.' The 'Review' had a deep debt to Macaulay; but this was not the right way to pay it.

† Mr. Paget's valuable work, to which we have previously referred (p. 35), was treated by the 'Edinburgh Review' in the same fashion. He was charged with ignorance, self-sufficiency, carelessness, and bad faith, though the Reviewer failed to convict him of any mistake or inaccuracy. Mr. Paget very properly declined to enter the arena against a champion who wielded such weapons.

show

show the extreme difficulty which the country clergy found in procuring books.' The text remains unaltered. The work of Mr. Babington, of which only a very few hundred copies were sold or distributed, was for its main purpose still-born, is now hardly known in the world of letters, is not found in some of our largest and most useful libraries,\* and if it now and then appears in an old book-shop, confesses by the modesty of its price, that it is among the merest waifs and strays of literature. Such is the fate of the criticism; but the perversion—the grave and gross caricature with which it grappled—still sparkles in its diamond setting, circulates by thousands and ten thousands among flocks of readers ever new and ever charmed, and has become part of the household stock of every family. Since the time when Père Daniel, the Jesuit, with guns at once so ponderous and so weak, replied inaudibly to the raking and devouring fire of Pascal, there never has been a case of such resistless absolutism in a writer, or such unquestioning and general submission in the reading world.

Of this kind has been the justice administered by the tribunals of the day. We sorrowfully admit our total inability to redress the balance. Is there, then, any hope for the perturbed and wandering ghosts whom Macaulay has set agog, for Dundee, for Marlborough, for Quaker Penn, for Madame Piozzi, for the long and melancholy train of rural clergy of the Restoration period, still wearing their disembodied cassocks, in the action of the last, the serenest, the surest, the most awful judge, in the compensating award of posterity? Our hope is, that final justice will be done: but first let us ask whether the injustice which has been done already will, not as injustice, but by virtue of the other and higher elements with which it is fused, stand the trying test of time. Has Macaulay reared a fabric—

‘Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas?’†

Among the topics of literary speculation, there is none more legitimate or more interesting than to consider who, among the writers of a given age, are elected to live; to be enrolled among the Band of the Immortals; to make a permanent addition to the mental patrimony of the human race. There is also none more difficult. Not that there is any difficulty at all in what is technically called purging the roll: in supplying any number of names which are to sink (if they have not yet sunk) like lead in the mighty waters, or which, by a slower descent—perhaps

\* In the only one where we chance to have discovered the work, it is a presentation copy.

† ‘Ov. Met.’ xv. *in fin.*

like

like the zigzag from an alpine summit—are to find their way into the repose of an undisturbed oblivion. Sad as it may seem, the heroes of the pen are in the main but fools lighted by the passing day on the road to dusty death. But it is when the list has been reduced, say to a hundredth part of the writers, and to a tenth of the few prominent and well-known writers of the day, that the pinch, so to call it, of the task begins. We now stumble onwards with undefined and partial aids. Bulk will surely kill its thousands; that, which stood the ancient warrior in such good stead, will be fatal to many a modern author, who, but for it, might have lived. And money will as surely have killed its tens of thousands beforehand, by touching them as with palsy. It was one of the glories of Macaulay that he never wrote for money; it was the chief calamity of a yet greater, a much greater, man, of Scott, that iron necessities in later life, happily not until his place had long been secure, set that yoke upon his lofty crest. And few are they who, either in trade or letters, take it for their aim to supply the market, not with the worst they can sell, but with the best they can produce. In the train of this desire, or need, for money comes haste with its long train of evils: crude conception, slipshod execution, the mean stint of labour, suppression of the inconvenient, blazoning of the insignificant, neglect of causes, loss of proportion in the presentation of results: we write from the moment, and therefore we write for the moment.

Survival, we venture to suggest, will probably depend not so much on a single quality, as upon a general or composite result. The chance of it will vary directly as quality, and inversely as quantity. Some ores yield too low a percentage of metal to be worth the smelting, whereas had the mass been purer, it had been extracted and preserved. Posterity will have to smelt largely the product of the mines of modern literature; and will too often find the reward in less than due proportion to the task. So much for quantity. But quality itself is not homogeneous; it is made up of positives and negatives. Merits and demerits are subtly and variously combined; and it is hard to say what will be the effect in certain cases of the absence of faults as compared with the presence of excellences, towards averting or commuting that sentence of capital punishment which, estimate as we may the humanity of the age, must and will be carried into wholesale execution. Again, men look for different excellences in works of different classes. We do not hold an *Æneid* or a *Paradise Lost* bound to the veracity of an annalist. We do not look to Burke or Sheridan for an accurate and balanced representation of the acts of Warren Hastings.

Hastings. The subtle gifts of rhetoric, the magic work of poetry, are loved for their own sake ; and they are not severely cross-examined upon the possession of historic attributes to which they do not pretend. But rhetoric is not confined to speeches, nor poetry to metre. It can hardly be denied, either by eulogist or detractor, by friend or foe, that both these elements are found in the prose of Macaulay ; and if they are most attractive, they are also perilous allies in the work of the historian and the critic.

In truth, if we mistake not, the poetical element in his mind and temperament was peculiar, but was strong and pervading. Those who may incline to doubt our opinion that he was a poet as well as a rhetorician, and, perhaps a poet even more than a rhetorician, would do well to consult the admirable criticism of Professor Wilson on his 'Lays.' ('Life,' ii. 121.) We will not dwell upon the fact (such we take it to be) that his works in verse possess the chief merits of his other works, and are free from their faults. But his whole method of touch and handling are poetical. It is, indeed, infinitely remote from the reflective and introspective character, which has taken possession of contemporary poetry among our writers in such a degree, as not only to make its interpretation a work of serious labour, but also to impair its objective force. Macaulay was, perhaps, not strong in his reflective faculties ; certainly he gave them little chance of development by exercise. He was eminently objective, eminently realistic ; resembling in this the father of all poets, whom none of his children have surpassed, and who never converts into an object of conscious contemplation the noble powers which he keeps in such versatile and vigorous use. In Macaulay all history is scenic ; and philosophy he scarcely seems to touch, except on the outer side where it opens into action. Not only does he habitually present facts in forms of beauty, but the fashioning of the form predominates over, and is injurious to, the absolute and balanced presentation of the subject. Macaulay was a master in execution, rather than in what painting or music terms expression. He did not fetch from the depths, nor soar to the heights ; but his power upon the surface was rare and marvellous ; and it is upon the surface that an ordinary life is passed, and that its imagery is found. He mingled, then, like Homer, the functions of the poet and the chronicler ; but what Homer did was due to his time, what Macaulay did, to his temperament. We have not attempted to ascertain his place among historians. That is an office which probably none but an historian can perform. It is more easy to discover for him contrasts than resemblances. Commonly sound in his classical appreciations, he was an enthusiastic admirer of  
Thucydides ;

Thucydides ; but there can hardly be a sharper contrast than between the history of Thucydides and the history of Macaulay. Ease, brilliancy, pellucid clearness, commanding fascination, the effective marshalling of all facts belonging to the external world as if on parade—all these gifts Macaulay has, and Thucydides has not. But weight, breadth, proportion, deep discernment, habitual contemplation of the springs of character and conduct, and the power to hold the scales of human action with firm and even hand—these must be sought in Thucydides, and are rarely observable in Macaulay. But how few are the writers whom it would be anything less than ridiculous to place in comparison with Thucydides ! The History of Macaulay, whatever else it may be, is the work not of a journeyman but of a great artist, and a great artist who lavishly bestowed upon it all his powers. Such a work, once committed to the press, can hardly die. It is not because it has been translated into a crowd of languages, nor because it has been sold in hundreds of thousands, that we believe it will live, but because, however open it may be to criticism, it has in it the character of a true and high work of art.

We are led, then, to the conclusion, or the conjecture, that, however the body of our writers may be reduced in a near future by many and many a decimation, Macaulay will, and must, survive. Personal existence is beset with dangers in infancy, and again in age. But authorship, if it survive the first, has little to fear from the after-peril. If it subsist for a few generations (and generations are for books what years are for their writers), it is not likely to sink in many. For works of the mind really great there is no old age, no decrepitude. It is inconceivable that a time should come when Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, shall not ring in the ears of civilised man. On a lower throne, in a less imperial hall of the same mansion, we believe that Macaulay will probably be found, not only in A.D. 2000, which he modestly specifies, but in 3000 or 2850, which he more boldly formulates, or for so much of this long, or any longer lease as the commentators on the Apocalypse will allow the race to anticipate. Whether he will remain as a standard and supreme authority, is another question. Wherever and whenever read, he will be read with fascination, with delight, with wonder. And with copious instruction too ; but also with copious reserve, with questioning scrutiny, with liberty to reject, and with much exercise of that liberty. The contemporary mind may in rare cases be taken by storm ; but posterity, never. The tribunal of the present is accessible to influence ; that of the future is incorrupt. The coming generations will not give



Macaulay up, but they will, probably, attach much less value than we have done to his *ipse dixit*. They will hardly accept from him his nett solutions of literary, and still less of historic, problems. Yet they will obtain from his marked and telling points of view great aid in solving them. We sometimes fancy that ere long there will be editions of his works in which his readers may be saved from pitfalls by brief, respectful, and judicious commentary, and that his great achievements may be at once commemorated and corrected by men of slower pace, of drier light, and of more tranquil, broadset, and comprehensive judgment. For his works are in many respects among the prodigies of literature; in some, they have never been surpassed. As lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters, they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame. But the tree is greater and better than its fruit; and greater and better yet than the works themselves are the lofty aims and conceptions, the large heart, the independent, manful mind, the pure and noble career, which in this Biography have disclosed to us the true figure of the man who wrote them.

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- ART. II.—1. *A History of British Forest-Trees, Indigenous and Introduced*. By Prideaux John Selby, F.L.S., &c. London, 1842.
2. *Trees and Shrubs for English Plantations*. By Augustus Mongredien. With illustrations. London, 1870.
3. *The Forester. A Practical Treatise on the Planting, Rearing, and General Management of Forest-Trees*. By James Brown, LL.D. 4th edition. Edinburgh and London, 1871.
4. *Arboriculture. A Practical Treatise on Raising and Managing Forest-Trees*. By John Grigor, the Nurseries, Forres, N.B. Edinburgh, 1868.
5. *The Trees of Old England*. By Leo H. Grindon. London, 1870. 2nd edition.
6. *The Parks, Promenades, and Gardens of Paris*. By William Robinson, F.L.S. London, 1869.
7. *Timber and Timber Trees*. By Thomas Laslett, Timber Inspector to the Admiralty. London, 1875.

TO say that every Englishman has an innate passion for tree-planting is a truism which needed no Washington Irving to inculcate it, though indirectly his testimony from across the Atlantic evinces the superiority of this passion to the accidents

accidents of country or climate. It is a fact that Americans grow rapturous at the sight of the stately oaks and elms of the mother country, as if discriminating between these adornments of our parks and gardens and the giant tenants of their own forests and prairies, with a partiality for the former. But that this penchant is exceptionally national becomes more patent, if we attempt to assess the difference between the associations of the ancients as to forests, trees, and woodland scenery, and those which they call up in the British mind. While Greeks and Romans seems to have identified a plantation with a dense, dark, or sadly-sighing body of trees, they are seldom found exulting in the changeful hues of the greenwood, the soothing walk under the bee-haunted limes, or those sylvan courts of leafy verdure which tempt the most unromantic to envy the forester, and sigh for the freedom of Robin Hood and Maid Marian. Athens, it is true, could boast its oaks of Parnes; but these were most considered for the sake of their charcoal, the olive being the tree which quickened, beyond others, the pride and enthusiasm of its poets. There were beech groves in the mountain districts of Greece, on the range next below the pines; but the beech does not seem to have had any strong attraction for the Greek eye, though its glossy green is such a charming feature in our parks and glades. The plane, indeed, in their poetry meets with the commemoration due to its light green feather-foliage; but if we pass in review the items of Greek arboriculture, it will be seen that the fig and pomegranate claim scarcely less notice, and that perhaps their chief affection was bestowed upon the cypress and myrtle, the tamarisk, and such lesser shrubs. From the Romans no doubt Great Britain derived not only a goodly addition to her indigenous trees, but also the first rudiments of the culture of this class of products. Besides our best fruit-trees, they are held to have naturalised the chestnut, lime, sycamore, box, and laurel. They may also have introduced the beech, seeing that, according to Cæsar, it was not found in Britain, and that its Welsh name \* smacks of a Latin origin. The English elm, too, which is essentially a southern tree, and rarely seeds in England, may easily have been introduced by them with the vine; and to them in all probability we owe our first initiation in forestry, the art of rearing coppice-wood for vine-poles, willows for wicker-work, and forest timber for house and ship-building. Howbeit we have outstript our teachers; and, as much from inborn predilec-

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\* Fawydd (th. *fagus*). Hereford derived its Welsh name of Tre-fawydd from the beech-trees near it. See Pearson's 'Historical Maps of England,' p. 49.

tion as from a constant tradition of the pleasure and profit of tree-planting, so far covered with indigenous and imported tree-growths the hills and dales, the waste places and greenswards, the suburban spots and rural spaces of our island, that its levels are disguised by a variety of belts and coverts; its uplands clothed with larch and firwood; its parks and gardens embellished by ancient silvan giants and audacious rivals from across the seas; its lesser holdings dotted with fancy conifers and interesting triumphs of persistent acclimatation; and—to come to London and our great cities—each square and crescent has its mimic park. There are many reasons for this. Not only is it a matter of general experience that timber, whether in large or small quantities, is remunerative from its applicability to building and repairs, but our soils and climate, we find, may be sensibly improved by judicious planting. By this we may shut out the importunate blast, by this screen off the burning sunshine. The effect of such shelter is to double the value of inferior tracts; and this both because the influence of woodlands softens the temperature and conciliates the fertilising rain, and also because trees enrich the soil by deposits of vegetable matter, and by their roots open up the land to the action of air and water. Not often, perhaps, is the impulse to plant traceable to such solid and scientific causes: it is mostly due to the sense of delight and administration which an owner of land—be his paradise a few acres or half a shire, it is all the same—experiences in having a hand and a voice in the laying out of his demesne; in visiting and revisiting his copses and nurseries; in watching his trees and shrubs wax in grace and stature, till they become to him a living interest, and he notes their habits as fondly as those of his children. So fruitful and attractive is the practical study of the subject, that it is a wonder we have suffered our neighbours across the Channel to be beforehand in the institution of colleges of arboriculture; unless, indeed, it be that, as we observed in the outset, in England every man is ‘in esse’ or ‘in posse’ his own planter, and it is a rare exception to find a proprietor who would devolve on a Nesfield or Capability Brown the experiments in landscape gardening which make up half the charm of the country gentleman’s existence. Indeed, there are few fields in which the errors of inexperience may be retrieved more easily than in tree-planting; for though it may often occur that a single tree or a group proves a mistake in a given situation, it is exceptionally rare to find cause of regret in judicious thinning, or timely removal to another site.

So many excellent treatises on the planting of trees and shrubs

shrubs have issued of late years from the English press, and Mr. Laslett's recent volume on 'Timber and Timber Trees' deals so exhaustively with the commercial and economical aspect of the subject, that for details we might well leave the field to the weighty authorities named at the head of the present paper. It is beyond the scope of a review to linger upon cautions when and how to plant, or to supply the reasons why, in a stiff soil, the holes into which young trees are to be inserted should exceed the average two feet square and eighteen inches in depth. Yet it may not be labour wholly lost to set down, in what follows, a few results of blended book-lore and observation, and to gather up, from the romance and the realities, the accomplishments as well as the possibilities, of arboriculture, persuasives to the deeper study and practice of it by every grade of landowners.

Amongst this fortunate class—fortunate, let us hope, in spite of the tendency of the unlanded classes to cast on the soil as many national burdens as the agricultural worm will bear without turning—those are most to be felicitated who find park and forest ready to their hand, and who have not so much to project fresh plantation of undulation and upland as to study the art of judicious thinning, and to ascertain by what hardy native or well-recommended foreigner to replace some giant of the chase which the wind has prostrated. Yet even such have a deep interest in the experiments of acclimatation, and rare opportunities of adding novel grace to the native charm of their ancestral homes, there being this satisfaction in such introductions, that the old tree-tenants never regard new-comers as interlopers; but elm and lime, oak and ash, larch and Scotch fir, evince the friendliest of spirits in harmonising with cypress and juniper, deodar, and cryptomeria, the bright green *Abies Douglasii*, with its pale glaucous underside, and the pyramidic form and darker foliage of the spreading Wellingtonia or Sequoia. To the founder of an estate, the planner of the leafy shelters that are to protect, adorn, and ventilate his rising mansion, there is a more arduous field; one, however, in which (given thought and patience, with a grain or two of taste and an eye for landscape) he cannot easily go astray. As a rule, his home, whether large or limited, will have a southern aspect; and in either case there will be more or less need to plant out the north. Where it is a question of park or parklike grounds, it is well to do this with a thick and dark massing of trees, so as to give an impression of depth to the northern boundary line, and to make the mansion stand out effectively from its background of dark-hued conifers and of the denser deciduous species. The actual depth of such  
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a wooded background is of less consequence than the apparent ; but it adds vastly to the aspect of the demesne to have its northern boundary indefinite, and disguise or deception herein is perfectly admissible. The books recommend that such a plantation should be continued with wings of a bold sweep to east and west ; and this may be correct in principle. But it may be doubted whether such a continuation would avoid the risk of over-formality, as well as of seeming severity, suggestive of a prison-house or lunatic asylum, or one of those gloomy and isolated chateaux which would have exercised the fertile imagination of the horror-loving Mrs. Radcliffe. Shelter from the east, as indeed from the west, is desirable in due measure ; but there may be excess of shelter, no less than defect ; and we believe that a practised eye will insist upon these particular barriers being broken and partial. A system of belts or groups, some more and some less distant, would have the desired effect ; and if perchance on either side the frontier ground is a rising one, it is only to plant it with larch or Scotch fir to secure a perennial source of pleasure and profit. For the rest, the principle to follow is simple eye-service. If there is an unsightly feature to hide in the foreground, it may be hidden by a well-plotted clump ; if over another part of it the greensward stretches in a too unbroken range, or is diversified only by an ineffective hillock, it needs but to congregate there a few graceful trees, and you have the nucleus of a thing of beauty, which will win upon the eye as it becomes developed by growth and years. In moderation, too, single trees should diversify the foreground : it is the best chance of rearing specimens that may hereafter be a glory of the district or county. An oak, a Spanish chestnut, a wych elm, thus expatiating in the liberty and range of the open ground, are worth turning aside to contemplate, and are so deemed by others than the poet or the sentimentalist. More than once have we seen a larch, which, because it had enjoyed this freedom and never suffered the loss of its lateral branches through the proximity of other trees, has developed a grace and beauty second to none of the choicest conifers in a habit of pendulous branches clothing its stem from head to foot.

One other special call for the planter is to the lake-side or stream-bank. To these he may add a new attraction, giving reduplication (so to speak) to the one by the trees which interrupt the uniformity of its expanse, and canopying the other with subjects of weeping character and habit, arranged judiciously. Judiciously, we say : because the eye may tire of weeping-ashes and Kilmarnock willows ; and while the mean between bareness and unbroken shelter is undoubtedly the thing to aim at, there is less risk of having to practise repentance after thinning the leafy guardians

guardians of a lake-border, than for any like exercise of the woodman's axe. Of course there are special trees for the water-side, as also for islands and other aquatic positions; but of the specialities of arboriculture, the likes and dislikes, aptitudes and inaptitudes of this or that hardwood or softwood timber-tree, we shall have to speak presently. What is more pertinent to this stage of our survey is the remark, that what has been laid down as to parks and large grounds applies—*mutatis mutandis*—to smaller home-environs. The narrower the limits, the less field for multiplication of groups and clumps: but the shrubbery, the belt or border, which shuts out the oversight of unavoidable neighbours; the single specimens of curious tree or shrub, ever-green or deciduous; the study in these of harmony and contrast of form and colour; the avoidance also of undue encroachment on the greensward, and undue contiguity to the dwelling—these will be the pleasing solitudes of the rural or suburban proprietor, whose area is more limited, but whose pursuit of arboriculture may be as intelligent and enthusiastic as that of the owner of a 'dukery.' With the former it is possible to refer to the records of the birth and growth of every tree in the garden. All are as children or congeners to their owner. Of the broad oaks in the chases of Clumber or Belvoir, who is to say whether the planter may not have been—long, long ago—

'that bird, which instead of wings  
Hath a spirit within him, that soars and springs—'

that most indefatigable of oak-planters, in his busy trade of transporting and burying acorns—the squirrel? Most of all, however, does the limited owner require to be on his guard against planting too near his house. A bright green or a gold-spangled dwarf is a pretty object beneath your west windows, or even those to the south-east, if there is tolerable shelter; but these dwarfs are apt to outgrow their early conditions, and, without timely removal, come to such dimensions, that if they do not interfere with the chimney-smoke, or clog the atmosphere which it is the office of trees to keep in a state fit for breathing, at any rate they promote damp or mildew, and frustrate the growth of climbers and wall-plants which might also have caught the sun that their bulk intercepts. Whilst a stretch of sixty acres will afford room for oaks and elms, beech and lime, chest-nuts, sycamores, and maples, as well as for larch and other less everyday conifers in suitable situations, and admit of the diversities of avenue, wilderness, grove, thicket, and clump, to say nothing of contrasts of colour in the foliage of the several seasons, it will be the wisdom of such as have but a tithe of that acreage

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to lay out, to go in rather for a few choice cedars, pines, or firs, hardy, ornamental, and useful, and to be content with the deciduous trees ready to hand, an oak here and an elm there, of such beauty and dimensions mayhap, that, once felled, no experience in choosing the most rapid-growing substitute could succeed in replacing it in a lifetime.

Whatever change the use of ironclads,\* and the demand for larch to furnish railway-sleepers, may have wrought in the economic pre-eminence of the oak in point of dignity ornament, and ancestral associations, it must still rank as foremost of English trees. 'A larch may buy a horse before an oak can buy a saddle;' but where is the larch or larch-grove that can pretend to a credit like that of some of the oaks in the New Forest, in Arundel Park, in Bagot's Park, at Moccas, Holme Lacy, or a hundred other places; gigantic of girth, weird, gnarled, and massive of limb; and even in age vouchsafing such a prolixity of shade and shelter from their still leafy tops, that we can well believe the stories told of a troop of soldiers bivouacking, of old, under one such silvan canopy? In point of duration the larch is a mere fungus to the oak, of which Dryden's couplet understates the truth in saying—

'Three centuries he grows; and three he stays,  
Supreme in state; and in three more decays.'

The Salcy Forest Oak in Northamptonshire could have told, if gifted with speech, of thrice five, not thrice three centuries; the Winfarthing Oak (Norfolk) was an old one at the Conquest; and there is a fair show of oaks still in English counties that can sustain a claim to sex-centenary or semi-millenary honours. But where would have been their glory had our remote ancestors regarded the economic return of planting, and had the 'dirty siller' been its sole or chief incentive? It is permissible in the planter to bestow half an eye on this, in so far as, in choosing nurses for the oak which he should plant wherever there is soil congenial, he selects such trees as yield a quick and ready return, and pay—even the longest spared of them—their debt to the axe, or ever the oaks they have nursed attain to even the average honours of maturity. There is, we believe, little doubt of the superiority of the wavy-leaved oak, with its fruit stalked and its leaves sessile (*Quercus pedunculata*), to the flat-leaved

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\* The drawback to oak timber in immediate contact with iron, is its powerful pyroligneous acid which corrodes the metal and deteriorates the wood. For this cause the Indian teak and the Angelique of Guiana are in request for the backing of armour-plates, but for the floating hearts-of-oak which won our naval supremacy, Mr. Leslie does not hesitate to set up the British oak as the standard. See 'Timber and Timber Trees,' pp. 46, 114, 159.

(*Q. sessiliflora*),

(*Q. sessiliflora*), which has its leaves stalked and its fruit sessile, or close to the branches. Selby considers both to be rather varieties of a single species; while Laslett doubts how the timber can be distinguished without access to the converter.\* Intermediate varieties are doubtless by no means uncommon; but though the *sessiliflora* is now determined to have furnished the roofs of Westminster Hall and others of our oldest buildings, till lately supposed to have been chestnut, the *pedunculata* is still more esteemed in the timber-market; and so far is the oak to covet, and this with the less sin, as it is the more prevailing kind. Though the *sessiliflora* is counted a handsome tree, for its upright habit, graceful branches, and larger and brighter leaves, it matters less, inasmuch as only when young is there much perceptible difference between the two species or varieties in size and growth. Given a clay loam for soil and subsoil, with natural or artificial surface drainage, and the English oak will not lag far behind rival timber-trees in quick return or remunerative growth, nor yet cause a pang of hope deferred by delaying the promise of a distinct feature to the landscape. To say nothing of coppice-wood, it is calculated that by careful thinning, selection, and replanting, an oak-plantation may be made to pay in suchwise that there shall be no serious locking-up of capital between the sowing and the ninetieth year—in favourable soils a good time for cutting. By that time the oak will be eminently picturesque; though, as Gilpin notes, it is ‘through age that it acquires its greatest beauty, which often increases, even into decay, if any proportion exists between the stem and the branches.’

For its merit of indigeneity the British oak should find place in every English park and lawn-meadow. It is a study in bud, blossom, leaf, fruit, and life; in its epiphytes, the ferns, fungi, and mosses, which add to its interest, whether standing or prostrate; † and even in the curious spangle on the oak-leaf, of which the clusters puzzle the uninitiated, a phase of insect architecture, a golden-brown egg, which supplies the pheasant with one of its choicest delicacies. But, not to linger on curiosities, we would fain draw the attention of those who rate present pleasure above their debt to posterity, to a feasible compromise in oak-planting. Where ornament is the prime aim, but use and profit

\* See Laslett's ‘Timber and Timber Trees,’ p. 44. It appears that ‘*pedunculata*’ is less liable to the defects of cupshake and starshake.

† Witness the beautiful tufts of the polypody, the crimson and brilliant orange hues of the *Pezizas, coccinea* and *aurantia*, and the mat-like velvet of the moss known to botanists as *Anomodon curtispiculum*. Mr. Grindon gives a striking description of the effect of this last in Wistman's Wood, Dartmoor. See ‘Trees of Old England,’ p. 29.



still a partial consideration, they might do worse than plant the *Quercus Cerris*, or Turkey oak, a deciduous tree with a mossy hemispherical cup, and lobed irregularly-toothed leaves of a glossy green above and an almost white beneath. Though deciduous itself it hybridizes with the evergreen oak, and might pass for an ilex by reason of its leaves, though they die in autumn, clinging to it through the winter. Its rapid growth makes it a straight tall adult, when the English oak is yet a child, but candour bids us add that this maturity is purchased at the cost of the grandeur of ramification to which the latter attains at full growth. Still it is a consideration to get an oak which, in a good dry loam, will repay its planter in forty years, either by its park-like aspect, standing, or its availableness as wainscot of beautiful grain, when felled. It was introduced into Britain from the south of Europe in 1735, though indigenous in Asia Minor, and is propagated by the acorns; though its sub-evergreen varieties, the Lucombe and Fulham oaks, hybrids between it and the cork-tree, can only be increased in their purity by grafting. Both these are alike in breadth of leaf; but the Fulham oak's habit of growth is round-headed, that of the Lucombe decidedly spiral. The original Fulham oak is to be seen at Messrs. Osborne's, of Fulham, a locale where many introductions and hybrids of the seventeenth century may be studied with profit. A charming variety of the *Q. Cerris* is the *Q. Cerris pendula*, a weeping-tree very worthy of culture.\* The cork-tree (*Q. Suber*) is a rarer and less striking tree than its cross-bred progeny. It is an evergreen introduced from Spain, and in a rich dark loam will grow to forty feet, and exhibit a luxuriance of dark green foliage, contrasting well with its frosted-silver bark. This latter is detached from trees of twenty years' growth and upwards 'in pieces about a foot square and one inch or more thick, and the operation is repeated every eight or ten years, by which time the cork substance is renewed without any detriment to the tree.† Loudon and Grigor quote the king of cork-trees as at Mamhead, Devon; but there is one of fine proportions in the Fulham Nursery. The ilex needs little recommendation, and practised horticulturists still less caution against undue multiplication of it. Its drawback is a certain sombre-

\* But the common oak has its pendulous variety, a famous instance of which is the Weeping Oak at Moccas Park, Hereford, the acorns of which, if planted, generate oaks of more or less weeping habit. Loudon figured this tree in his 'Arboretum.' Its girth at five feet from the ground is now fourteen feet three inches, but though several of its branches still justify its distinctive name, the upper branches now take so much of the normal character of the oak as to be somewhat disappointing. See 'Woolhope Transactions,' 1870, pp. 316-17.

† Mongredien, p. 178.

ness; its charm a grandness of diameter, arising from its being clothed from head to foot, when it stands out alone, with a dense mass of leaves and branches. Of later years America has contributed many valuable species of the oak to our parks and gardens. The kindred *rubra* and *coccinea* are both presumably hardy, and both notable for a glossy green summer foliage, which turns in autumn to a rich scarlet or purple. The leaves are large and oblong, on long stalks; and fine specimens of *Q. coccinea* are to be seen at Croome, in Worcestershire, and at Strathfieldsaye. The speciality of *Quercus alba* is its silvery bark; in fruit and leaf it is a finer sessiliflora. It wants a good soil and a warm situation; with which advantages, in the Grove at Muswell Hill, there is one which, at seventy-two years of age, stands sixty-one feet high. Selby's doubts of its success in this country arose, probably, rather from observation of its slowness of growth in exposed places, than from any susceptibility to frosts. The *Q. nigra*, or American Black Jack, is as fastidious about soil as its opposite. It takes its name from the blackish-red which characterises its wedge-shaped leaves before the fall. The Phellos, or Willow Oak, deserves planting for its elegant habit of spray, as well as for its hardihood; and the *Q. Prinus* is attractive for its chestnut-shaped leaf, and is quite hardy in the neighbourhood of London.

From a contemplation of both, with an eye to the picturesque, Gilpin ranks the ash next to the oak—the 'Venus of the Wood' next after the Hercules. Yet it is not a tree for every situation, and, though strikingly effective at the corner of a wood or on the slope of a ruined abbey, should be sparingly planted near a gentleman's residence, and this because, coming latest of all trees into leaf, it is almost the first to shed its foliage. So much is this the case, that the expansion of the ash-leaf is reckoned as safe an indicator of the season of bedding-out, as the fall of it is a hint to remand such fine folk to shelter.\* As a natural result

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\* The dry spring of 1874 recalled attention to the adage about the results said to follow the oak coming into leaf, and *vice versa*. An intelligible version of it is the following:—

'If the oak opens before the ash,  
 'Twill be warm and dry, with good wheat to thrish.  
 But if ash-leaves open before the oak,  
 There'll be cold, and of rain too great a soak.  
 If the oak and the ash open nearly together,  
 Look out for a summer of changeable weather.'

There is much reason in Mr. F. O. Morris's view that the coming into leaf of either before other is rather ruled by the weather that has gone before, than an indication of that which is to follow. The deep-rooted oak, he notes, thrives best in a dry season; the shallower ash in rainy springs, in which seasons it comes

result of such a long term of leaflessness, too many ash about a place impart to it a cold and barren appearance. But even the common ash, in maturity and in age, with a congenial soil and situation (a hill bottom, or a well-drained riverside slope, and a deep loam) is a tree to admire and reverence. One at Woburn Park measures more than ninety feet in height and twenty in girth, and contains 872 feet of timber. Others at Longleat show fifty feet of clear stem, and measure fourteen feet round. It is, however, best planted by itself, though a stray giant here and there may well diversify the park or pleasure-land.

But if late leafing disqualifies the ash for vicinage to the mansion and its wings, no such charge can lie at the door of the English elm, which, coming late into leaf, is one of the latest of forest-trees to succumb to autumnal frosts. A doubtful native, it must have been acclimatised, if at all, in the days of the Heptarchy, and since then has contributed more than any other tree, save the oak, to the charm of rural England.\* In the valley of the Severn it has been so long naturalised, that neighbouring counties distinguish it as the 'Worcestershire' elm; and though its introduction to Ireland, Scotland, and the Border belongs to a comparatively definable period, it may be said to have found a home in the south of England from time immemorial. That its form and growth with us eclipses that of Continental elms appears in the fact of its having been exported from us to Spain to form the avenues at Madrid and Aranjuez, in the reign of Philip II. It is probable that English avenues have been decimated in number through an absurd craze which possessed proprietors in the early part of this century to make war upon straight lines and double rows; yet wherever, as at Oxford, Cambridge, and here and there in the West of England, the old elm avenues of two hundred years ago still survive, they assert a superiority, in this fashion, to avenues of beech or lime, or any other deciduous tree. To modern experiments in avenue-making with coniferous subjects—araucarias, deodars, Wellingtonias—there must ever be this drawback, that such double columns can never be in undress; whereas the elm array is stately and impressive when off duty in the leafless season, just as it is gay and glancing, a mass of shade and shelter wonderfully disguised, when on parade and in full foliage. As much may be said for it in groups of two and three, or in the wilderness, which is a common feature of

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comes into leaf earlier. In 1868-9, 70, 71, the oak took more or less precedence of the ash, and the summers were in keeping with the adage. But the data of 1872 were such, Mr. Morris adds, as to upset the deductions from these facts.

\* Forty places at least in England take their names from the elm, e.g., Nine Elms, Barn Elms, Elmley, Elmstree, &c. See Grigor, p. 333.

manor-house

manor-house precincts. And it is indisputably the finest park-timber after the oak, in respect no less of its massy proportions than of the loose set of its crowded but small leaves, the cheerful green of which deepens as the months wane, till at last it becomes a clear yellow. Not every day, of course, does the tourist come across such elms as the 'Crawley' or the Hatfield; or such as are seen at Sion House or Longleat; but a girth of fourteen or fifteen feet at five feet from the ground is not uncommon in a kindly soil, to wit, a free, open loam, without stagnant water. An elm at Croft Castle, Herefordshire, is 120 feet in height.\* After eighty years the elm has a tendency to become hollow, but this may be mostly where the soil is not deep and kind, and where the wet stagnates. Its worst foes, after wet, are the elm-beetle (*Scolytus destructor*) and the caterpillar of the gold moth. Its timber, valuable for many country uses, is eminently so where durability under alternations of wet and dry is a consideration, *e.g.*, for pumps, troughs, conduit-pipes, water-gates, and water-wheels. It is in request, too, in dockyards, for laying the keels of large ships.

Larger, broader, and more deeply serrate of leaf, though, like all the elms, its leaf is unequal at the base, less upright, too, and stately in growth, though its spreading head, divergent limbs, and festoon-like branches render it highly picturesque in park or paddock, is the Wych, or Scots elm, an undoubted native of Britain, whatever be the history of its sister we name the English elm. Whilst the latter carries its upper branches cluster-wise, and resembles a goblet in its tree-top, the former assumes a rounder and more umbrageous character, striking the critical eye as more easy and graceful. Another differentia is that it has no suckers; another, that whereas the English elm has to be propagated in this country by layers or suckers, the wych is easily grown from seed. To see it in its glory probably the tree-fancier must go north; for the famous 'Trysting Tree' near Roxburgh, in Teviotdale (girthing thirty feet at four feet from the ground), and the wych-elms of Easby, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, eclipse in size the average wyches of the south and west. Yet an exception may be made in favour of one near Chepstow Castle, which girths thirty-six feet at four feet from the ground; and we believe there is one of yet larger circumference in Lord Bathurst's

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\* The Crawley elm girths sixty-one feet at the ground, and is seventy feet high. The Hatfield oak, forty-eight feet in girth, contains 493 feet of timber. Sion House grounds boast an elm of 100 feet, and Longleat one of 120 feet in height.

park, near Cirencester. Both of these put forth huge lateral arms. But the secret of the wych attaining large proportions is a rich alluvial soil, where moisture percolates freely, a reason, as Selby has noticed, for its affecting the Yorkshire river dales. Its name, we suppose, is no longer a puzzle; as the notice of its connection with magic arts sprang clearly from a fallacy of the ear. The wych, or wiche-elm, is so called from the olden use of its wood to make boxes and chests, for which it was the old English word.\* It is said to have more toughness of longitudinal fibre than the English elm; and is used for cart-trams, naves, and framing, and, indeed, for most purposes for which the ash is in request. Among its curious properties is its sure indication of coming frost. Unlike the common elm, which keeps full late its deepened verdure, the wych no sooner scents the advent of cold weather than it curls up its leaves, puts on a habit of brown, and anon is bare and leafless. For this, and its singular retention of moisture, no less than its columnar trunk and finely-reticulated bark, the wych is a tree to plant and prize in the open; though the day is past when it might be used for a nurse, or clipt and maimed, as in the days of Queen Bess, for topiary purposes. Amongst its varieties the most attractive is the Camperdown (*Ulmus montana pendula*), a weeping-elm of singularly graceful habit. Most varieties are grafted on the wych stock; and though Selby (p. 133) doubts the wisdom of trusting the *Ulmus campestris*, where the soil is good, to any stock but its own, we have ourselves seen the value of the grafted elm in replacing the gaps of an elm avenue. Compared with other make-shifts, its rapidity of growth fills a vacancy creditably in less than a score of years.

Like the wych in roots that resist wind and storm, and like it in being among the first of trees to yield its leaves to the cold, the lime or linden (*Tilia*) is a foster-sister of the English elm, in that it frequently ekes out the avenues of the latter. The question of its indigenoussness is so far settled that the weight of authority leans strongly to the affirmative, as regards the small-leaved lime, which, as Mr. E. Lees, F.L.S., of Worcester, long ago noted, is common in the woods of Worcestershire, Hereford-

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\* Wyche, hucche, or whyche, are terms applied by Sir John Mandeville (c. viii.) to the Ark of the Testimony; and in a poem called 'Cleanness,' edited by Dr. R. Morris, to Noah's Ark. In Hazlitt's 'Popular Poetry,' p. 210, the 'wyche' was a provision-box.

'The chamber charged was with wyches  
Full of eggs, butter, and cheese.'

—See Prior's 'Popular Names of British Plants.'

shire, Gloucestershire, and Oxfordshire. He testifies, also, to its seemingly indigenous presence on the banks of the Hepste, in Glamorgan; and draws a distinction between this and the *Tilia Europæa*, which may have been introduced to England, for avenue purposes, in the days of William and Mary. This is seen chiefly in parks and gardens; while the rarer *Tilia grandiflora*, of larger leaf and a pale downy underleaf, is a denizen of the arboretum. A symmetrical tree in either variety, the lime deserves the favour of the planter, singly, as well as in lines and rows. A single lime at Longleat measures 130 feet in height, its girth at four feet being thirteen feet; but this is outvied by one at Moor Park, Herts, which girths twenty-three feet at the same distance from the ground, though its height is less by thirty feet. A more remarkable lime still is to be seen at Knowle, in Kent, a rival of the Banyan-tree in singularity of growth. Its lower branches have drooped till they kissed the ground, and, thus taking new life, thrown up a circle of young trees from the parent stem. Ay, and repeated the process! The marvel repeats itself in a second circle; and this goodly company of attached and incorporate descendants of a living vegetable patriarch is said to cover a quarter of an acre. A like phenomenon is to be seen near the Roman remains in Lydney Park, Gloucestershire, where the small-leaved limes, which are very abundant, give indications of great age, and may have been independent of man's planting.

The eye is doubtless more familiar with the lime in walks, avenues, and squares, where, under favourable conditions, it has a striking and graceful effect, and special attractions in the fragrant scent of its flowers, and the summery hum of the bees that sip their honey. The smoker knows no choicer rendezvous than the lime-walk for the enjoyment of a quiet "weed"; and a specimen of a very perfect lime-walk with interwoven canopy may be seen in the gardens of Trinity College, Oxford. The drawback of the lime is a certain freakiness of growth, in even the clays and gravels that are said to suit it best. A considerable difference will occur between two limes in the same avenue, and the disparity from the elms which were probably planted at the same date will be found much greater in some than others. A feature, too, which does not enhance the beauty of the lime, though it has a solid *raison d'être* as an asylum for small birds, is the dense thicket of twigs and shoots which often grows out of its very centre or heart. Still the lime may claim to be an ornamental tree; whilst its uses, independent of its honey-cups, and of the 'bast' which it furnishes for mat-making

making and plant-tying, consist in supplying the best of woods for the carver, the smooth-grained,\* insect-proof, pale yellow material, which yielded such delicate and enduring handiwork to the touch, and under the graving-tool, of Grinling Gibbons. Specimens of this are to be seen at Chatsworth, Windsor, and St. Paul's, with the lines still fresh and sharp after a lapse of two hundred years; and another splendid example of this famous artist's skill is the carving in the saloon and rooms adjoining it at Holme Lacy, Herefordshire. Another use of the linden-wood is for the sounding-boards of pianos, as it is less inclined to warp than other timber. The *Tilia alba* is a variety of the *T. Europea*, with a silvery underleaf; and there is an American lime which differs from the European in having its young shoots brown instead of bright red.

Walk we next into the beech-woods for the charm of dryness under-foot, and in autumn the yellow and amber tints over-head, no less than for the grace and nobility of contour which no tree-critic, except Gilpin, has attempted to deny. Precedence might be claimed for the sweet chestnut, but that is a naturalised alien; whereas, but for Cæsar's statement that there was no beech in England, we should claim it as a native. As park-timber, in clumps, pairs, and triplets, it has a fine effect; and though ill-suited to mix too much with other trees, will thrive apace amidst its own kind. It makes the best and densest of hedges, except the yew and holly, and there is no tree better for a screen-fence. In habit it varies with its conditions. Drawn up by contiguous trees, its clean straight stem of a smooth olive-grey is eminently graceful, as witness the two giants of straight and branchless trunk, named the King and Queen, at Ashridge, Lord Brownlow's seat, in Herts, the finest samples of their kind in England. Where, however, it stands alone, its form is that of an expansive round-headed tree, apt to be short of stem, but having its head composed of crowding branches, which bend, curve, and in-arch in various fashions. The finest example probably of this type in Europe is a beech at Newbattle Abbey, near Edinburgh, with a bole of thirty-three feet at two feet from the ground, a height of 100 feet, and an overspread of branches not less than 120 feet in circumference. Its lower branches arch-over till they reach the ground, when they assume an upright growth, disguised in summer by ample foliage. This tree, planted according

\* Virgil's '*Tiliæ leves*' (Georg. ii. 445), which Mr. Doddridge Blackmore accurately renders—

'The lindens smooth to accept the tool's indent.'

to tradition in the sixteenth century, is an exception to the rule that the beech, which reaches its prime at seventy or eighty years, decays rapidly after a century, or a century and a half. An illustration of it is given in the 'Gardener's Chronicle,' October 24, 1874. The beech grows kindest on chalky soils, as in Kent, Berks, and the Midlands; but it does well on clayey loam, and generally where the subsoil is dry. Had we space, it might be shown that mycologists and entomologists have their special interests connected with the beech; but it must suffice us to notice a form of disease to which it is subject, and which we have not seen noticed in the books on arboriculture. This is a woolly white mould upon the bark of tall clear-stemmed trees, resembling in appearance the American blight on the apple's bark. It is said to be curable by copious dressings of oil; but the remedy is a laborious one, and in the meanwhile trees thus affected pine and shrivel. A notice of the beech would be incomplete without a reference to the purple beech, and its sub-variety the copper beech, which are such effective contrasts to the green leaves of the garden and lawn, in all their phases of colour. Our trees of this kind are produced chiefly by in-arch grafting from the stock of the original tree, discovered a century ago in a wood of Germany. A weeping-beech, and a variety with leaves blotched with yellow or white, are worth consideration; the first for its elegance, the second as a curiosity. Linnæus and his contemporaries regarded the sweet chestnut as a species of beech, from which, however, it differs generically in having long and cylindrical, and not globular catkins. For, its well-girthed twisted trunk, broad leaves of a dark glossy green, and comparatively lightsome head, the *Castanea vesca* is entitled to rank among the trees of the park, though it is no match for the oak, or many other timbers, in durability and soundness. On deep sandy loam, or a rich gravel, it is good timber enough up to thirty-five or forty years, and does well for gates and rails, or at a much earlier date for hop-poles and barrel-staves. But after fifty or sixty years, *dialling* or decay is apt to detach the annual layers from each other, and the tree becomes *shaky*. Its economic virtue is, strange to say, its precocity. In France, Spain, and Italy, from which last the Romans probably brought it hither on that account, it is valued for its fruit, which makes a species of flour, and serves the purposes of our potato: but with us, who cannot grow 'les marrons' of our neighbours, it is simply a dessert fruit, and even then rarely home-grown. It is propagated from the nuts when well ripened; but the tree has but a moderate amount of favour in this country, and not such as one might expect from the size of ancient samples of it at Croft



Castle,\* at Nettlecombe in Somersetshire, and in Dean Forest and its border. The Tortworth chestnut, on the other side of the Severn, was a boundary tree in Stephen's reign, and is computed to have seen eleven centuries. It bore fruit small but abundant in 1788, and in 1721 was nineteen yards in circumference; but it is now very dilapidated, and its girth of sixty feet at four feet from the ground is a trifle to the famous chestnut of Mount Etna, the 'castagna di cento cavalli,' which was 204 feet in girth, and of the capacity of which the name gives an idea. But the sweet chestnut's claim to consideration is its picturesque effect at other seasons, as well as in its autumnal leaf, which abides longer and is of a richer gold than its namesake, the horse-chestnut (*Æsculus Hippocastanum*), a much later introduction to Great Britain from Thibet, of much less value as timber, and of a wholly different botanical family. The sole likeness is in the form, not the savour, of the nut. The merit of the horse-chestnut, which commends it for environing walks, drives, and lake-banks, is its massive and luxuriant foliage, especially when 'the richness of its velvet drapery is embroidered over with millions of silver flowers.' Compared with these clusters of delicate white, tinted and relieved by as delicate pink and gold, the blossom of the sweet chestnut is dull and flat. For a charming variety of the horse-chestnut the roseate-tinted *C. rubicunda* may be easily grown, as also the less known *Pavia lutea*, a smooth horse-chestnut of elegant foliage and habit. We may mention, too, a variety of the sweet chestnut likely to prove quite hardy, the *C. chrysophylla* introduced from California, which is remarkable for its bright golden-yellow underleaf.

But lest the reader should tire of a prolonged *march-past*, in which each deciduous tree follows another, we shall resort to the device of grouping, which has been used with such effect by Mr. Mongredien in his 'Trees and Shrubs for English Plantations.' The reds and yellows which predominate in an autumnal landscape suggest one such group, which has been partially anticipated; the towering and spiral tree-forms which stand out from such a landscape, and a group to which some of these belong, the trees that love the waterside, a second; and a third having been devoted to such as will endure town smoke, whatever space remains will of right belong to the Coniferae. From the outlook we occupy (say) on the last day of October, the eye comprehends within the lawn precincts the reddish-yellow of

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\* Some of the chestnuts at Croft Castle are from seventy-six to eighty feet in height, with a girth of twenty-five or twenty-six feet. 'Woolhope Transactions,' 1870, p. 306. The chestnuts at Dinevor Park, near Llandillo, are very fine.

the sumach, the less ruddy yellow tints of the common medlar, the green-yellow of the mulberry, and the burnished gold of the Norway maple. Just beyond, a week ago, might have been seen the red foliage of the bird-cherry, and at no great distance the rich crimson of the pear-leaf. Were fruit trees within our scope, we might dilate on the lovely white blossom of the medlar and cherry in springtide, and the colour and grain of the cherry-wood when felled and converted.\* But as we are upon timber trees, way must be made for the maples; and first among them the presumably British sycamore (*Acer Pseudo-platanus*) which puts on its autumnal brown-red, as Cowper notes, 'ere autumn yet hath changed the woods,' lest perhaps the change should go by default, so quick is it to part with its leaves, it may be, owing to the density of its foliage, which adapts it for sheltering the sunny side of a dairy. A variegated sycamore, with white blotches on its leaf, is a favourite and healthy-looking variety, and there are one or two others of more recent introduction. Against the fault of the sycamore, that it does not carry height in proportion to its girth, may be urged the fact that it is a quick-growing tree of great durability, and in request with cabinet makers, moulders, and turners. For a lighter carriage perhaps the Norway maple (*A. platanoides*) may be preferred, a tree of first-rate growth, and as desirable for its uses as its ornament. Its early light green turns to brilliant yellow. It is lightsome in form and outline, and its timber exhibits the same beauty of fibre as the bird's-eye maple of America. The form of its leaf is like that of the western plane, and it merits well the consideration of the planter. Mongredien recommends the variety called *Acer Pl. colchicum rubrum*, for its dark red leaves; and it is worth while to try also, for contrast, the sugar maple (*A. saccharinum*), the smooth green leaf of which, with glaucous underleaf, changes in autumn to orange and crimson. This variety is the American *bird's-eye*. Other species from North America are *A. eriocarpum* and *A. rubrum*, both of which are very susceptible of frost, and an Himalayan maple of very recent introduction does not as yet encourage the hope of its becoming hardy in this country. It is curious that two of the poplars from North America, *P. balsamifera* and *P. canadensis*, invert the order of colouring, exhibiting a soft yellow when their leaves expand in early spring, but changing with full maturity to a deep green with whitish-green underleaf.

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\* To these may be added the leafage of the Liquidambar just changing at the same season to a bright red from a golden amber, and the *Salisburia adiantifolia*, the leaves of which turn to a golden tint before they succumb to sharp frost.

But the poplars are chief amongst our spiral and columnar tree-forms. Who has not realised the character which a triplet of poplars adds to a rural landscape, as they tower above the hedgerows and the lesser timber trees; or the semblance to a pinnacled cathedral put on by a group of these in the far distance, as it overtops the oaks, and elms, and beeches, that intervene? For ornament to the landscape, and upright, tapering, cypress-like growth, there is nothing to beat the Lombardy poplar (*P. fastigiata*). It is the tree 'which wept amber on the banks of Po' in classic fable; and even where it does not, as at Great Tew, attain the height of 120 feet, its rapid growth enables it to contrast signally with trees of lower and spreading habit, and to 'diversify,' as Grigor expresses it, 'the regularity of the sky-mark.' In leaf it much resembles the later-foliaged black poplar, and its habit when swept bodily by the breeze, and when it

'like a feather waves from head to foot,'

is a sight to remember. Intermediate in habit between it and the black, is the Monilifera or Black Italian, the fastest grower of the poplars, which on stiffish soil, or near running water, attains to 100 feet, and makes planks for the largest buildings, that are neither apt to split nor to ignite. Distinct from these is the Abele, with a dark-green upper and downy white under-leaf, the hardest variety of which is the common white poplar (called *Acerifolia*, from its deep-lobed leaf). The fault of the grey poplar is its tendency to realise the proverb 'soon ripe, soon rotten.' Full grown at forty years, and having a stem of forty feet clear of branches, it is apt to take heart-rot at sixty. For its many associations the tall 'light quivering aspen'\* should be planted (which may best be done as a seedling); and, unlike most of its tribe, it is a native. Of elegant form and motion, it has a rich green foliage which turns eventually to bright yellow. Its chief drawback is a tendency to innumerable suckers. Its slimmer allied species, called the Athenian poplar, though it hails from the North American, not the Greek, Athens, is in some respects a more ornamental tree.

Next after the poplars for upright and columnar growth comes the Irish yew, a somewhat sombre fastigate evergreen of moderate height from Fermanagh; and among the cypresses, thujas, biotas, and junipers, we shall meet with other trees of this habit and of more aspiring stature. A Pyrenean oak, unnoticed earlier in our remarks, but hardy about London, whatever it be further

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\* The Highland tradition runs, that the reason why the aspen-leaves quiver so unceasingly is because Christ's Cross was made of the wood of this tree.

north,.

north, the *Quercus fastigiata*, has a growth and shape by no means unlike the Lombardy poplars. In its finest development the occidental plane might rank with this class, having an upright and quasi-fastigate growth (of from 70 to 100 feet), which distinguishes it from the oriental plane, a tree from its rounded form and bright flickering foliage eminently suited for the lawn or pleasure ground. The western plane has this in common with the Lombardy and other poplars, that it attains its greatest growth by the waterside. It is the same with the willows and the tall American birch (*Betula excelsa*), introduced about a century ago, and reaching in North America a stately well-branched growth of 80 feet.

Of trees adapted for city growth and patient of town smoke, one or two, and those among the best, have been enumerated in the foregoing groups. The *western plane* is familiar to the eye of the most thorough Londoner in most of the squares and in the very heart of the City. It retains its health and grace whether in leaf or leafless. The foliage of the horse-chestnut, too, takes little hurt from smoke or drought; and as the tree is content with hard soil and scanty root-room, it should be welcome in towns, even if it comes short of its finest growth, for its racemes of blossom, which might be varied by those of the rose and yellow-flowered species. The Lombardy poplar, which keeps its health and gloss despite of drought and dust, deserves to be used for avenues and boulevards in the broader streets, and the same may be said of the *Quercus fastigiata*, which resembles it. The weeping large-leaved elm (*U. montana pendula*) has approved its qualifications for a London tree, adapted for the parks and gardens as well as smaller squares. Mr. William Robinson, to whose authority on such a question we attach great importance, refers us to the specimen of this tree on the lawn of the Botanic Gardens. In general, elms and limes have no business amidst the smoke and dust. To judge by the same writer's experience of the *Robinia inermis*, a round-headed variety of the locust-tree, in the cities of North Italy, it ought to do well in our London parks and gardens, where its umbelliferous top, deep verdure, and grateful shade, could not fail to create a favour for it. A tapering variety (*Robinia Pseudacacia stricta*) is in habit very like the Lombardy poplar, and might with advantage find its way into our town gardens, which it would enliven by its racemes of white and fragrant blossom. For this merit, in addition to their ample and broad foliage, we suppose that the *Ailanthus*, *Paulownia*, and the *Catalpa syringæfolia* would be additions to our City parks and squares. The first, if least conspicuous in flower, yields to none in fresh and healthy,  
dust

dust and drought-proof, foliage. The second affords an abundant shade from a mass of leaves larger than those of any hardy tree; while its fragrant violet flowers, in large terminal panicles, are as showy as the foxglove, which they somewhat resemble. Tender in the north, they will thrive in the climate of London, and are very successful in the gardens of Paris. The Catalpa, too, not unlike the Paulownia in size of leaf and beauty of flower, is perfectly hardy about London. Its blossom is white with yellow and purple spots. There is a fine grown Catalpa at Muswell Hill. The weeping grafted variety of the *Sophora japonica* is another flowering tree of graceful habit, the pretty foliage of which has no objection to the heat and drought of towns. Into the urban parks and gardens Mr. Robinson would freely introduce the free-growing Rosaceæ, hawthorns, pears, and almonds, for their diverse spring bouquets, and, which is more worth consideration amongst trees, the *Liriodendron tulipifera*, a hardy timber-tree with large, light green saddle-shaped foliage, and when it has attained a fair size, a display of cream-coloured tulip-shaped flowers. It was an early introduction from North America, and has been known to reach 120 feet. Before quitting this part of our subject, and whilst remembering the difficult problem of unsightly stems of trees in a dying or dead state to be met with in the parks, we may borrow a suggestion from the 'Heatherside Manual,'\* to plant at their feet such twining shrubs as the Wistaria, and Aristolochia, and Akebia, by which means many an indifferent trunk or group of trees might become a network of mixed foliage.

But though deciduous trees are the backbone of our native timber, where would be the setting of our picture of reds and yellows, where the supplement and finish to our gardens, lawns, and even parks, but for such extraneous races, as pines and firs, cypresses and junipers?† Of these the first and second constitute a threefold clan, amongst the members of which none is more worthy of commemoration than the Scots pine, the sole indigenous species. Its nature is thoroughly hardy; it thrives, as indeed do many others of its race, on the poorest soil and the

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\* The 'Heatherside Manual,' p. 15. An Annotated and Alphabetical Manual of hardy Trees and Shrubs, with directions how and when to plant them. By A. Mongredien.

† The Abietinæ, Cupressinæ, and Juniperinæ. The first of these families comprise the pines, with long slender leaves in bundles of pairs, threes, or fives, each set based on a scaly sheath, and having for their fruit cones of persistent scales; and the firs (*Abies*), which some distinguish from the Piceas, or silver firs, though these are more conveniently regarded as a subgenus. They all have solitary scattered leaves, but the distinctive mark of the Picea is its erect cylindrical thin-scaled cones, whereas those of the Abies are drooping. The spruce and the silver fir represent the best known forms of each subgenus.

scantiest, its roots penetrating through debris and fissures of rock, and its growth assisted most by free air and a sandy gravel. Some of the pines no doubt require more shelter and a lower altitude than others, but the soil they appreciate most is one assimilated to that of their native habitats, where at least the accidental top-dressings are accumulations of debris and vegetable matter and not rich manure, such as cultivation and solicitude might suggest for them. It is probable that nothing improves the conifers of our gardens and home-precincts so much as an occasional cartload of road-scrappings. What the Scots pine is in its native forests, Mr. Grigor tells us in his description of Glenmore Forest, one of the largest trees in which was cut up, and a deal from its centre presented to the Duke of Gordon by the ship-builder who bought it. 'The annual layers of wood from its centre to each side number 235, indicating that number of years.\* The surface of this forest is sandy peat, its subsoil a rich brown clay. The produce of it built forty-seven sail of ships for the Royal Navy and the East India Company. But amongst southerners it is no mean tree in point of beauty or usefulness. Note its fantastic shapes, its dark red stem, its warm bluish-green foliage, as in winter or summer it stands out into the sky in contrast with the deciduous trees around it. No tree for the picturesque can beat a pair of Scots firs, or even a single one. Wordsworth, Mr. Grigor tells us, preferred it to the oak *in winter, in moonlight, and at evening*. Next to it in hardihood is the Austrian pine introduced by Mr. Lawson in 1835 from the Styrian forests, but now thoroughly naturalised and appreciated in Great Britain. It is a quick grower, of dark green glossy foliage, and strong stiff leaves with a pricked point. It makes an excellent shelter, and bids fair to make a noble and ornamental tree, as in its own country it reaches 150 feet. A good contrast to its dark foliage might be found in the clear transparent green of the *P. pyrenaica*, which was brought about the same date from the highest mountain range betwixt France and Spain, and is of noble aspect, odorous bark, and quick growth. There is one at Dropmore seventy-five feet high, and it is said to grow to above eighty feet. From the 'Forester,'† however, we gather that it is more for ornament than use, and that though used for the decks of Spanish ships, it is inferior to many of our naturalised pines as timber. The Corsican pine, *P. Laricio*, is of far greater value as one of the most sound and rapid growing of conifers, of great hardihood, and a capacity of reaching 120 feet. It has attained to upwards of seventy feet at

\* Grigor's 'Arboriculture,' p. 169.

† The 'Forester,' p. 288.

Dropmore.

Dropmore. Nor is it less ornamental than useful, having a distinct pyramidal habit from the horizontal spread of its whorls of branches, and the loose wavy spread of its dark bright-green leaves. The Calabrian pine is not unlike it, only with longer and more slender foliage. The Cluster pine (*Pinus Pinaster*), introduced by Gerrard from the south of Europe in 1596, is also a rather handsome tree, rugged and massive when seen alone, as at Fulham Palace, eighty feet in height and twelve in girth. But its prime use is with the Norway maple, to screen plantations on the sea-coast, in which respect it has assisted Norfolk to emulate the coast of Gascony in the recovery of sandy tracts. As timber it is of slight account; and herein, as in its deep green foliage and depth of root, it resembles the Stone pine (*P. Pinea*), though differing from it in being far less bushy and stunted, as well as in having *starlike* and not *round* cones. The latter came from Italy earlier in the same century, and its best use is for a dense bush to hide objects just behind it.

The above-mentioned pines, with two or three interesting dwarfs, have their leaves in pairs. Of those which have them in threes, the most considerable are *P. macrocarpa*, *P. Benthamiana*, and *P. insignis*. The first came to us, about forty years ago, from California, the third in the same year, and the second about fourteen years later from the same country. Already the wavy habit of the glaucous-grey foliage on branches horizontally set, and distant from each other, the violet bark of the young shoots, and the length and breadth (twelve inches by six) of the darker yellow cones of *P. macrocarpa*, make it a striking contrast to the dark-hued conifers, and inspire hopes of a majestic tree, if in its younger stages its tops do not suffer from the action of the sun after a frost. In its home it attains 100 feet, a height which is doubled, however, by *P. Benthamiana*, a hale giant, with branches irregularly spread, clustering cones, and dark green leaves, resembling those of the North American *P. ponderosa*, only longer and darker. It has the advantage over the latter that it makes deeper roots; and it is of rapid growth, if defended when young from the ravages of insects. From its mountain-home in the Sacramento country we should augur its hardihood in Great Britain; though there might be more questions as to *P. insignis*, which is probably from lower altitudes, and certainly needs shelter from frosts, although it likes a situation fairly high and dry. The grassy green of its foliage makes it a lovely contrast to the darker conifers, as well as to most deciduous trees. Indeed, it is a pine worth care and watching, one that no lawn or park should be without. That it may weather our frosts and survive our winters is proved by its attainment

attainment of the height of seventy feet, with a girth of eight feet seven inches, in that nursery of choice conifers, Dropmore.

Of pines with five leaves none surpasses the Himalayan *P. excelsa*, naturalised in this country for some fifty years. An open, spreading-branched, conical tree, it has a pale bark, pendulous habit, and long slender glaucous-green leaves. It likes air and light, with moderate shelter, and bears some resemblance, though of more elegant habit and rapid growth, to the Weymouth pine (*P. Strobus*). In its own country it is called the Weeping Pine, and found with the *P. longifolia*, or cheel-tree, and the *Pinus Kutrow*. *P. excelsa* reaches 120 feet in its own country, and *P. Strobus* 130 in its North American home. Of the timber of the former we know no more than that it is white, compact, and resinous. The latter often passes for red deal from America, though not really equal to it in quality.

The oldest type of spruce in this country is the Norway spruce (*Abies excelsa*), which was introduced as early as 1548. Unlike the Scots pine, to which of our home-grown timbers it comes next for planks and scantlings, it is of pyramidal habit, and feathers horizontally from top to bottom. Its deep green foliage is rich and dense. Owing to its rapid growth and encroaching roots, it is not so good a nurse as it was expected to be, but it will do justice to ground of its own, in a sheltered hollow free from wet subsoil, and should be planted in a group or singly. In such situations it may reach the height (130 feet, and sixteen feet in girth) of the Studley tree, said to have been planted by Eugene Aram, or the Blair Athol spruces, some of which are 110 feet high. The black spruce (*A. nigra*) with blackish bark, light spiral form, and dark-green foliage, differs from the *excelsa* in its more pointed habit. But most familiar to us, after the common spruce, is the Canadian or hemlock spruce, a contrast to it in its vivid light-green foliage, with a silver-striped underlining. Slow to start into growth, and particular as to soil, it is a little disappointing at first; but towards thirty or forty years of age it assumes a graceful pendulous habit, which, however, changes to horizontal, and becomes more cedar-like as the tree grows older. We do not hear of it as a timber-tree; but few conifers are so noticeable for elasticity, or look so well when bearing, as it does without collapse, a heavy burden of snow. There are good samples of this *Abies* at Studley Royal, Elvaston, and elsewhere; but it has not yet reached in Great Britain its Canadian height of 110 feet. '*A. Albertiana*,' from Oregon (1858), of which our largest English sample is about twenty feet high, is said to be likely to eclipse it in grace, growth, and timber. At home it reaches 140 feet. The fault of



of the white spruce, a slow grower of silvery aspect, and of the *Abies Morinda*, a Himalayan spruce of drooping habit and great promise, is their impatience of transplanting; but this fault cannot be attributed to the *Abies Douglasii*, a king among firs in respect of vigour, habit, and dense dark foliage. The young shoots are of a tender light-green, the mature leaves bright green above, pale and glaucous below. Introduced from North America half a century ago, it has reached upwards of 100 feet at Dropmore, and seventy at Hopetoun House; and, feathered to the ground with foliage of cheerful bright green above, and a glaucous underleaf imperfectly two-rowed, it is really noble to look upon. Few conifers are easier to acclimatise, as the seeds ripen readily, and with moderate shelter the young plants are not fastidious as to soil. The Dropmore specimen was raised from seed in 1828. The Californian *A. Menziesii* is not unlike it in character and nobility of aspect, besides being nearly as rapid a grower, and very hardy. It might be worth planting for forest purposes, though as a single tree it is against it that it is semi-deciduous, and that its branches are left bare during part of the spring. We have yet to mention *Abies* or *Picea nobilis*, perhaps the most majestic fir of all, a Californian species, introduced in 1831 by Douglas, of pyramidal appearance, deep glaucous hue, and an incurved habit of foliage which allows a view of its glaucous underleaf. The bark of the stem is cinnamon-hued, its branches and cones being of a purplish tinge. Like *A. Douglasii*, it is undeniably hardy, and adapted to cool-bottomed soils in moderate shelter. In Mongredien's 'Trees and Shrubs,' there is an engraving of a fine specimen at Wimbledon; and another at Dropmore is from fifty to sixty feet high. Others in Scotland are of equal height and proportionate girth; but we learn that one such was uprooted by the high winds of last October.

We turn next to the subgenus of the *Abies*, which is known by the name of *Picea*, and of which the best-known species is the common silver fir, or *Picea pectinata*, which owes its introduction to this country to Serjeant Newdigate, its importer from Switzerland in 1603. Of slow and critical early growth, it makes up for this by rapid strides after four or six feet of growth; but it does far better in moderate shelter than as a tree in the open, yielding finer and more close-grained timber when grown *en masse*. It is observed by Grigor that it is unfitted for the elevations suitable to native pine and larch, and in its original haunts not infrequently associated with the oak. At Longleat there is a silver fir 125 feet high, and four feet six round. Another, in Herefordshire, is more than 120 feet in height,

height, and has a girth of eleven feet nine inches at five feet from the ground; but few other such are to be found in the English counties. Its upper leaf is of a shining dark-green, with two silver lines on each side of the midrib beneath. Like the common silver in habit, though not in the glossy green of its shoots and foliage, the Californian *Picea grandis* claims a vacant space in plantation or pinetum, where it will weather the late frosts which check the early growth of many of the silver firs. Its forty years' experience of English soil promises a magnificent conifer in the future, and it is said to reach 200 feet in its native country. An odd fifty is said to be added to this tale in California by the *P. amabilis*, of the same date upon English soil, and of bright-green hue, with glaucous under-foliage. But the most distinct, if not the hardest, of Californian silver firs which we have naturalised is the *P. bracteata* (1857), a slender, straight-stemmed tree, with bright-green leaves above, and ribbed with two silver lines below. Its bracteas, or leaves of inflorescence, are wedge-shaped and peculiar. Its habitat is in the limestone districts, into which, therefore, the owners of English chalk-lands should introduce it; and it has been observed that its tendency to start too early into growth, only to be checked by a late frost, may be corrected by planting in a north or west aspect.

But even the stoutest of new-world *Piceas* fails to match in constitution the Crimean *P. Nordmanniana*, introduced in 1845, and apparently unsusceptible of frost, and indifferent as to soil. In forty years it has attained thirty-eight feet at Dropmore, and in its own mountains its maximum is 100. The secret of its unbroken vigour appears to lie in its not beginning to grow till the season is well advanced; but what is manifest is that it makes rapid growth, waxes a great and well-balanced tree in a few years, and is as ornamental in its dense clothing of light-green foliage, as it is useful (we are told) for its good and hard timber. Two other silver firs deserve mention—the *P. Cephalonica*, for its dagger-shaped foliage of dark-shining green and regular tiers of branches, on which it stands nearly at right angles. Its stem is apt to be bulky in proportion to its height, and it thrives best near the sea-coast. It is found in different mountain-districts of Greece, but was introduced to England from Cephalonia in 1824. Not unlike it in its earlier stages of growth is the Spanish *P. Pinsapo* (1838), but the latter is broader in leaf, and less particular as to soil and situation. It is a cylindrical tree in habit, with a sluggish leading shoot, but vigorous laterals, which require space and elbow-room. Deservedly a favourite, it merits a place in the pinetum and the shrubberies,

shrubberies, as witness the engraving at page 18 of Mongredien's 'Trees and Shrubs.' The Indian Pindrow and Webbiana have their respective merits as ornamental piceas, the former in its upright growth, the latter in its ultra-silvery underleaf. But these scarcely realise *in little* the descriptions that come of them from the Choor Mountains; and here, at least, they are not likely to make good or sound timber.

Before quitting the subject of the fir-tribes, a passing tribute is due to the larch, as of all conifers that which has proved most useful and profitable to British planters. But the larch is so common, so remunerative, and, for its peculiarity as a deciduous conifer, with the brightest of green leaves in early spring-tide, so memorable, that its merits will not brook epitomising. There are one or two of these, however, for which we must claim a word. Mr. Mongredien gives its height 80 to 100 feet; Grigor quotes larch at Paradise, in Aberdeenshire, at 102 to 106 feet high; and we have seen larch felled in the south of England 96 and 104 feet. A disposition to be sceptical, too, has in some periodicals lately cast a doubt on the fertilising effects of the larch-foliage, annually shed. And yet what is more natural than that for a tree, whose native habitat is a rocky mountain-slope, with a soil composed of debris, this sort of deposit should be a provision of nature, along with the percolation of moisture, supplying nourishment and forefending drought? The experience of Mr. Grigor on this subject carries great weight:—

'No tree,' he writes, 'is so valuable as the larch in its fertilising effects, arising from the richness of its foliage, which it sheds annually. In a healthy wood the yearly deposit is very great. The leaves remain and consume on the spot where they drop, and when the influence of the air is admitted, the space becomes clothed in a vivid green, with many of the finest kinds of natural grasses, the pasture of which is highly reputed in dairy management. And in cases where woodland has been brought under grain crops, the roots have been found less difficult to remove than those of other trees, and the soil has been rendered more fertile than that which follows any other description of timber.'\*

Again, it has been urged against the larch, with some show of reason, that when leafless its contour and character *in a plantation* is the reverse of ornamental. *In a plantation*: granted. But in the open ground, where care and culture may coax it to show its capabilities, few trees are so strikingly picturesque in point of stem and lateral branches. Whether, as we have seen it proposed, it is safe to dock the top of a young larch, in the

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\* Grigor, p. 233.

open ground, by way of making it throw its 'growth into side-shoots, we dare not give an opinion; but certainly where accident has anticipated the experiment, the result is a remarkable stem clothed from bottom to top with graceful and pendulous branches.

A glance at their leading representatives must suffice for such other tribes of the natural order of Coniferæ as the cedars, cypresses, and junipers; as also for the new family of which the *Araucaria* is chief, and that very old and indigenous kindred, though not strictly coniferous, family, the yews or *Taxaceæ*. All these make valuable contributions to modern parks or gardens. There is little need to dilate upon the yew, whether in its familiar English form or in its fastigate Irish variety. Both are in their place in ancient churchyards, and the former doubtless adds a prestige to those spots of old England with which it has been connected since the Conquest; but except for the sake of sentiment, individual specimens add little to the greensward, though they are a thing of beauty and trimness when consolidated into a hedge, and have a weird, solemn attraction where they arch their drooping branches so as to form a 'ghost-walk.' Although it were superfluous to allude to their importance to archers of the past and present, it may not be generally known that 'a paling-post of yew will outlast a post of iron.' From the millenarian yew to the comparatively recent *Araucaria* is a bold transition, but one suggested by the same inward sense that too many of these Chilian strangers about a place impart a formality and solemn aspect to be deprecated. None who have seen can easily forget the magnificent specimen at Dropmore, its height some 53 feet, its girth at 3 feet from the ground 6 feet 4 inches, and its spread of branches 28 feet in diameter. There are others doing well, if not so well, by the waterside in the same paradise; but the good taste of Mr. Frost, the veteran gardener whose judgment has satisfied so many successive masters, evidently recoils from undue multiplication of trees of so eccentric a character. Their *raison d'être* must be by way of contrast, here and there one in a mixed company; but least of all are they a success in an avenue, the fine cedar of Lebanon avenue at Dropmore being no precedent for a similar use of *Araucarias*. Cedars, whether of Lebanon or of India, have an impressiveness; in the one case from the habit of growth and the horizontal display of branches, in the other from a weeping grace and a refreshing evergreen brightness. But all evergreens, except perhaps the Scots pine (which is commonly bare of stem, and which deserves a connection with avenues by reason of the tradition that the oldest of them now in existence were originally planted in secret sympathy

sympathy with the cause of the exiled Stuarts), must fail to possess the charm of deciduous trees, elms, beeches, or oaks, for the composition of an avenue, to wit, the different guise of the trees in winter and summer, in and out of leaf.

As timber in this country, neither of the later introductions promises to attain a higher rank than the cedar of Lebanon—a tolerable second-class; though were it not of a soft fibre, this last, from the girth of its best samples at Strathfieldsaye, Sion House, and Shobdon, ought to take a higher place. The cedar at Shobdon has a circumference of 29 feet 4 inches.

For ornament and eye-service we cannot overlook the cypresses, thujas, and junipers, though British experience of them as timber is absolutely 'nil.' The traditions of the growth, durability, and soundness of the upright cypress (*Cupressus sempervirens*) in its southern home are founded on its having had a soil and climate less humid and drier than our own, where after three centuries of acclimatisation it does not reach half the height it attains in Italy, and is still chiefly valued as a fastigate tree, of kindred merits with the Lombardy poplar. Hardier and kinder with us is the glaucous *C. Lawsoniana*, a hardy, rapid, graceful grower, which deserves Mongredien's praise, as 'one of the most beautiful trees of a beautiful tribe.' Its burden of pea-sized cones, which have a glaucous bloom when young, enhances the beauty of its foliage and graceful aspiring habit, in which last feature it differs from a somewhat earlier importation from the same country (California), viz. *C. macrocarpa*, which is rather horizontal than vertical, and is apt to suffer from the lodgment of snow on its brittle rival leaders. Still *C. macrocarpa* is worth a place for its grass-green foliage, in which, as in other points, it is a greater contrast to Lawson's cypress than the hardy cypress from Nootka Sound.\* Of the thujas, all of which are hardy North Americans, the most graceful, compact, and well-clothed, is *T. Menziesii* or *Lobbii*, though *Thuja gigantea* is very distinct in its flat glossy branchlets. Our last special word must be devoted to the sequoias or redwoods, in which genus the *S. sempervirens*, a feathery, airy, and firlike Californian giant, introduced to this country in 1843, deserves more notice than the prominence and pretensions of its sister *S. gigantea* (more familiarly known as the Wellingtonia) allow it to enjoy. Its rapid growth (in its own country to the height of 300 feet) is often with us retarded by the loss of its leading shoots, but in a sheltered yet airy site,

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\* *C. macrocarpa* was introduced in 1847, *Nutkreensis* in 1850, and *Lawsoniana* in 1852. Mongredien, pp. 79-81.

with a deep and porous soil of average quality, it should prove a valuable pyramidal tree. The specimen of it at Kew is a little over forty feet; but at Whitfield Park, in Herefordshire, a group planted in 1851 were forty-five feet high in 1868, at which time they were growing at least three feet in a year. Of shining dark-green foliage, and red barked, their aspect is very striking, and their growth in moderate shelter is far more rapid than that of the *Wellingtonia* or the larch. The frosts and the west winds are the *Sequoia's* chief peril. But the *Sequoia sempervirens* cannot expect to hold its own in comparison with a tree of which the traveller says that 'if it were set by itself in a plain, it would show like the Eddystone lighthouse.\*' The so-called *Wellingtonia*, or Mammoth tree, as the Americans have dubbed it, was discovered in 1850 in the grove of Calaveras in Upper California, since which it has been found in seven or eight other groups in the groves of the Sierra Nevada. In one of these, the Mariposa group, many trees are ninety feet in girth and 300 feet in height; whilst a broken specimen in the Calaveras Grove (eighteen feet in diameter at the point of fracture, 300 feet from the ground) is calculated to have stood 450 feet high in its full growth. By counting of concentric rings† it is reckoned to be 1100 years old; and it may be that our remote descendants may see veritable mammoth trees of marvellous age and stature in this country, to which it was introduced by

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\* 'Forester,' p. 397.

† This is less than the age of another of these giants, similarly computed by Mr. De la Rue, viz., 1234 years. And a yew at Crowhurst, in Kent, has been estimated at 1458 years of age. The calculation proceeds on the annual rings of woody plants, each of which represents a year's growth. But there has been a disposition recently among men of science to qualify their acceptance of this test of tree-longevity; because in tropical countries the layers are apt to be but faintly marked, and in temperate countries also a cold or wet and warm season leaves its record in a narrower or broader ring of wood in the tree (see Mr. Laslett's remarks, pp. 13-15). In Dr. Robert Brown's 'Manual of Botany' (W. Blackwood and Sons, 1874) also it is shown that 'this test is not infallible, as some tropical trees show almost no division into rings, the distinction between the growing and dormant season being so slight, whilst in trees of northern climes a "cold snap" in a warm growing season will divide the annual layer in two, and therefore be accounted as two years' growth. The author admits that the rings furnish a tolerably accurate series of data, care being taken either to count the rings, or, if the measurement is made from the diameter of the stem, not simply to double the half, as the thickness of the annual ring-growth is often greater at one side than the other.'—'Manual of Botany,' page 548. In an interesting note the writer cites a crux for the curious, in a fir-log from Puget Sound, in the San Francisco Museum of Science. In its centre is a bullet surrounded by 160 rings of wood, of the entrance of which there is no trace. According to the received ring-test, the bullet must have been imbedded in the fir-log 160 years; but Puget Sound has not been trod by white men more than sixty years, and it is not eighty years since Vancouver sailed up it. The bullet's presence therefore creates a difficulty whichever way we turn—physiologically and historically.

Mr. W. Lobb in 1852, and in which it is quite hardy, though a little apt to get its glaucous-green foliage embrowned by severe winters. By common consent no English park or pleasure of any size allows itself to be without it; and we learn from the 'Heatherside Manual' that there is an avenue of *Wellingtonias* upwards of a mile in length, with each tree healthy and vigorous, at the Company's nurseries at Bagshot.

The voids best filled with what Mason in his 'English Garden' (ii. 175), designates as 'all the stately progeny of pines,' the soils and situations they affect, and other such-like information, an amateur planter must, after all, ascertain in those visits to his silvan nurseries which, if he be in earnest, will be no more intermittent than a tender parent's interest in his living offspring. One thing is certain, he must not 'coddle' them. Books and practice alike enforce that conifers only need to be high and dry in a pure air, and being anything but gross feeders, enjoy their natural health without asking for a rich soil. But it is interesting, in connection with this, to note the facts relative to the causes of Dropmore's success as a home of conifers, and to see how far elsewhere kindred causes are leading to like results. The natural soil at Dropmore was poor and barren, at all events in that portion of the demesne with which we are concerned. It owes its transformation and wonderful tree-growths to the care of one man, its 'genius loci' in the best of senses, Mr. Frost. From the time, half a century ago, when he received commission from Lord Grenville to 'make his desert smile,' he has never failed to bestow special pains on preparing stations for the conifers before planting, and, after they have been planted, on maintaining a system of surface-dressing every autumn. However liberal the additional food annually bestowed, it is found 'that the plants root right into it,' and so teach a lesson to planters generally of the practical utilisation of road-scrappings, which make a capital surface-dressing, and which, nevertheless, the road surveyors not seldom find it hard to get carted from the roadsides. No one who has visited Dropmore under good Mr. Frost's intelligent escort, can miss the clue to successful conifer-growing contained in his two precautions; and we seem to see in the instance of Mr. Bassett's Pinetum and Plantations, a mile to the north of Leighton Buzzard (Beds.), a similar though not identical process in the utilisation of waste and sandy ground. The subsoil there is, no doubt, richer; but the surface soil is a thin mixture of sand and vegetable matter, which has to be trenched two spits deep. 'The mode of planting specimen conifers here is quite novel, and as follows: when it is determined where a permanent specimen

specimen is to be placed, the ordinary trees of the plantation are cleared away, the ground is trenched twenty inches deep, and formed into an elevated circular platform one foot higher than the surrounding surface, with a slight rim, a little elevated to prevent the rain which falls on the surface from running off, and in diameter according to the vigour or nature of the ground to be planted. A platform six feet across is sufficient at first for the moderate-growing kinds; but for the more vigorous and robust-growing kinds a table of ten feet is requisite, leaving the trench open round the outside to receive the fallen leaves; afterwards, as the roots are found to reach the outside, which generally takes place in from two to three years, another addition is made of from three to four feet all round.\* If in this case the *modus operandi* is different to that at Dropmore, it is because at the latter the subsoil is less available; the trenching, the elevation, and the addition to the platform from time to time, are seemingly applications of one and the same principle.

It remains to be considered, as a practical conclusion of the above survey of our arboricultural taste and triumphs, whether more might not be done, both publicly and privately, to extend, popularise, and turn to wider national account so valuable a possession. If, as was said in the outset, trees are a special passion with Englishmen, the future of our woodlands and forests demands that an interest in their culture and conservation should be spread far and wide among our countrymen, and rise superior to utilitarian calculations or the selfish pleadings of private interest. To such an end nothing could be more conducive than the opening of private and public parks, pineta, and ornamental plantations, to the view of the working-class, under proper limits and restrictions, and a collateral resort to lectures by competent persons on the subject of their contents and products. As education becomes more widely diffused, it is not unreasonable to hope that the number of artisans and labourers will increase who will feel a quickened interest in the varieties and distinctions of deciduous and evergreen trees, which many of them already know in part; and such an interest would be cheaply fostered, were every proprietor of rare and diverse tree-collections to have his specimens legibly labelled, as is done so well at Victoria Park, Bath, and in other public parks we need not mention. A diffusion of knowledge of trees

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\* See 'The Field,' Aug. 12, 1871, and a privately-printed pamphlet, 'The Plantation, Leighton Buzzard,' 1872, which contains an interesting descriptive list of the Coniferae and other trees growing in the seventy acres devoted to them, and planted under the superintendence of Mr. Robert Marnock, the landscape gardener.



and shrubs so simply facilitated might not only substitute an intelligent recreation for the grovelling pastimes which disgrace too many of our operatives, but might also lead, in their measure and within their means, to the embellishment and more cherishing of their homes. It would have the advantage of enlisting conservators for the arboreta and pineta of their betters; and the problem would not be so hard of solution, how far it is safe to remove the railings and fences of urban parks and gardens. The greatest possible credit is due to the proprietor of the Plantation near Leighton Buzzard, above referred to, for having had sufficient confidence in the way-faring public to plant that part of his estate through which the high-road runs, for a considerable distance, with corresponding pairs, on either side, of *Picea nobilis*, *grandis*, *amabilis*, *magnifica*, *Lowiana*, *Nordmanniana*, and *Pinsapo*, as well as of the *Wellingtonia* and *Thuja gigantea*. This is one of the class of cases in which familiarity is not likely to breed contempt, but will rather school the eye, as it scans the turfy lawn, to

‘Expect that harmony of light and shade  
Which foliage only gives;’

and towards *the fall*, to hail

‘A canvas, which when touched by autumn’s hand  
Shall gleam with dusky gold or russet rays.’

And so might a more compact phalanx be organised to preserve the rights immemorial, which the Englishman inherits, to the New Forest, and Epping, and Dean, and the rest. ‘We talk,’ says Mr. Wyse, in his charming history of the first of these, ‘about the duty of reclaiming waste lands, and making corn spring up where none before grew. But it is often as much a duty to leave them alone. Land has higher and nobler offices to perform than to support houses or grow corn; to nourish not so much the body as the mind of man; to gladden the eye with its loveliness, and to brace his soul with that strength which is alone to be gained in the solitude of the moors and the woods.’\* Another result might possibly be one which would recommend itself to the advocates of retrenchment. Were a popular wind to set strong and stedfast in the direction of practical and profitable arboriculture, there would be no reason why, as now, we should have to send our candidates for appointments in the Indian Forests department to perfect their arboricultural education in Germany at the cost of ratepayers, whose boast it is to have so many royal forests and national woodlands, not likely, it would

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\* ‘The New Forest: its History and its Scenery,’ p. 48.

seem from recent decisions, to run further risk of being disafforested, and turned to private and selfish use. In France some progress has, we believe, already been made in establishing a college of arboriculture and forestry, at the instance of M. Baltet, the clever author of a volume on 'Grafting and Budding.' The school of Nancy, and that at Tharrand in Germany, might at any rate provoke this country to a peaceful rivalry. Had we space we might notice how ably this project has been broached in the second chapter of the 'Forester,' a work to which, along with those of Grigor, Prideaux Selby, and Mongredien, we have been greatly indebted in the foregoing remarks. But in earnest matter-of-fact England, a hobby retains its favour and prestige all the more permanently, if it combines advantage and utility with more æsthetic and sensuous attractions. We have endeavoured to show how far this combination has been achieved, and how much farther it may yet be achieved, in the extension of the science of arboriculture; and the labour will not have been vain if it help in anywise to stimulate a redoubled zeal in planters, great and small, public and private, and such a fashion for planting both deciduous and coniferous trees as may wax stronger and more deeply-rooted continually,

'till Albion smile  
One ample theatre of silvan grace.'

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- ART. III.—1. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Edited by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. New Edition. London, 1848.  
2. *Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution*. By the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. Reprinted from the 'Quarterly Review,' with additions and corrections. London, 1857.

**A**MONG the causes which make biography one of the most difficult of literary efforts, is the grave and delicate responsibility which the writer of one man's life incurs towards the reputation of many others. The threads of human lives are so closely and marvellously intertwined, that none can be unravelled from the rest without destroying the pattern even of that one. This is a condition of our social existence: we neither live nor die alone, nor can the story of our lives be told alone. The biographer must needs fill in his canvas with the figures of those amongst whom the subject of his memoir moved and acted; and his successive pictures must show them in various relations to the chief figure, in attitudes which truth may

compel him to describe as friendly or hostile, generous or malevolent, noble or contemptible.

But, unless his pen be guided by a rare combination of discretion and of skill, he is in danger of feeling but a secondary sort of responsibility for his introduction and delineation of such characters; and he may draw them less as they were than as they appeared to the friend or hero whose steps he traces with admiring sympathy. In reproducing what is said of others in diaries and letters written with all the freedom of privacy, he may too often act like the manipulator of the lantern which casts upon the screen pictures painted by another hand, but also capable of being thrown into grotesque attitudes at the pleasure of the exhibitor.

Among the figures made to pass across the scene of Lord Macaulay's Life by his nephew—to the merits of which work we have borne testimony in another article—one of the most conspicuous, and, we must say at once, the most recklessly caricatured, is that of the Right Honourable JOHN WILSON CROKER. Adopting the full bitterness of a political and literary feud—political before it became literary—which formed one of the least amiable features of Lord Macaulay's life, Mr. Trevelyan is pleased to class Mr. Croker with 'Sadler and poor Robert Montgomery, and the other less eminent objects of his wrath'—to whom Lord Ellenborough is added in the next sentence!—who 'appear likely to enjoy just so much notoriety, and of such a nature, as he has thought fit to deal out to them in his pages.' This flippant judgment of a writer too young to remember those battles of giants on the Reform Bill, from which Macaulay, in the first flush of his parliamentary success, did not always come off victorious over his elder adversary,\* may perhaps find its best excuse in the neglect of Mr. Croker's friends for his memory, while many men of less note in politics and letters have had their lives written in full.

Mr. Croker was the intimate and trusted friend of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, consulted by them on the most important measures of state policy; and, when released from the restraints of office, he shone forth at once as one of the leading and most successful debaters in the House of Commons. His literary works were numerous, and of a range which proved the breadth and variety of his attainments; while his special knowledge of the most momentous chapter of contemporary history, the great French Revolution, was marked by the same vast scope and keen minuteness which characterised Macaulay. His con-

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\* In 1831 Macaulay was thirty-one years old; Croker was fifty-one.

tributions to this 'Review' extended over nearly half a century, from 1809 to 1854. On us, therefore, the duty is imperatively incumbent to redeem his memory from being handed down as a mere victim of Macaulay's 'affected contempt and unaffected fury;' as a poor example of that 'unduly severe fate of those who crossed his path in the years when his blood was hot,' which, as Mr. Trevelyan confesses, 'teaches a serious lesson on the responsibilities of genius.'

Unfortunately the apology is inadequate; for one of the worst of those offences against good feeling and good taste was committed in Macaulay's mature age, and at the crisis when he had reached a height of renown which might have disposed him to generous forbearance. But, while nobly conspicuous for some forms of generosity, Macaulay's nature was utterly wanting in forbearance, or even common fairness, towards opponents. Of this we need no other evidence than what he and his biographer themselves supply. His own confession is recorded with a frankness which, while doing honour to himself, should have made his nephew very cautious in publishing the free expressions found in his diary and letters. 'If I say,' he writes in one of his letters, 'as I know I do, *a thousand wild and inaccurate things, and employ exaggerated expressions about persons or events*, it is . . . because I have no objection to letting you see my mind in dishabille.'\* Mr. Trevelyan confesses Macaulay's faults of 'vehemence, over-confidence, the inability to recognize that there are two sides to a question or two people to a dialogue;' and adds, 'at college his friends used to tell him that his leading qualities were generosity and vindictiveness.'

If Macaulay's frank avowal, repeated elsewhere, of unreserve in his letters ought to have taught caution in their use, much more, on Mr. Trevelyan's own showing, should the like caution have been observed in dealing with the notices in his private diary. 'It must be remembered that whatever was in Macaulay's mind may be found in his diary. That diary was written, throughout, with the unconscious candour of a man who freely and frankly notes down remarks which *he expects to be read by himself alone*.' To this is added Macaulay's own judgment on Moore's diary, that it 'was written to be published, and this destroys the charm proper to diaries.'† Mr. Trevelyan's inference, 'that the extracts presented in these volumes possess those qualities in which, as he has himself pronounced, the special merit of a private journal lies,' may be the very reverse of a justification for making certain entries in that private journal public; espe-

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\* Macaulay's 'Life,' vol. i. p. 104.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 242.

cially its 'wild and inaccurate' and 'exaggerated expressions about persons or events,' which can only lower the reputation of the writer, and give pain to those of whom he writes, if living, and still more pain to those who love and honour them, alive or dead. With what feelings must Mr. Croker's widow, and his adopted daughter, Lady Barrow, both of whom are alive, have read the following passage from the diary of 1849? The allusion is to a review in our pages of the first two volumes of Macaulay's 'History of England.'

'April 13.—To the British Museum. I looked over the Travels of the Duke of Tuscany, and found the passage the existence of which Croker denies. His blunders are really incredible. The article has been received with general contempt. Really Croker has done me a great service. I apprehended a strong reaction, the natural effect of such a success; and, if hatred had left him free to use his *very slender faculties* to the best advantage, he might have injured me much. *He should have been large in acknowledgment; should have taken a mild and expostulatory tone; and should have looked out for real blemishes, which, as I too well know, he might easily have found.* Instead of that, he has written with such rancour as to make everybody sick. I could almost pity him. But he is a *bad, a very bad man: a scandal to politics and to letters.*'—vol. ii. p. 259.

Does Mr. Trevelyan think that Lord Macaulay's fame will be enhanced by publishing to the world such a rancorous tirade? This outburst of spleen is the climax, and happily the last known expression of that feud which, begun in the party conflicts of the House, was wantonly transferred to the serener region of letters by Macaulay's well-known article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' on Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson. Macaulay's republication of the article in his collected Essays may perhaps have made it difficult for his biographer to have taken the wisest course, and buried the quarrel in oblivion; but at least, for the sake of Macaulay's reputation, it should have been touched as lightly as possible. Not thus has Mr. Trevelyan judged his duty alike to his relative and to Mr. Croker, as well as to the surviving friends of both. He pursues Mr. Croker's memory with the vindictiveness which died with the distinguished man whom once it moved, but which is brought to life again in a biography that will be read wherever Lord Macaulay's works are known and admired, that is to say, over all the world.

Mr. Trevelyan's error, grave as it is, has acquired fresh prominence from the still graver indiscretion of another. A writer in the last number of the 'Edinburgh Review,'\* not content with

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\* No. 292, p. 573.

quoting the specially offensive passage of Macaulay's diary, uses it to stir up a quarrel with us :—

‘From that day to this, the same Journal has never lost an opportunity of launching shafts against the literary reputation of Lord Macaulay. Mr. Croker is dead, but the race of Crokers is not extinct, nor is it likely to expire as long as the principal organ of the Tory party sedulously keeps it alive.’

Imputations of this kind admit of no reply. They may safely be left to the calm judgment of society. We only notice them in so far as they affect Mr. Croker's memory and character. But it is not Mr. Croker alone who is attacked: the chief leaders of the Tory party, as well as their ‘principal organ,’ are involved in the same sweeping and uncompromising charge of having encouraged and co-operated with ‘a bad, a very bad man, a scandal to politics and to letters;’ and the ‘Quarterly Review’ has aggravated the scandal by ‘sedulously keeping alive the race’!

‘Mr. Croker is dead’—a fact which might have suggested other thoughts than the wanton reiteration of false and scandalous charges against his memory. We accept the challenge to show what manner of man he really was. He left no progeny, few of his friends survive, and it is full time that the work were done before the rest are gone.

John Wilson Croker, the son of John Croker and Hester, daughter of the Rev. R. Rathbone, was born in Galway on the 20th of December, 1780. It would be sufficient for the purpose of a personal record simply to state that he was a person of gentle blood, winning his way to fame and fortune with the ordinary aid of a good education; but it is necessary to enter a little more into detail in order to correct the falsehoods in the political pasquinades published in 1809, the year in which he was appointed Secretary of the Admiralty. In the true spirit of the democratic press his supposed low birth was charged against him as a crime; he is described as a man of ‘no family,’ a ‘low-bred Irish attorney,’ and the son of a ‘country gauger.’ The fact is that his father filled for many years the important office of Surveyor-General both of Customs and Excise in Ireland, and by his activity and energy detected and suppressed much peculation in his extensive department. According to Edmund Burke, he was ‘a man of great abilities and most amiable manners, an able and upright public steward, and universally respected and beloved in private life.’ He was descended from an old English family settled for many generations at Lineham in South Devon. A cadet of this family distinguished himself greatly at the capture

capture of Waterford, and was rewarded with the grant of considerable estates in Waterford, Limerick, and Cork. But John Wilson Croker, being only the younger son of a younger son, did not inherit any portion of the family estates, and was indebted solely to his own exertions for the distinguished position he so early attained.

There is always a difficulty in obtaining any particulars of the early life of those who, dying at an advanced age, have survived the companions of their boyhood and youth; but we are fortunately able to lay before our readers some interesting details of Mr. Croker's early years from a correspondence which passed between him and his old friend and schoolfellow Mr. Justice Jackson, of the Irish Common Pleas, only a year before his death.

'I do recur,' writes Mr. Justice Jackson, 'with much pleasure to the recollection of our earlier days. Your father and mine were friends and brother officers in the Revenue. I was sent to Portarlington School very young, and I was placed under your protection. You were then at the head of the school, and *facile princeps* in every branch of our course. You were also a great favourite with our master Mr. Willis, and with Monsieur Doineau, the French teacher, the principal assistant. They were proud of your talents and acquirements, as being likely to redound to the character and credit of the school. I perfectly well recollect that you had at your then early age translated almost the whole of Virgil into English verse! I have also a very fresh recollection of your military exploits. You did embody the whole school, and became Colonel of our juvenile corps early in the French revolutionary war. You are quite correct as to our having been armed by the Marquis of Waterford with little wooden muskets, admirable imitations of real firelocks. All our little appointments, uniforms, colours, &c., were in perfect keeping, and I think would have passed muster even with your illustrious friend the great Duke.'

Mr. Croker's answer, dated December 4th, 1856, enters into further particulars. Verily the child was father to the man, for the veteran political writer began his career before he was nine years old!

'Your memory, I think, exaggerates my poetical diligence. I am pretty sure that the first eclogue and the first book of the *Æneid* were all of Virgil that I translated. Pope's Homer I had by heart. The old Lord Shannon had given me one when my father once took me (*cæt. 10*) to Castle Martyr. I dare say I knew of no translation of Virgil, and, stimulated by the example of Mr. Pope, was resolved to fill up that chasm in English literature. I don't think that this noble ambition had recurred to my memory from my leaving Portarlington up to the receipt of your refresher of yesterday; but that hint has recalled it, and I now could repeat a line or two. But I still believe that I got no further than the first eclogue and *Æneid*. But I was an early

early dabbler in political squibbing. There happened to be an election for the county of Cork severely contested, and prolific of a deluge of lampoons. I forget the date: I suppose about 1789. There were three candidates. A Mr. Morris was one. He was my father's and, I suppose, Lord Shannon's friend, and I wrote at least one *prose* piece on his side which was *printed*; it was a dialogue. I wish I could recover it. As I was born in the last days (20th) of Dec. 1780, I could have been not yet *nine*. It is probable that this election had something to do with my father's visit to Castle Martyr, and Lord Shannon's notice of me. I wonder whether I also *lisped* in numbers: I should rather say *stuttered*; for you will perhaps recollect that I had a most distressing impediment in my speech, for the cure of which I was sent to an academy kept in Cork by one Knowles, who had married one of the Sheridans, and professed to remedy cacology and teach elocution, after the manner of old Sheridan. Thence, about 1792, I was transferred to Portarlington. From Willis's I was sent for a year or two to a more classical school, where there were but half-a-dozen boys, kept by the Rev. R. Hood, also at Portarlington, whence, in November 1796, a month before I was sixteen, I was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, where I found Tom Moore a year or two above me, and met of my own class Strangford, Leslie Foster, Gervais, Bushe, Fitz-Gibbon, Coote, &c.'

Referring to the same period, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, in an affectionate letter, addressed to Croker on the 17th of December, 1856, and beginning 'My dear old schoolfellow,' thus writes:—

'I remember you well, for you were, of all my father's pupils, my dear lamented mother's favourite. She loved you for your constant good spirits, and a cordial frankness that drew you to her—for she was frankness and generosity itself.'

Mr. Croker, as we have seen from the preceding letter, was entered (as a fellow commoner) at Trinity College, Dublin, in November 1796, a month before he had completed his sixteenth year, and was placed under Dr. Lloyd. He soon became conspicuous for his extraordinary abilities among the many distinguished young men who were his contemporaries. He took a leading part in the 'Historical Society,' which was then in the zenith of its fame: the minutes of its proceedings between 1798 and 1800 make honourable mention of his name on several occasions; and so highly were his services esteemed, that the Society conferred upon him the unusual distinction of a gold medal. Having completed his college course, and taken his degree of B.A., Mr. Croker proceeded to London in 1800, and was entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn. His father's connections introduced him to many good families in London; and both in this city and in Dublin, where he also resided during a portion of the year, he won the esteem and regard of all who knew



knew him. Though entering freely into the pleasures offered by the most cultivated society in the two capitals, he already showed such steadiness of character that we find several letters written to him by parents, recommending their sons to his care, in terms that might have been expected to be addressed to a man of mature years, rather than to a youth just out of his teens. A letter from the Marquis of Sligo shows the estimate formed by that nobleman of his young *protégé*.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘Westport, June 17th, 1802.

‘I am extremely thankful for your letter. If I had twenty friends in Dublin, and each had twenty palaces, I would in preference avail myself of your offer, because I wish as soon as possible to impress on my son’s mind the characters he should love and value.

‘Affectionately yours,

‘SLIGO.’

While pursuing his legal studies, Mr. Croker found time to contribute to the periodical literature of the day; and it is interesting to observe that the French Revolution, to the history of which he afterwards devoted so much labour, supplied almost the first, if not the first, topic for his pen in the London press. The taking of the Bastille, as he used frequently to say, made a very deep impression upon his mind, though he was then only in his ninth year. An alliance which connected his family with Edmund Burke’s helped perhaps to confirm him in that great man’s views; but it was his mother’s warning voice more than anything else that contributed to give his mind the strong anti-revolutionary bias which was his leading characteristic throughout life. She early foretold to her son the inevitable results of the destruction of all constituted authority, and checked in him any youthful impulse in favour of what seemed on the surface a noble struggle for national liberty. We are indebted to the late Mr. Jesse, whose contributions to natural history are well known, and who was one of Mr. Croker’s earliest friends, for the following memorandum respecting his first literary effort, which also incidentally shows the high estimation in which he was held by his friends at that time:—

‘I was lodging and boarding with a Miss Robinson in Middle Scotland Yard, about fifty-seven years ago, when Mr. Croker became an inmate. The society in the house consisted of four or five very pleasant men, and Mr. Croker soon became the life of the party by his wit and talents, and his constant readiness to provoke an argument, which he never failed to have the best of. In these lodgings he employed himself in writing political letters on the French Revolution, addressed to Tallien, which appeared in the *Times* newspaper. It was about this time that Mr. Croker was so unwell that I persuaded

persuaded him to accompany me on a visit to my father's house in Staffordshire. Here he delighted all my family by his wit and agreeable conversation.'

Mr. Croker lived at this time on intimate terms with several kindred spirits, whose names were afterwards well known in the world of letters—the two Smiths, Horace and James, Cumberland, Edward H. Locker, Sir J. Bland Burgess, Mr. Herries, and Colonel Greville. In conjunction with these friends he aided in setting on foot two periodicals, the 'Cabinet' and the 'Picnic,' in 1801 and 1803. Among his contributions were some verses, written with epigrammatic smartness, on the localities of London, in imitation of a small collection of similar squibs on Paris, called *Tout Paris en Vaudeville*. These periodicals, however, had only a brief existence, and do not appear to have attracted much attention. He was more successful with his 'Familiar Epistles to Frederick E. Jones, Esq.,'—a poetical satire on the Irish stage, published anonymously at Dublin in 1804. The work became so popular that it ran through five editions in a twelvemonth. We are told that 'the satire was felt and resented with great bitterness, its lightness and gaiety adding pungency to truths which in a graver dress would neither have attracted so much notice nor given so much offence.' It was followed in 1805 by a satirical work in prose, entitled 'An Intercepted Letter from J—— T——, Esq., writer at Canton, to his friend in Dublin, Ireland,' in which, under the disguise of Chinese names, Mr. Croker gives an amusing account of the local politics and society of the Irish metropolis. It had even a greater run than the 'Familiar Epistles,' reaching a seventh edition within the year. Miss Edgeworth, no bad judge, says that 'it contains one of the best views of Dublin ever seen, evidently drawn by the hand of a master, though in a slight, playful, unusual style.'

Meantime Mr. Croker had been called to the Bar, and joined the Munster circuit. His success was more rapid than usually falls to the lot of young lawyers; for within three or four years he was making as many hundreds a year, the revenue business which he obtained through his father's influence proving the most lucrative.

The year 1806 was marked by two important events in Mr. Croker's life. On the 25th of May he married Rosamond, the daughter of William Pennell, Esq., subsequently British Consul-General in South America. With this faithful partner, who, as we have already said, still survives to resent the scandalous imputations cast upon his character, he passed more than fifty years of happy life; and in 1856, although suffering from the disease which finally carried him to the grave, he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary

anniversary of his marriage-day—the ‘golden wedding’—surrounded by more than fifty relatives and friends, of whom it may be said that each and all of them were indebted to him in the highest degree for active kindnesses and benefits received.

In 1806 likewise he entered upon his political career. His determination to enter Parliament was rather sudden, and against the advice of his father, who feared he would sacrifice his favourable prospects at the Bar. At the general election which followed Mr. Fox’s death, he went to Downpatrick to support the Rowley family, with which he was closely connected; but Captain Rowley withdrawing shortly before the election, Mr. Croker became himself a candidate, backed by the influence of the Rowleys. He was defeated by Mr. Ruthven; but in the following year, when another dissolution occurred upon the dismissal of the Ministry of all the Talents, Mr. Croker again became a candidate at Downpatrick. This time the fortune of war changed, and, in May 1807, he was returned for the borough. Mr. Ruthven petitioned against his return, but Mr. Croker was, after a long struggle, confirmed in his seat.

Notwithstanding the heat and violence of a sharply-contested election, the successful candidate had not found it necessary to make any specific declaration of his political sentiments. In fact the contest in Downpatrick was between two rival families; and it was not till he proceeded to take his seat that the young member had to make his election between the two great parties in the State. He determined to support the Duke of Portland’s administration, though he differed from the Government on the Catholic question, being himself in favour of some measure for the relief of the Roman Catholic disabilities. He made his maiden speech on the very night he took his seat.

‘I spoke very early,’ he said, some years afterwards; ‘indeed, on the very night I took my seat. Some observations of Mr. Grattan on the state of Ireland, which I thought injurious and unfounded, called me up,—nothing loath, I dare say, but quite unexpectedly even to myself; and though so obviously unpremeditated and, as it were, occasional, I, in after years, was not altogether flattered at hearing that my first speech was the best. I suspect it was so. Canning, whom I had never seen before, asked Mr. Foster to introduce me to him after the division, was very kind, and walked home with me to my lodgings.’

His reply to Mr. Grattan seems to have been generally regarded as very successful, for we find Lord Annesley writing to him shortly afterwards: ‘I was highly gratified by the account of your onset as a public speaker. The information came to me from the highest authority, which increased the gratification.’

Mr.

Mr. Croker's introduction to Mr. Canning soon led to a close intimacy, which was probably strengthened by their holding the same views on Catholic Emancipation, and by a very able pamphlet which Mr. Croker wrote upon the subject in the autumn of this year (1807). This pamphlet, though published anonymously, was well known to have proceeded from the pen of Mr. Croker, and added to his growing reputation. It obtained a wide circulation, and eventually reached a twentieth edition. It is entitled 'A Sketch of Ireland, Past and Present,' and was dedicated to the Marquis Wellesley, with a motto prefixed from Tacitus, '*Imperaturus es hominibus, qui nec totam servitutem pati possunt, nec totam libertatem*'—a truth as applicable to the Irish now, as it was then. In reading this pamphlet lately, we have been struck with the clear, vigorous, and forcible style in which it is written. He concludes by urging 'that the Catholic lawyer, soldier, sailor, gentry, priesthood, and nobility, should be admitted to all the honours of their professions and ranks;' but he would only concede Catholic emancipation on the condition 'that the priesthood be Catholic, but not Papist: paid by the State, approved by the Crown, and independent of all foreign control;' and further, 'that a wide and liberal system of national education be adopted by the Legislature, and promoted by every sect.' Such were his views in 1807; but when twenty years later Catholic Emancipation was only yielded to intimidation and violence, he saw that the value of the concession was lost.

It is a striking proof of the impression which Mr. Croker had already produced, that Mr. Perceval, with his very strong feelings against the Roman Catholic claims, should have early singled out the young Irish member for his especial notice. It was at his suggestion that Sir Arthur Wellesley, then Secretary for Ireland, who had been appointed to the command of our armies in the Spanish Peninsula, selected Mr. Croker to conduct the parliamentary business of the office during his absence. The memorandum which he made at the time of his interview with Sir Arthur Wellesley is full of interest:—

'June 1808.—Dined earlier with Sir Arthur and Lady Wellesley in Harley St., in order to talk over some of the Irish business which he had requested me to do for him in the House of Commons, as he was to set out for Ireland next morning on his way to Portugal. After dinner we were alone and talked over our business. There was one point of the Dublin Pipe Water Bill on which I differed a little from him, but could not convince him. At last I said, perhaps he would reconsider the subject and write to me from Dublin about it. He said, in his quick way, "No, no, I shall be no wiser to-morrow than

than I am to-day. I have given you my reasons: you must decide for yourself." When this was over, and while I was making some memoranda on the papers, he seemed to lapse into a kind of reverie, and remained silent so long that I asked him what he was thinking of. He replied, "Why, to say the truth, I am thinking of the French that I am going to fight. I have not seen them since the campaign in Flanders, when they were capital soldiers, and a dozen years of victory under Buonaparte must have made them better still. They have besides, it seems, a new system of strategy, which has out-manceuvred and overwhelmed all the armies of Europe. 'Tis enough to make one thoughtful; but no matter: my die is cast, they may overwhelm me, but I don't think they will out-manceuvre me. First, because I am not afraid of them, as everybody else seems to be; and secondly, because if what I hear of their system of manœuvres be true, I think it a false one as against steady troops. I suspect all the continental armies were more than half beaten before the battle was begun. I, at least, will not be frightened beforehand."

The proceedings against the Duke of York, at the opening of the Session in 1809, charging him with corrupt connivance in the sale of military appointments by his mistress, Mrs. Clarke, brought Mr. Croker into still greater prominence. In the debates in the House of Commons he took a leading part in the Duke of York's defence; examining the witnesses with remarkable skill and shrewdness, and speaking with great force and vigour. His speech on March 14, in reply to Sir Francis Burdett, was considered one of the best in the whole debate. These discussions produced extraordinary excitement throughout the country; and Mr. Croker's exertions roused the utmost wrath of the enemies of the Duke of York, who attacked him in unmeasured terms, and indulged in the most violent personal abuse. His natural impediment of speech was caricatured; Irish blunders of the absurdest description were invented and ascribed to him; and his private character was wantonly and ruthlessly assailed. It is, we suspect, from the lampoons of this period that Lord Macaulay derived some of the trustworthy information which 'he recites in detail' in the libellous attack upon Mr. Croker's private character,\* to which we shall have occasion to refer presently.†

While

\* Macaulay's 'Life,' vol. i. p. 124.

† It should be recollected, in passing judgment upon Mr. Croker's conduct in reference to the proceedings against the Duke of York, that not only the Ministers, but also most of the Whig leaders in both Houses supported the Duke. Sir Denis Le Marchant, in his recently published 'Memoir of Lord Althorp,' remarks (p. 93):—"Not only the Ministers, but even the chiefs of the Liberal party were more or less averse to the inquiry. Mr. Windham and General Fitzpatrick—men of real genius and great parliamentary talent—supported the Duke, with even indiscreet warmth."

While Mr. Croker was in the very thick of this parliamentary struggle, the first number of the 'Quarterly Review' made its appearance (February 1809). It was started by the late Mr. John Murray, with the assistance of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Canning, and Mr. George Ellis; but the history of its origin and establishment has been so fully told in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' and Sir John Barrow's Autobiography, that it is unnecessary to enter into any further details here. Mr. Croker was early enlisted into the service of the new journal. He was, probably, too busy with his defence of the Duke of York to write anything in the first two numbers; but the third number contained an article from his pen on Miss Edgeworth's 'Tales of Fashionable Life.' Sir Walter Scott spent two months in London in the spring of this year; and his friend Mr. Morritt, in his 'Memoranda' of the period, says: 'Scott was much with George Ellis, Canning, and Croker, and delighted in them—as, indeed, who did not?'—the meetings to which he alludes being, as Lockhart supposes, chiefly occupied with the affairs of the 'Quarterly Review.\* From that time Mr. Croker became a frequent contributor to our pages, and scarcely a number appeared without its containing one or more articles from his pen. Moreover, he rendered important service to the Review in other ways, for we find Mr. Gifford, the editor, writing to him in 1810:

'In common justice Murray ought to give you a share in the Quarterly, for almost the whole *extra* business lies on you. I really am ashamed to be so troublesome, but my friend C. Jenkinson, who was also very good, has deserted his post, and Mr. Peel I do not know.'

The close of the Session of 1809 restored Mr. Croker to his legal pursuits in Ireland, and also afforded him leisure for indulging his poetical tastes. His poem on the Battle of Talavera, published in this year, was written in the 'irregular Pindaric measure' which Scott's 'Marmion' had rendered so popular. This poem had the honour of being reviewed (in this Journal) by Sir Walter Scott,† who bestows high praise upon it, and quotes several lines as possessing 'peculiar and picturesque merit.' Lord Wellington acknowledged the receipt of a presentation copy, in a characteristic letter:

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warmth. Lord Gray, more reserved, though not less decided, always spoke of him as the object of a mean and miserable persecution. Sir Arthur Pigott, the Whig ex-Attorney-General—an eminent authority with his party on points of constitutional law—and Mr. Leach (afterwards Sir John Leach, Master of the Rolls), already one of the cleverest lawyers of the day, and a very efficient debater, held the same language.'

\* Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' p. 180 (one volume edition).

† 'Quarterly Review,' vol. ii. p. 426.

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘Badajoz, Nov. 15, 1809.

‘I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 20th October, and your poem, which I have read with great satisfaction. I did not think a battle could be turned into anything so entertaining. I heard with great pleasure that you were to be appointed Secretary of the Admiralty, in which situation, I have no doubt, you will do yourself credit, and more than justify me in any little exertion I may have made for you while I was in office.

‘Ever, my dear Sir,

‘Yours most sincerely,

‘WELLINGTON.’

‘J. W. CROKER, Esq.’

The appointment of Mr. Croker, in the autumn of this year, to the office to which Lord Wellington alludes in the preceding letter, was brought about by the reconstruction of the Cabinet, owing to the dispute—and consequent duel—between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning. Mr. Croker’s *Journal* gives an account of these events, and of his own accession to office.

‘In the summer and autumn of 1809 some differences grew up in the Cabinet, which broke out into general notice by the strange event of a duel between Mr. Canning, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Lord Castlereagh, Secretary of State for the War Department. This duel took place on the 21st September (Thursday), on Putney Heath. Lord Yarmouth, Castlereagh’s first cousin and Second, told me afterwards that Charles Ellis, who was Canning’s Second, was so nervous for his friend’s safety, that he could not load his pistols, and that Lord Yarmouth either loaded Mr. Canning’s pistols for Mr. Ellis, or lent him one of his own. I forget which, but I think the latter. Nothing could exceed the coolness and propriety of conduct of the principals, and Ellis’s incapacity does him honour. Yarmouth drove Castlereagh to the ground (which was on Putney Heath, just beyond a cottage on the left of the road to Roehampton) in his curricule, and the conversation was chiefly relative to Catalani, who was then in high fashion, and Castlereagh hummed some of her songs as they went along.

‘The differences in his Cabinet and his own bad state of health induced the Duke of Portland to resign; and Mr. Perceval, who had been his Chancellor of the Exchequer and manager of the House of Commons (after a fruitless attempt to obtain the accession of Lords Grenville and Grey), proceeded to form an administration in which he was the First Lord of the Treasury.

‘Nobody had resigned Cabinet office but Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning. Lord Castlereagh’s place was filled by Lord Liverpool, and his at the Home Department by Mr. Ryder, but this was after some delay. Lord Bathurst, who had had the Board of Control, took the Foreign Seals *ad interim*, till it should be known whether Lord Wellesley, then in Spain, would accept them. Mr. Pole, who was Secretary of the Admiralty, succeeded Mr. Dundas in Ireland,  
and

and Lord Mulgrave, at Mr. Perceval's request, offered that place to me.

'I was in Ireland at the time I received these letters, and thought it right to lose no time in coming to London, there to give my answer, because though the office was a very high one, and much better and greater than my age, connexions, or expectations led me to look to, yet the precarious tenure which I should have of it, and the difficulty of the situation itself (at that period particularly, the Walcheren expedition having just failed), induced me to pause before I took so decided a step as throwing up my profession, which was almost my only means of livelihood. I was not, to be sure, very high in my profession; but by the assistance of the revenue business, which my father's interest and great knowledge of revenue affairs secured me, I had made in the years previous to this time from 400*l.* to 600*l.* a year. I was, besides, fond of the profession itself.

'When I arrived in London, on the morning of the 10th of October, I first saw Arbuthnot, Secretary of the Treasury, who told me all the news of the day; but as to myself, he said, I *must* accept, though I should be sure of being turned out in a week, for that I was bound in honour to obey Mr. Perceval's wishes, who had thought so kindly of me, that when he wrote to desire the accession of Lords Grenville and Grey, he had determined, if they came in, to accept the Seals of the Home Department, and had declared that he stipulated but for one appointment, which was that I should be his Under-Secretary. I could, after this, have no doubt what to do, so I waited on Mr. Perceval and accepted the office with many thanks. Next day I was appointed in form, and took my seat at the Board.'

The fury of political parties never ran higher than on Mr. Perceval's becoming Prime Minister; and amidst the reproaches and accusations with which he was assailed, one of the most prominent charges against him was the appointment at such a crisis (it was in the very midst of the Walcheren disaster and at the height of Buonaparte's triumphs), to such an important office as Secretary of the Admiralty, of a 'young briefless Irish barrister.' The outcry was very violent; but Mr. Croker was able to maintain his position, and his diligence and activity soon placed him on a footing of equality with more experienced officials. Within a month, however, of this unexpected and enviable appointment, a circumstance occurred which led him to tender his resignation. Mr. Croker's conduct on this occasion reflects such honour upon 'this bad, this very bad man,' that it is our duty to lay the facts before our readers. It happened that, paying a more minute attention to details than his two immediate predecessors had done, he had reason to suspect a serious defalcation in a public officer of high rank, and refused his signature to an additional issue of money till the previous issues



the supreme direction of the affairs of the Admiralty.\* He was ably supported by the second Secretary, his friend Sir John Barrow, who, speaking of the Bill introduced by Sir James Graham for effecting some changes in the constitution of the Admiralty, tells us: 'Mr. Croker, who was best acquainted with the details of the subject, made a long and able speech, dwelt much on his experience of twenty-two years, and his constant attendance—rarely, if ever, being absent from duty. This was strictly true.†

During the whole time that Mr. Croker held his office in the Admiralty, he continued to sit in Parliament, but not always for the same place. Having lost his seat at Downpatrick in consequence of his advocacy of the Catholic claims, he was returned for the borough of Athlone, and sat subsequently for Bodmin, Yarmouth, and Aldborough. In 1827 he had the honor and gratification of being elected member for the University of Dublin, upon the elevation of Lord Plunket to the Chancellorship and the Peerage, with whom he had twice before unsuccessfully contested the seat. He maintained in the House the position he had already won; but we must pass over the remainder of his parliamentary career while in office, with two exceptions, which we notice, because we have the testimony of two distinguished political opponents to his success on both occasions. The first was in 1816, when he won a signal victory over Mr. Tierney, one of the most formidable leaders of the Opposition. The scene is described by the late Lord Hatherton, at that time Mr. Littleton, subsequently Secretary for Ireland under Lord Grey's government, in a letter to Mr. Croker, written many years afterwards:

'MY DEAR CROKER,

'Hastings, 26th January, 1857.

'I regret that my detention at this place still prevents my sending you a copy of the memorandum you asked for. It shall not be delayed a day after my return home. There is no reason however why I should longer delay to give you my recollection of the very brilliant scene between you and Tierney, to which I adverted, when I had the pleasure of seeing you.

'It must have occurred in the year 1816; as the occasion of it was the presentation by the Government of larger Navy estimates in that year, the first year of the Peace, than had been voted in the preceding

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\* On one occasion Mr. Croker having stated in the House of Commons that he was only 'the Servant of the Board,' Sir Joseph Yorke, a former Lord of the Admiralty, remarked, that when he had the honour of a seat on it, with the honourable gentleman for Secretary, precisely the opposite was the case. Sir Joseph Yorke was the Bernal Osborne or Sir Wilfrid Lawson of his day.

† Sir John Barrow's 'Autobiographical Memoir,' p. 411.

year—the last year of the War. Tierney, on the motion for the Speaker leaving the chair to go into the Committee of Supply, made a very formidable attack on the Government for this demand. Warrender followed in reply; but you rose immediately afterwards, and made in effect the defence of the Government. But the affair I spoke of must, I think, have occurred subsequently in the Committee of the whole House. For I well remember that you and Tierney spoke frequently in rapid succession to each other—he enforcing and varying his attacks, and you instantly and successfully repelling them. The battle was between yourselves only, and continued for a considerable time, parties in the House cheering their combatants in a state of great excitement. The passage of arms was so rapid, that I can only describe it in general terms; and can give no other account of it beyond this, than that you proved that in every instance the first year of Peace had been more expensive in the naval department than the last year of War. But I retain at the distance of more than forty years the most vivid recollection of this scene—the most brilliant of its kind I remember in the House of Commons during the twenty-three years I was a member of it. I heartily concurred in the policy of the Government with respect to its proposed plan of armaments at that time, and felt much interest in its success. I can recollect no instance of a similar attack on a department so triumphantly repelled.

‘On the restoration of peace after the war with Russia last year, I thought it might be useful to call the attention of Sir Charles Wood to those discussions. But to my surprise I could find no record of them. The debate on Tierney’s motion is given; but no notice is taken of those discussions in Committee. Although it was not customary in those days to give such debates in Committee at any length, I expected to have found some notice of so exciting a scene.

‘I remain, my dear Croker, yours very sincerely,

‘HATHERTON.’

The other occasion to which we refer was in 1819, when Mr. Croker seconded Mr. Grattan’s motion on the Catholic question. Of this speech Mr. Butler, in his ‘Memoirs of the Catholics,’ says,\* ‘Mr. Croker was particularly distinguished by one of the most argumentative speeches ever heard in the House;’ and this opinion is fully supported by the following letter of Mr. Spring-Rice, subsequently Lord Monteagle, addressed to their common friend, Mr. Carey.

‘MY DEAR CAREY,

‘House of Commons, May 3 (1819).

‘I write to you from the House of Commons to have the pleasure of communicating pleasure to you. I have just heard your friend Croker, and you could not wish him or any favourite of yours to have made a stronger or more favourable impression upon the House. His speech was one which was calculated to conciliate at this side of the

\* Vol. iv. p. 434.

Channel and to gratify at the other. It was replete with ingenuity and yet free from fanciful refinement. It was characterized by an acuteness of legal deduction, and yet exempt from sophistry or the pedantry of profession. It treated a worn-out subject so as to make it appear a new one. But its principal merit in my eyes lay in its frankness, warmth, and sincerity. It redeemed the pledge and fulfilled the promise of his "*Historical Sketch*." *It showed him to be an honest Irishman no less than an able statesman.* It showed him at this moment to be *disinterested*, and ready to quit the road of fortune under the auspices of his personal friend Peel, if the latter was only to be conciliated by what Oxonians term orthodoxy, and we Cantabs consider as intolerance.

'All this pleased me exceedingly, and if it pleased me, it must have delighted others, for you cannot but be aware that I feel strongly and have cause to feel the peculiar unkindness, and I will say the unfair unkindness, with which Croker treated me. With all the faults he discovered in my unfortunate "*Primitiæ Literariæ*," he should have seen a disposition to do right, and he ought to have pardoned the execution for the sake of the motive. I therefore cannot but feel strongly hostile to the official reviewer—but this only gives me an additional pleasure in doing full justice to the talents he has displayed, and I only allude to the circumstances to give you a yet more favourable scale by which to measure your friend's success. . . . I cannot refuse to myself or to you the pleasure of writing and of hearing the praise of your friend, reserving to myself every right of future hostility whenever it may be my fate to be able to descend into those lists where he is so powerful a champion.

'Ever affectionately yours,

'T. SPRING-RICE.'

Mr. Croker was as successful in society as in politics. He was elected a member of White's Club—at that time a high distinction; and he lived on intimate terms not only with his own political friends, but with the wit and fashion of the town. Although a little too prone to contradiction, he had great powers of conversation, and his presence gave life and spirit to every company he joined. His intimacy with the late Sir Robert Peel began in 1813, and during the time that Peel filled the office of Secretary of Ireland their correspondence was very frequent, and was carried on in terms of the warmest friendship. Sir Robert became godfather to his son, and after the war accompanied him on a visit to Paris and to the field of Waterloo. The Prince Regent also delighted in Mr. Croker's society, and frequently invited him to Carlton House. We find in his pocket-book of 1813, under the head of engagements, 'for some years after this I dined very frequently, sometimes once a week, with the Prince Regent.' He writes to Miss Fanny on the 15th of August in this year:

'The

'The Plymouth telegraph announces another complete victory of Lord Wellington over Soult on the 30th. When I went to the Prince with the news this morning, he embraced me with both arms. You never saw a man so rejoiced. I have seen him again to-day; and you cannot conceive how gracious he is to me. H. R. Highness has asked me to go to the Pavilion, Wednesday and Thursday, or as long as I stay.'

Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Croker on the 4th of January, 1815, begs him to use his influence with the Prince Regent to obtain a place in the Customs or Excise for the brother of Mungo Park, the African traveller; and when the Prince heard from Croker that Scott was coming to town in the spring of this year, he said, "Let me know when he comes, and I'll get up a snug little dinner that will suit him." Lockhart adds that he heard from Croker and Mr. Adam (the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland) that the party was the most interesting and agreeable one in their recollection.\* Scott was one of Croker's intimate friends, and entertained a great regard for him, as we see from the correspondence which passed between them; the greater part of which has never been published.

In the beginning of the same year (1815), a series of clever papers appeared in the *Courier* newspaper, which were collected and reprinted in a small volume in 1819, under the title of 'The New Whig Guide.' It is, next to the 'Rolliad' and the 'Anti-Jacobin,' the most remarkable collection of political squibs and *jeux d'esprit* that exists in any language. The idea was started by Croker, and most of the papers were written by him, the other chief contributors being his intimate friends Lord Palmerston and the late Sir Robert Peel. The best piece in the series is 'The Trial of Mr. Henry Brougham,' before Lord Grenville and a special jury of the Whig Club, for calling Mr. Ponsonby, the leader of the party, an old woman. Some of this was written by Peel, but almost all the poetical pieces are by Croker.

Among the many services which Mr. Croker rendered to men of letters and to lovers of art, not the least important were the establishment of the Athenæum Club and the acquisition of the Elgin Marbles for the British Museum. The Athenæum Club, which was founded a few years later than the period we have now reached, owes its origin almost entirely to Mr. Croker; and it was chiefly through his exertions that the Government and Parliament were induced to purchase the Elgin Marbles.

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\* Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' p. 312, one vol. edit.

If he had done no other good in his generation, this would alone entitle him to the gratitude of posterity. The speech which he made, in 1816, in favour of the purchase, advocated the encouragement by the State of the fine arts, and urged arguments, now familiar, but then little understood or appreciated by the public. It elicited from Lord Elgin the following letter:

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘June 12, 1816.

‘I am wholly unable to express the obligation I feel for your kindness. Hitherto I have only received the newspaper, and that a very hurried, account of the debate on the occasion of my marbles. But with what I know of the opinions you have on other occasions so powerfully maintained on all the points which could possibly be brought to bear in attack on the subject, I perceive in this hasty sketch, not only the well-informed and triumphant supporter of my cause, but the animated and, I may say, friendly vindication of my conduct. It has ever been a source of great astonishment with me, that without its having earlier been at all an object of attention with you, you should, with such perfect ease, have made yourself master of the whole question, as much, I may venture to say, as it can be understood; and that you should at once have seized, with precision, details which one should imagine nothing short of personal inspection or professional study could have brought to particular notice.

‘That Mr. Hammersley, or any one else, with the evidence of the Committee before their eyes and in the hands of the public, should have reverted in the House of Commons to all the virulence and misrepresentation in which disappointed travellers may have indulged, while the facts were little known, is quite incredible. But it becomes a piece of no small good luck to me when repelled with as much accuracy as acuteness by a person who has used no advantages in his research, beyond what is equally within the reach of any gentleman in England sitting quietly by his own fireside.

‘A thousand thanks for your kindness, which has been throughout so very gratifying, as well as so beneficial to me, and believe me over, with much respect and regard,

‘Yours, very faithfully,

‘ELGIN.

‘J. W. CROKER, Esq.’

Mr. Croker had hitherto enjoyed an uninterrupted career of success; but in 1820 he was struck down by a calamity which darkened all his prospects. On May the 15th his son and only child died. The blow was crushing. In this boy his own existence had been bound up; it was for his boy's sake that he desired riches and honours; and from the time of his child's death he seems to have lost all desire for political advancement. His letters to his friends at this period dwell constantly upon his irreparable loss. ‘I am bowed down to the dust,’ he writes, ‘with the weight of my misfortune.’ In a letter to Sir Robert Peel,

Peel, written three months after his loss, he says, 'I am come back alone to a desolate and dreary home, full of the dearest and most painful reflections. I never cease to wish that you may never be able to understand how much I suffer.' Nor was this grief a transient one. It gave a colour to the whole of his later life. He continued to discharge his duties in Parliament and at the Admiralty, because he feared to be idle and unemployed; he also continued to prosecute his literary labours; but the chief incentive to exertion was gone. All his hopes were buried in his boy's grave in the quiet churchyard at Wimbledon. He visited the spot every year on the anniversary of the death, and almost his last thoughts were directed to making arrangements for having his son's remains transferred to the grave which he had prepared for himself at West Molesey. In a letter to his friend Mr. Arbuthnot, written in 1821, he says:—

'Neither the favour of the King nor of Ministers could now make any change for the better in my situation; higher rank, higher office, I would not accept, perfectly contented and grateful if allowed to remain where I am. While my boy was alive, I had wishes and hopes; now they are all buried with him. I should have left public life, but that I have been advised and indeed feel, that after having been so long accustomed to it, I could not exist under the pressure of my loss without some such occupation.'

The following touching lines were written by Mr. Croker as an epitaph on the tombstone of his son, who was named Spencer after the Prime Minister, Mr. Perceval:—

'Oh pity us who lost, when Spencer died,  
Our child, our hope, our pleasure and our pride.  
In him we saw, or fancied, all such youth  
Could show of talents, tenderness and truth;  
And hoped to other eyes his ripened powers  
Would keep the promise they had made to ours.  
But God a different, better growth has given—  
The seed He planted *here* now blooms in Heaven.'

Mrs. Croker's grief was even still more poignant. She could not be induced to enter again any of the houses where she had passed the happiest period of her life. Munster House, their ordinary residence, was now shut up; and from this time they resided for some years chiefly in Kensington Palace, where George IV. had kindly given apartments to Mrs. Croker.

In his family circle, and by his intimate friends, Mr. Croker was much beloved. Before the birth of his son he had adopted his wife's sister as his daughter, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who afterwards married the son of his old friend,  
Sir

Sir John Barrow. He superintended with the greatest solicitude the education of this girl; and it was for her use that he wrote 'Stories for Children, selected from the History of England,'—a work of which nearly fifty thousand copies have been sold, and which suggested to Scott the plan of the 'Tales of a Grandfather.' Scott sent a copy of the First Series to Croker with the following note:—

'MY DEAR CROKER,

'I have been stealing from you; and as it seems the fashion to compound felony, I send you a sample of the *swag*, by way of stopping your mouth. . . .

'Always yours,  
'W. SCOTT.'

But though Mr. Croker no longer took the same interest in politics, his pen was still, as before, at the service of his Parliamentary colleagues. One controversy in which he was engaged, brought him into collision with his friend Sir Walter Scott. The story of 'Malachi Malagrowther's Letters,' written in 1826, is familiar to all readers of Scott's Life. 'They produced,' says Lockhart, 'a greater sensation in Scotland than any political tract had excited in the British public at large since the appearance of Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution."' The Ministers were much annoyed, especially as this attack against their measures came from one of their oldest and staunchest friends. 'Last night,' writes Scott in his Diary, 'I had a letter from Lockhart, who, speaking of Malachi, says, "The Ministers are sore beyond all imagination at present; and some of them, I hear, have felt this new whip on the raw to some purpose."' The letters were answered by Croker 'most elaborately and acutely,' says Lockhart, in the London *Courier*, then the semi-official organ of Lord Liverpool's government; but this rencontre, mainly owing to Scott's forbearance, caused no interruption of their friendship, which continued unimpaired to the last, though Scott in a private letter to Croker gave him a gentle reprimand:—

'Besides, my dear Croker, I must say you sported too many and too direct personal allusions to myself, not to authorize and even demand some retaliation *dans le même genre*; and however good-humouredly men begin this sort of "sharp encounter of their wits," their temper gets the best of them at last. . . . So I thought it best not to endanger the loss of an old friend for a bad jest, and sit quietly down with your odd hits, and the discredit which I must count on here for not repaying them, or trying to do so.'

We have quoted Scott's letter for another reason. His reference to Croker's 'personal allusions' affords us an opportunity of

of saying a few words on a subject which no biographer of Mr. Croker can pass over in silence. His sarcastic sallies and pungent wit made him many enemies; nor can it be denied that he frequently indulged in personal allusions, the like of which we had hoped, previous to the appearance of Mr. Trevelyan's book, had now disappeared from literature. But it should be recollected, in extenuation of Mr. Croker's offence, that his early manhood was passed in a time of bitter personal animosity, when there was hardly any social intercourse between persons of different political opinions, and when party-spirit proceeded to lengths unknown to the present generation.\* Added to this, he was frequently called upon, at short notice, to defend a Ministry savagely assailed by the most powerful political writers and journalists of the day. Writing for the most part anonymously, he did not measure his words or phrases; and to this habit of party-warfare, joined to an innate spirit of criticism and to a hatred of humbug and imposture, may be attributed the severity with which he attacked and unravelled—even to the minutest details—everything that bore the appearance of fraud and undue pretension. It has been objected to him, that in his criticisms and reviews he has descended constantly to the merest trifles; but he himself used to say that he was never disposed to regard any fact as a trifle, not simply because '*nugæ in seria ducunt*,' but because he had found by long experience that the smallest and apparently the most indifferent trifles often indicated serious matters, and led to important results. He was, however, himself aware that he was frequently betrayed into too great severity towards literary and political opponents. In an interesting letter written only three weeks before his death, he asks Mr. Murray to request a common friend to look over an essay which he feared he should not live to correct, with a view of 'softening any too sharp expression,' and then adds, 'My style is naturally too sharp, and sharper than, perhaps, I am conscious of; and therefore, in leaving this paper behind me, I am anxious that it should contain no offensive expressions; and if there be any such, a few touches of Mr. —'s discreet pen would supply something equally forcible, and not liable to the reproach of being harsh.'

Though Mr. Croker wrote with a sharp pen, no man had in reality a kinder heart. His aid was never asked by those who had the slightest claim upon him, without obtaining real and energetic assistance; and when he once took up a cause, no champion was more persevering and untiring. Even with

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\* Take, for example, Sydney Smith's attack on Canning in the '*Peter Plymley Letters*.'



respect to his opponents, his acrimony seems to have spent itself in print. It is a fact highly creditable to him that, after reading his private diary and hundreds of his private letters, we have not in a single instance found any ill-natured remarks, even upon his opponents, still less any reflections upon their private character. We cannot, therefore, gratify the curiosity of our readers, even if we had the wish to do so, by producing any acrimonious attacks upon Lord Macaulay, similar to those with which Mr. Trevelyan has favoured us upon Mr. Croker.

Returning to the narrative of Mr. Croker's life, we find him, in 1830, released from office by the accession of the Whigs to power, and taking a prominent part in the debates on the Reform Bill in the House of Commons. It was in them that he first came into collision with Macaulay. Mr. Trevelyan, adopting Macaulay's self-estimate, has altogether mistaken and misrepresented the feud between Macaulay and Croker, and especially the relative position of the two antagonists during these debates. It has often been said that in English political life it is only in opposition that a man shows his real power; and Mr. Croker, who had hitherto been kept to a certain extent in the background as an official without a seat in the Cabinet, surprised even his own friends and party by the ability he displayed. There were occasions when he took the lead even of Peel, especially in several encounters with Macaulay, in which he confessedly had the best of it. In a passage in his diary Mr. Croker writes: 'I got to the House of Commons about eight. I did not feel inclined to speak, as I had not heard the early part of the debate and was not very well; nor had I, indeed, an opening except after Macaulay; but as I had happened to reply to him on five different occasions, I thought it would look too like *pitting* myself against him.'

But whether he wished to avoid this or not, public opinion 'pitted' them against each other. There is no doubt that Macaulay's speeches made a considerable impression, nor have we any desire to depreciate his success. But Mr. Trevelyan goes too far when he says that Macaulay was placed at once in the first rank of 'parliamentary orators.' Mr. Sheil, who was a great admirer of Macaulay, speaking of him in extravagant terms as the 'most extraordinary person in either House,' gives a more correct estimate of his oratorical powers: 'Unfortunately, with all his talent and spirit and force, there is nothing of the debater in his speeches, nothing betokening readiness; but he has the power of coming forward on great occasions with a speech that commands the House, and this would make him an invaluable accession to

to any Ministry.\* In the very point in which Macaulay failed, Croker was pre-eminent. As a debater few were his equals in the House, and none his superior, except perhaps Mr. Stanley, the late Lord Derby. Mr. Croker was able to reply on the instant to his most formidable opponents, and to turn against them what appeared their most telling arguments. Of this we have an example in his reply to Macaulay in their memorable encounter on September 22nd, 1831, on the question that 'the Bill do pass.' Macaulay had warned the House of Lords to beware of resisting the popular will, by drawing a vivid picture of the downfall of the French aristocracy in consequence of their following a similar line of conduct.

'Have they never,' asked Macaulay, 'walked by those stately mansions, now sinking into decay, and portioned out into lodging rooms, which line the silent streets of the Faubourg St. Germain? Have they never heard that from those magnificent hotels, from those ancient castles, an aristocracy as splendid, as brave, as proud, as accomplished as ever Europe saw, was driven forth to exile and beggary to implore the charity of hostile governments and hostile creeds, to cut wood in the back settlements of America, or to teach French in the schoolrooms of London? And why were those haughty nobles destroyed with that utter destruction? Why were they scattered over the face of the earth, their titles abolished, their escutcheons defaced, their parks wasted, their palaces dismantled, their heritage given to strangers? Because they had no sympathy with the people.'

He was immediately answered by Croker, without previous preparation, and with a readiness and power which carried the House with him.

'The learned Gentleman seemed, sometimes, to forget that he was addressing the House of Commons; or, aware that a voice so eloquent was not to be confined within these walls, he took the opportunity of the debate here of addressing himself also to another branch of the Legislature, in, as he no doubt thought, the words of wisdom taught by experience. Not satisfied with those vague generalities which he handled with that brilliant declamation which tickles the ear and amuses the imagination, without satisfying the reason, he unluckily, I think, for the force of his appeal, thought proper to descend to argumentative illustration and historical precedents. But whence has he drawn his experience? Sir, he drew his weapon from the very armoury to which, if I had been aware of his attack, I should myself have resorted for the means of repelling it.

'He reverted to the early lessons of the French Revolution, and the echoes of the deserted palaces of the Faubourg St. Germain were reverberated in the learned Gentleman's eloquence, as ominous admonitions to the Peerage of England. He sees that that frightful

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\* 'Memoir of Viscount Althorp,' p. 328.

period—the dawn of that long and disastrous day of crime and calamity—bears some resemblance to our present circumstances, and he thinks justly: but different, widely different, is the inference which my mind draws from this awful comparison. . . . I am, I own, exceedingly surprised, not that the learned Gentleman should have thought the illustration both just and striking, but that he should not have felt that the facts of the case would lead any reasonable and impartial mind to conclusions absolutely the reverse of those which he has deduced from them. He warns the Peers of England to beware of resisting the popular will, and he draws from the fate of the French nobility at the Revolution, the example of the fact and the folly of a similar resistance. Good God! Sir, where has the learned Gentleman lived, what works must he have read, with what authorities must he have communed, when he attributes the downfall of the French nobility to an injudicious and obstinate resistance to popular opinion? The direct reverse is the notorious fact—so notorious, that it is one of the common-places of modern history.’

After giving an account of the meeting of the States-General, and of the proposal of the *Tiers État*, that the separate Chambers should be abolished, and that all the Estates should meet in one House, Croker proceeded to say :

‘In fact, the proposition of the *Tiers État* was a Reform Bill, calculated to increase the democratic and lower the aristocratical influence; and seeing that the nobles were reluctant to commit so suicidal an act, they determined to force them to the fatal step by every species of fraud and violence, deceit and intimidation; and much the same kind of arguments were then addressed by pretended friends and open enemies to the French Chamber of the Nobility, which is now directed against our House of Lords. But did the nobles, on that vital occasion, show that blind and inflexible obstinacy which the learned Gentleman has attributed to them? Did they even display the decent dignity of a deliberative council? Did they indeed exhibit a cold and contemptuous apathy to the feelings of the people, or did they not rather evince a morbid and dishonourable sensibility to every turn of the popular passion? Was it, Sir, in fact, their high and haughty resistance, or was it, alas! their deplorable pusillanimity that overthrew their unhappy country? No inconsiderable portion of the nobility joined the *Tiers État* at once, and with headlong and heedless alacrity; the rest delayed for a short interval—a few days only of doubt and dismay; and after that short pause, those whom the learned Gentleman called proud and obstinate bigots to privilege and power, abandoned their most undoubted privilege and most effective power, and were seen to march in melancholy procession to the funeral of the Constitution, with a fallacious appearance of freedom, but bound in reality by the invisible shackles of intimidation, goaded by the invectives of a treasonable and rancorous press, and insulted, menaced, and all but driven by the bloody hands of an infuriated populace.

‘ But

'But was this all? did the sacrifice end here? When the *Tiers État* had achieved their first triumph, and when, at last, the three estates were collected in the National Assembly, was the nobility deaf to the calls of the people, or did they cling with indecent tenacity to even their most innocent privileges? The learned Gentleman has appealed to the decayed ceilings and tarnished walls of the Faubourg St. Germain, where ancient ancestry had depicted its insignia, but which now exhibit the faded and tattered remnants of fallen greatness. Does the learned Gentleman not know that it was the rash hands of the nobility itself which struck the first blow against these aristocratical decorations?

'The learned Gentleman attributes to the obstinacy and bigotry of the French clergy the ruin of the Church; but who in truth gave, in those early days of confiscation and usurpation, the first flagrant example of the plunder of the property, and the invasion of the power of the Church?—A Cardinal Archbishop! Who first proposed the abolition of tithes?—A noble and a prelate!—and on principles, too, let me observe *en passant*, so extravagantly popular, that even the patriot Abbé Grégoire, of Jacobin notoriety, could not countenance them. And in that celebrated night, which has been called the *night of sacrifices*, but which is better known by the more appropriate title of the *night of insanity*, when the whole frame and order of civilized society was overthrown in the delirium of popular compliance, who led the way in the giddy orgies of destruction?—Alas! the nobility! Who was it that, in that portentous night, offered, as he said, on the altar of his country, the sacrifice of the privileges of the nobility?—A Montmorency! Who proposed the abolition of all feudal and seigniorial rights?—A Noailles! And what followed?—We turn over a page or two of this eventful history, and we find the Montmorencies in exile and the Noailles on the scaffold!

Mr. Greville, who is generally hostile to Mr. Croker, makes the following entry under the date of September 22:—'The night before last Croker and Macaulay made two fine speeches on Reform; the former spoke for two hours and a half, and in a way he had never done before. Macaulay was very brilliant.' The fact is, as we have been told by a person of the highest authority, who is now alive and was a member of the House at the time, that Croker's speech produced an extraordinary impression, and was repeatedly and loudly cheered. After the part which both parties had taken in these debates, it is almost incredible that Macaulay should have described Croker as a person of 'very slender faculties.' We can only repeat Macaulay's own words on another occasion—'How extravagantly unjust party-spirit makes men!'

It was in the very midst of these conflicts, when the passions of all parties were inflamed to the highest degree, that Croker's edition of Boswell made its appearance; and there is clear evidence

performed the last act of his *bustling and jovial existence* by going to the poll for Macaulay'!

In tracing the history of this literary quarrel, we next come to Croker's review of Macaulay's 'History of England' in the 'Quarterly,' in 1848. We have already quoted Macaulay's remarks in his diary upon this review (p. 86); and after reading the article again, our surprise is greater than ever that Macaulay should have written as he did. It is a decisive proof of his incapacity to form a just estimate of things or persons when his self-love was wounded or his prejudices were excited. He says: 'He (Croker) should have been large in acknowledgment.' Was he not? The article begins thus:

'The reading world will not need our testimony, though we willingly give it, that Mr. Macaulay possesses great talents and extraordinary acquirements. He unites powers and has achieved successes, not only various, but different in their character, and seldom indeed conjoined in one individual. He was while in Parliament, though not quite an orator, and still less a debater, the most brilliant rhetorician of the House.'

Is it well possible to go further in the way of acknowledgment? 'He should have looked out for real blemishes.' He did look out for them, and exposed them by the dozen; and the article was not received with contempt, not even by Macaulay and his friends. Though the style is sharp, and the criticisms are severe, there is an absence of all personal allusion, except in one passage which is so honourable to Croker after the provocation he had received, and contains such a graceful allusion to Macaulay's career that it might have mitigated a less fierce resentment. In answering Macaulay's charge against Marlborough, Croker says:

'Could not Mr. Macaulay's charitable imagination figure to itself a young man scant in fortune's goods, yet rich in inborn merit, conscious and prescient of coming greatness—could he not feel how unspeakable a blessing to such a one must have been pecuniary independence, as the best safeguard to political honesty and freedom—the surest escape from the degrading patronage of titled and official mediocrities? In the times of young Churchill no golden India opened her bountiful bosom to which an aspirant to station and fame might retire for a while, to secure by honourable thrift an honourable independence, and thereby the power and liberty of action to realize the prospects of an honest ambition.'\*

The only excuse to be made for Lord Macaulay is that he gave vent to his anger in a private journal, which, as we have seen,

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxxiv. p. 610.

was probably never meant to meet the public eye. But what shall we say of his biographer—a politician and a man of the world—who, after the lapse not of eighteen years but of eight-and-twenty, having no private wrongs of his own to avenge, indulges in an acrimonious diatribe against Mr. Croker's article, calling it 'that farrago of angry trash,' and pronouncing upon it this sweeping condemnation :

'The sole effect which the article produced upon the public was to set it reading Macaulay's review of Croker's Boswell, in order to learn what the injury might be which, after the lapse of eighteen years, had sting enough left to provoke a veteran writer, politician, and man of the world into such utter oblivion of common sense, common fairness, and common courtesy.'

We do not consider ourselves called upon to defend Mr. Croker's article, or, indeed, any other article which appeared in our pages more than a quarter of a century ago ; but this we will say with a perfect certainty of its truth. If the effect produced by Mr. Trevelyan's book is to set the public reading the two reviews, unbiassed by party prejudice or personal predilection, we have not the slightest doubt what their verdict will be. They will come to the conclusion that Mr. Croker's language is fairness and courtesy itself compared with Lord Macaulay's, and what Mr. Trevelyan says against Mr. Croker is far more applicable to Lord Macaulay himself. Mr. Trevelyan, like other admirers of his uncle, seems to regard it as a kind of profanation to point out any of Lord Macaulay's defects, however ample may be the acknowledgment of his many brilliant qualities. He seems to think that Lord Macaulay may indulge in what abuse he pleases without being exposed to criticism in return ; that what is right in him is wrong in others ; and that with what measure he metes, it shall *not* be measured to him again. We have had, as we said before, enough, indeed too much, of this. In the republic of letters there is no dictator. Lord Macaulay is neither infallible nor immaculate. He was the bitterest of critics, the most uncompromising of controversialists. If the same language is applied to him which is applied to his critics, he seldom 'lost an opportunity of launching shafts against the literary reputation' of others ; and it is no more than bare justice to the many victims of his vituperative rhetoric to repeat that his weight as an authority is in an inverse ratio to his brilliancy.

It is not pleasant to have been compelled to dwell upon this ancient feud, but the quarrel is none of our seeking.

'Si rixa est ubi tu pugnas, ego vapulo tantum.'

We cannot stand tamely by and allow the public to suppose that Mr. Croker was only or indeed chiefly to blame. As Lord Macaulay was the original aggressor, so the revival of the feud is entirely owing to his biographer. Persons who may be disposed to censure those engaged in such a dispute should call to mind a well-known passage in Sydney Smith: \* — ‘Those who mean to be just should ask, *Who begins?* The *real* disgrace of the squabble is in the attack, not in the defence.’

We return from this digression to the narrative of Mr. Croker’s life. We left him in 1831 engaged in the thickest of the conflict on the Reform Bill; but if we were to trace his career during this and the following year, we should have to write the political history of the time. The leading part which he took in the councils of the Tory chiefs and in the debates in the House of Commons is testified by all the memoirs and histories of the period. Take, for example, the hostile evidence of the late Sir Denis Le Marchant in his recently published ‘Memoir of Lord Althorp:’ he thus describes Mr. Croker’s share in the debates on the Disfranchisement clauses of the Bill:—

‘All the ingenuity and malignity of Mr. Croker were employed to mystify the calculations on which the schedules rested, or to show that other boroughs under the influence of the Whig patrons had been unduly passed over. He referred openly to Lord Lansdowne, observing, that “Calne was the keystone of the arch,” and this became a favourite saying among his party.’†—*Memoir of Viscount Althorp*, pp. 335, 336.

The incurable Whig tendency to exalt Macaulay, and depreciate Croker at his expense, was never more clearly shown than in Sir Denis Le Marchant’s account of the two days’ debate on the second reading of the Third Reform Bill (December 16 and 17, 1831).

‘On the first night was the brilliant speech of Mr. Macaulay, up to that time certainly his greatest. . . The attempt at a reply by Mr. Croker, in a speech of two hours and a half, utterly failed, and only added disgrace to defeat, for on the following night Mr. Stanley convicted him of gross misrepresentation of facts, in the version he gave of the differences between Charles the First and the Parliament.’—*Ibid.* pp. 382, 383.

It is extraordinary, the writer goes on to say, that a speech so eminently successful as Stanley’s should have been overlooked

\* Sydney Smith’s Works, p. 608. One vol. edit.

† Our readers will recollect that Macaulay then sat for Calne, and that this speech was made in July, just before Macaulay commenced his article on Croker’s Boswell. See *Before*, p. 112.

in the history of the Bill. This will not appear extraordinary to any one who takes the trouble to refer to 'Hansard.' The alleged conviction is confined to a single point. Croker had quoted Hume, and Stanley declared Hume to be wrong on the strength of some information supplied by Hobhouse (Lord Broughton); the collective 'historical recollections' of the party being (as we are told in a note) unequal to the exposure of Mr. Croker's 'gross misrepresentations' till they had slept upon it. The moment Stanley sat down, Peel rose to answer him, and the third paragraph of his speech begins thus:

'One word with respect to what had fallen last night from the Honourable Member for Calne; if, indeed, it was not something worse than superfluous to offer any additional observations after the unanswerable and matchless speech of his Right Honourable friend (Mr. Croker) beside him.'

Is it credible that Sir Robert Peel would have spoken thus of a speech which had just been hopelessly smashed, to the disgrace of the speaker and the confusion of his friends?

Lord Macaulay appears to have estimated at a preposterously low rate the intellectual powers which the 'Rupert of Debate' so conspicuously displayed on this and many similar occasions. Balancing between politics and literature, December, 30 1835, he writes:

'I comprehend perfectly how a man who can debate, but who would make a very indifferent figure as a contributor to an annual or a magazine—such a man as Stanley, for example—should take the only line by which he can attain distinction.'

In point of fact, Lord Derby did attain high literary distinction; but, judging *à priori*, we should have said that his dash, fire, flow, and fertility of language eminently qualified him to shine as a popular writer or controversialist.

At the beginning of the following year Mr. Croker again takes the lead in the debates:—

'There was no sign at first,' writes Sir Denis Le Marchant, 'of a less hostile policy in the Opposition leaders; for although Mr. Croker rather ostentatiously declared that he had given both public and private assurances to the Ministers of his having taken great pains to prevent the necessity of delay, he now, in conjunction with Sir Charles Wetherell and Sir Robert Peel, opposed the Speaker's leaving the chair, on the ground of further information respecting the alteration made in the schedules being indispensable. . . . The triumvirate continued to press their objection.'—*Memoir of Viscount Althorp*, p. 387.

To these hostile witnesses we may add the less prejudiced evidence



evidence of Sir Henry Hardinge, who, in a conversation with Sir Denis Le Marchant respecting Lord Althorp, says :—

‘It was Althorp carried the Bill. His fine temper did it. Once, in answer to a *most able and argumentative speech* of Croker, he rose and merely observed, “that he had made some calculations which he considered as entirely conclusive in refutation of the Right Honourable gentleman’s arguments, but unfortunately he had mislaid them, so that he could only say that, if the House would be guided by his advice, they would reject the amendment,” which they did accordingly. There was no standing against such influence as this.’—*Ibid.* p. 400.

It would be easy to multiply similar testimonies, but these must suffice. So high was the position of Mr. Croker at this time that, when the attempt was made to change the Government in May 1832, the Duke of Wellington urged him to accept a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Croker kept a full account of all that took place during this crisis; and as he was in daily intercourse with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the other Tory chiefs, his Journal gives most interesting information of the views and plans of the leading actors. We trust it will be given to the public; but meantime we find room for one or two extracts, relating more immediately to Mr. Croker himself.

‘*Saturday, 12th May.*—I came early into town, and called on the Duke. He said, “Well, we are in a fine scrape, and I really do not see how we are to get out of it.” . . . He then told me that if no one else would, he would himself undertake the government. He said he had passed his whole life in troubles, and was now in troubles again; but that it was his duty to stand by the King, and he would do so: for “what,” he added, “could I say to those gentlemen who met here yesterday, and who consented, at my suggestion, to forego all their private feelings and interests for the great object of preventing a revolution, but that I would not myself hesitate to undergo all the odium and all the danger which might attend our attempt?” However, when I told him that I had written to urge Peel, and was about to go to him to entreat him verbally to undertake the government, his Grace encouraged me to do so, and authorized me to say to Peel that he was ready to serve with him, or *under him*, or any way that he should think best for the common cause. He then said, “I am particularly pleased with the advice you give Peel, because it leads me to hope that you mean to act on the same principle yourself, and help me in this great emergency.” He spoke doubtfully, as if he knew that I had expressed a contrary intention, as I had, indeed, ever since he left office in 1830. I replied by begging his Grace to recollect that I had apprised him verbally, and in writing, soon after we left office, of my firm resolution never again to enter into it, happen what might; that that resolution I had maintained all along, and by that I must now abide. But I said that, exclusive of that,

that, there were reasons which must have obliged me to decline taking office under present circumstances. I had neither birth, nor station, nor fortune, nothing but my personal character to hold by; and I would have him to judge what would be thought of me if, after the part I had taken, I should be found supporting Schedule A, and accepting a high office and salary as the price of that support. I should lose myself, and do the cause more harm than good.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'Wednesday, 16th May.—I went afterwards, very late, to Lady Salisbury's. I found some of the Tory ladies, and even a few of the gentlemen, very angry with me for not having been ready to take office. These good people never consider, first, my position as to the Reform Bill, and, above all, as to Schedule A; secondly, that not having been in the old Cabinet, the old Cabinet has no claim upon me; and thirdly, that it would be impossible for me, even if I had wished for office ever so much (the contrary being the fact), to take such a step without the concurrence of those political friends (Lord Hertford in particular) with whom I had hitherto acted. What might not Lord Hertford say if, on his return to England, he found the member for Aldborough advocating Schedule A? It really would be a dishonourable breach of trust, besides being a base surrender of my own opinions.'

On the passing of the Reform Bill, Mr. Croker determined to retire from public life altogether. It was not the difficulty of finding a seat that kept him out of Parliament, for Trinity College, Dublin, was pledged to return him, and three or four other constituencies were eager to have him as their representative; but he held that the Reform Bill was a revolutionary measure, carried by the House of Commons against the will of the Lords and the King, and he therefore refused to take any further share in the government of the country. His views and his feelings at this time will be seen by the following letter which he wrote to Sir Robert Peel:—

'MY DEAR PEEL,

'Sudley Lodge, Bognor, 15th August, 1832.

'You are aware of my reluctance to come into the new parliament. You may be aware, too, that according to all present appearances, I should, if I suffered myself to be put in nomination, be *unanimously* elected by Dublin University. . . . I have told my friends that for many reasons (which I need not trouble you with) I cannot consent to sit in the Reform Parliament. I have also communicated this resolution to the Duke of Wellington for the same reason that I now convey it to you, as my late political leader and as my old and dear private friend. So that chapter is closed, never I hope to be re-opened. I well know the sacrifice I make—not of the vanity of being re-elected for that place—in other times that would have been something; but of that private society and intimate intercourse which in our habits cannot exist without political connection,

or

or at least without living in the same political atmosphere. I shall lose the society of those with whom I have lived the intelligent half of my life, and I shall have, not the pleasure, as Lucretius calls it, but the pain of seeing them tost on a tempestuous sea, while I stand—perhaps not out of danger, though out of sight—on the shore. But, under all circumstances, believe that I shall be,

‘My dear Peel,

‘Your most sincere and affectionate friend,

‘J. W. CROKER.’

To the resolution thus formed he steadily adhered, though he was a second time tempted by the offer of a high place in the Government, when the Conservatives came into power at the end of 1834. Sir Robert Peel, as is well known, was hastily summoned from Rome to form an administration, and almost his very first act upon his arrival in London was to send the following letter to Mr. Croker:—

‘MY DEAR CROKER,

‘Whitehall, December 9, 1834.

‘Though I have only been one night in bed since I left Lyons, and have found anything but repose since my arrival here this morning, I must write you one line, to certify to you for myself, that I am here. Lady Peel and Julia travelled with me as far as Dover; travelling by night over precipices and snow eight nights out of twelve. I shall be very glad to see you. It will be a relief to me from the harassing cares that await me.

‘Ever affectionately yours,

‘ROBERT PEEL.’

We give this letter only to show the intimate footing on which Peel and Croker stood: the correspondence between them at that time is of too private and confidential a nature to be made public, at least in the present generation. Perhaps even Mr. Trevelyan will admit that to have been twice offered a seat in the Cabinet, first by the Duke of Wellington, and a second time by Sir Robert Peel, was no mean distinction for a man of ‘very slender faculties.’

Our space is nearly exhausted, and we cannot therefore follow Mr. Croker into retirement. He resided chiefly at West Molesey, in Surrey, and at a marine villa which he had at Alverstoke, near Gosport. He continued to take a keen interest in politics; and he was in constant correspondence with Sir Robert Peel on public affairs; but his time was mostly occupied in literary pursuits. He continued to write for this Review even more frequently than before, and he was much engaged in collecting materials for a long meditated edition of Pope’s works. In 1842 he lost his old friend the Marquis of Hertford, who left him one of his executors. The legal proceedings resulting

sulting from this trust are apparently those to which Lord Macaulay alludes in a letter referred to by Mr. Trevelyan.

‘In a singularly powerful letter, written as late as 1843, he (Macaulay) recites in detail certain unsavoury portions of that gentleman’s private life which were not only part of the stock-gossip of every bow-window in St. James’s Street, but which had been brought into the light of day in the course either of parliamentary or judicial investigations. After illustrating these transactions with evidence which proved that he did not take up an antipathy on hearsay, Macaulay comments on them in such terms as clearly indicate that his animosity to Croker arose from incompatibility of moral sentiments, and not of political opinions.’—Vol. i. p. 124.

This is perhaps the most offensive of the many offensive passages in Mr. Trevelyan’s book, and compels us to explain the private relations that subsisted between Mr. Croker and the Marquis of Hertford, though we must at the same time protest against the necessity which Mr. Trevelyan has imposed upon us of bringing before the public the private affairs of a gentleman who has been dead nearly twenty years. Mr. Croker had from an early period of his life been the intimate friend of the Marquis of Hertford, who returned him to Parliament for the borough of Aldborough, and was in his turn largely indebted to him. He superintended the affairs of the Marquis, and virtually managed his large estates, just as two other members of Parliament who sat in the House along with him managed those of other noblemen; only with this difference, that Mr. Croker would never receive any salary. In return for his services Lord Hertford in his lifetime offered Mr. Croker a large sum of money—as much, we believe, as 80,000*l.*—in order to save the legacy duty; but as Mr. Croker declined receiving it, the Marquis declared his intention of remembering him in his will, and left him in the codicils a legacy of 21,000*l.* It is believed that a further legacy, equal to the amount offered him in Lord Hertford’s lifetime, was left him in some other codicils which were suspected to have been made away with.

At the trial of one of the persons who were accused of purloining some of Lord Hertford’s effects, it came out in evidence that Mr. Croker had been seen in Lord Hertford’s society, when he was accompanied by one of his female acquaintance. Mr. Croker’s long connection and friendship with Lord Hertford, and his having the chief management of the Marquis’s affairs, involved a certain amount of intercourse; but that he approved of his old friend’s irregularities, is inconsistent with all his antecedents. Indeed, it was his own decorous and domestic life that gave significance to the circumstance of his having once been seen in such

such society. It raised a laugh against him amongst his friends, but no one at the time dreamt of making it the foundation of a serious accusation. Judging from the date of Macaulay's letter, we suspect that he refers to some of the law proceedings to which we have alluded, when he speaks of 'judicial investigations.' In like manner we have already conjectured that the 'parliamentary investigations' relate to the part Mr. Croker took in the Duke of York's affair. We are, however, left to conjecture; for it is one of the disadvantages under which we labour in noticing and refuting these accusations and calumnies, that Mr. Trevelyan deals in innuendoes, and brings forward no proofs in support of any distinct charges. Mr. Trevelyan has said either too much or too little. If Mr. Croker were alive, Mr. Trevelyan would have been guilty of a libel, and might have been compelled in a court of justice to substantiate such scandalous accusations against a gentleman's private character. But '*actio personalis moritur cum persona*,' and Mr. Croker's friends cannot therefore vindicate his character by the strong arm of the law.

It becomes, however, a serious question, one which has been forced upon us also by the publication and republication (with the worst of the refuted calumnies) of the '*Greville Memoirs*,' how far society will tolerate libellous attacks upon the dead, which outrage the feelings and affections of surviving relatives and friends. Can anything justify such an attack upon Mr. Croker's private character, especially while Mr. Croker's widow and his adopted daughter are still alive? The principles which ought to guide all biographers and editors of papers entrusted to their care, cannot be better stated than in the words of the late Lord Stanhope and Lord Cardwell in their preface to the '*Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel*':—'According to the judgment of the present Editors, there are many things in the Peel papers that ought not to be published as yet, and many things as affecting other persons that ought not to be published at all. In whatever they may send forth to the world, it will be their earnest desire to do full justice to the dead, *without any injury or offence to the feelings of those who still survive*. Thus, as they hope, will they show themselves ever mindful of Sir Robert Peel's own and emphatic injunction, "so to exercise the discretion given to them that no honourable confidence shall be betrayed—*no private feelings unnecessarily wounded*—and no public interests injuriously affected."

Before reproducing the scandalous gossip of 'the bow-windows of St. James's Street,' or the lampoons of the disreputable portion of the press, in order to prove the 'unsavoury' character of Mr. Croker's life, Mr. Trevelyan would have done well to remember that

that Lord Macaulay himself had been exposed to similar calumnies. Referring to the events of 1835, the biographer states :—

‘Eighteen months elapsed, during which the Calcutta Press found occasion to attack Macaulay with a breadth and ferocity of calumny such as few public men, in any age and country, have ever endured, and none perhaps have ever forgiven. There were many mornings when it was impossible for him to allow the newspapers to lie about his sister’s drawing-room.’—Vol. i. p. 391.

What would Lord Macaulay’s friends say if these newspapers were quoted to prove the ‘unsavoury’ character of *his* life?

After recapitulating the contents of the ‘singularly powerful’ letter, which from his account must have been a singularly libellous one, Mr. Trevelyan sums it up by saying : ‘Macaulay’s judgment has been confirmed by the public voice, which, *rightly or wrongly*, identifies Croker with the character of Rigby in Mr. Disraeli’s “Coningsby.”’

Rightly or wrongly! So that, if the public voice has erred, the confirmation of Macaulay’s judgment is the same! Strange reasoning this. And who before ever thought of adducing a satirical portrait in a work of fiction in confirmation of grave charges of any kind? Would Mr. Trevelyan require us to accept the vacillations of ‘Lothair’ between the rival faiths and beauties as proof positive of weakness and inconstancy in the amiable and estimable nobleman whom, rightly or wrongly, the public voice identifies with the hero of the book? Rigby, moreover, was not drawn from the life. The leading features are obviously taken from Lady Morgan’s clever but spiteful and overcharged character of Counsellor Con in ‘O’Donnell;’ and the extent of Mr. Disraeli’s personal knowledge of his subject may be inferred from his opening sentences :—

‘Rigby was not a professional man : indeed his origin, education, early pursuits and studies, were equally obscure ; but he had contrived in good time to squeeze himself into parliament, by means which no one could ever comprehend, and then set up as a perfect man of business.’—*Coningsby*, chap. ii.

It has been shown that all this is untrue of Mr. Croker. He *was* a professional man, and everything relating to him was well known. The caricature has been termed the brevet of celebrity ; and (granting the question of identity) for a public man to have occupied a prominent place in two such novels as ‘O’Donnell’ and ‘Coningsby,’ undoubted productions of genius, is certainly no deduction from his fame.

In 1846 Mr. Croker lost another old friend, but alas! not this  
time

time by death. The repeal of the Corn Laws, which severed so many friendships, caused an estrangement, and finally a complete rupture, between Mr. Croker and Sir Robert Peel. Into the details of this painful event we forbear to enter, and will content ourselves by giving an extract from a letter which Mr. Croker wrote to M. Guizot in the last year of his life :—

‘Peel I knew longer and better, and till the last few years loved more than any other man alive. I was as long and as confidentially connected with the Duke of Wellington, but he was already a great man before I knew him, and his position and employment rendered our intercourse not so frequent and less familiar; but with Peel I lived as a brother from his first entering into life, and either saw him or corresponded with him every week of our lives, in a community of political and an identity of personal feelings.’

His friendship with the Duke of Wellington continued unimpaired till the end of that great man’s life. Only a few days before his death \* the Duke repaired from Walmer Castle to pay a visit to Mr. Croker, then staying at Folkestone; and we have found among Mr. Croker’s papers a full account of this visit and of the conversation that took place. It is particularly interesting, as probably the last record ever made of the Duke’s sayings, and we regret that we can only find room for a few extracts, which, however, bring him vividly before us :—

‘*Folkestone, 4th September, 1852.*—The Duke of Wellington had never expected to see me again, and I, a few months since, had never expected to see him; but as soon as he heard I had come here, he immediately came over to see me; but not having written to apprise me, I had unluckily the same day gone over to see him. But I waited at Dover for his return; when he promised to come again to Folkestone on Saturday (this was Thursday, the 2nd), which he did, and has stayed three hours with us, chatting in the most agreeable manner on all manner of subjects, with a vivacity and memory worth noting of a man in his eighty-fourth year. We are both deaf, I worse than usual to-day, and he, though he walks very well in fact, seems to totter; but this he has done for some years; both our minds, however (D. G.), seem as clear as ever. He talked of the length of our acquaintance, which began in 1806, and reminded me of his having in 1808, when he first went to Portugal, left the parliamentary business of the Irish office in my hands, which led me into political life. He remembered much better than I did the names of some of the bills that I had to manage, even down to some local Dublin bills.

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‘In coming to see me (as he had done the day but one before, 2nd September), he had chosen to walk from the station to our house, and without even a guide; he said he had found it a rough walk, and the

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\* The Duke of Wellington died at Walmer on September 14, 1852.

ground intersected in a way he had not expected; so I said to him, "It seems you forgot to guess what was at the other side of the hill." This was in allusion to a circumstance which had occurred between him and me some thirty years before. When travelling on the North road, we amused ourselves by guessing what sort of a country we should find at the other side of the hills we drove up; and when I expressed surprise at some extraordinary good guesses he had made, he said, "Why, I have spent all my life in trying to guess what was at the other side of the hill." I had reminded him of this just as we were driving across the ravine that had impeded him, and he turned round to Mrs. Croker to explain it to her, adding, "All the business of war, and indeed all the business of life, is to endeavour to find out what you *don't* know by what you *do*—that's what I called 'guessing what was at the other side of the hill.'"

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'Lady Barrow's five little girls were with us, and he won their hearts by writing his name in their albums; in the signature of one, the best written of the five, he wrote his name with a single *l*. His good humour and kindness to the children, and indeed to everybody, was very pleasing. To *me* (evidently on account of my precarious health) he was particularly affectionate. On going away he promised to see me again next week; but as he could not then fix the day, he would write and let me know. Going down out of the house there were two sets of steps, which he went down very leisurely, with Mrs. Croker on his arm, and counted them *one, two, three, and one, two, three, four*, and then looked back and repeated the numbers as if for my use, for he thought me feebler than, thank God, I really am. How characteristic this trifle is, both of his precision and his kind attention to others!'

Mr. Croker survived his illustrious friend nearly five years. He died on the 10th of August, 1857, and was buried by the side of his long-lost and never-forgotten son.

In vindicating the memory of Mr. Croker from the studied aspersions that have been cast upon him by both Lord Macaulay and his biographer, we shall doubtless be accused again of 'launching shafts against the literary character of Lord Macaulay.' But some things we have not done, and never will do. We will not launch shafts against the *private* character of any political or literary opponent. We will not brand an antagonist as 'a bad, a very bad, man: a scandal to politics and letters.' We will not threaten 'to dust that varlet's jacket for him,' nor will we exult in 'beating him black and blue.' We will not 'recite in detail any unsavoury portions of a gentleman's private life, which are part of the stock-gossip of every bow-window of St. James's Street.' We will not plead 'incompatibility of moral senti-  
ments



ments' as an excuse for indulging in political and literary animosity. Mr. Croker was as honourable a man as Lord Macaulay himself, and was equally loved and lamented by his relatives and friends. He was the intimate friend not only of the great men we have mentioned, but also of Lord Stowell, Lord Ashburton, Bishop Wilberforce, Sir William Follett, and of many others equally distinguished in politics and letters. If inferior to Macaulay in brilliancy, he was, as a debater in Parliament and the administrator of a public office, decidedly his superior. It is not to be endured that malevolence should run into dogmatism, and that the authority of Lord Macaulay should be evoked in order to support false and railing accusations against the private life of a writer who for fifty years rendered important service to letters and literary men—of a public servant who for more than twenty years discharged the duties of a high and responsible office with honour to himself and advantage to the nation—and of a politician who was twice offered a seat in the Cabinet, and who played a distinguished part in the House of Commons during one of the most momentous periods of our history.

ART. IV.—1. *The Orkneyinga Saga*; translated from the Icelandic by Jon A. Hjalteín and Gilbert Goudie. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Joseph Anderson, Keeper of the National Museum of the Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh, 1873.

2. *Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries; their Age and Uses.* By James Fergusson. London, 1872.

WE gladly welcome this translation of the 'Orkneyinga Saga,' hitherto, as the editor observes, inaccessible to the English reader. It is the chief authority for the history of Northern Scotland during much of the period that it embraces—from the establishment of the earldom of Orkney by Harald Harfagri, in A.D. 872, to the burning of Bishop Adam by the men of Caithness in 1222; and the greater part of what has been written about the earlier condition of Orkney and Shetland by Torfæus, by Barry, Edmonstone and Hibbert, has been drawn from its stores. In its main narrative the Saga is unquestionably to be received as authentic, although, as in all compositions of the same class, which must have been long preserved orally before they were committed to writing, there are occasional confusions of dates which have to be cautiously disentangled (where that  
may

may be possible) by the historical student. But as the Saga nowhere rises to the grand poetry of such a battle-piece as that of Stamfordbridge in the *Heimskringla*—not more to be trusted, as Mr. Freeman has shown, than the picture of any battle in the *Iliad*—the facts with which it deals, often picturesque and romantic in themselves, retain their ancient simplicity, and invite a far greater confidence than many of the narratives imbedded in the great work of Snorri. There is nothing to show where or by whom the Saga was reduced to writing. We have it in a shortened form; for a ‘*Jarla Saga*,’ or ‘*Saga of the Earls*,’ existed before it; and portions of that, preserved in the *Flateyjarbók*, tell the earlier story of Orkney at much greater length. But it was certainly known in Iceland in the first half of the fourteenth century, and its closing chapters could not have been written before 1222. The present translation is clear, accurate, and careful, though it misses the sympathetic rendering of Dr. Dasent’s ‘*Burnt Njal*.’ Mr. Anderson’s introduction is full of valuable illustrations and suggestions; and it supplies, briefly, a continuation of the history of the earldom down to the time (A.D. 1471) when it ceased to form part of the Norwegian dominions.

In the whole range of the countries haunted by the Northmen, and throughout all the seas swept by their ‘dragons,’ there was no more important Viking station than Orkney. The islands formed a central gathering-place, open on one side to Norway and easily accessible thence; whilst the northern coasts of Scotland, the Hebrides, Cumbria, Wales, and Ireland on the one hand, and on the other all the eastern shores of Scotland and those of Northumbria, were open to the summer expeditions of the plunderers, many of whom were fugitives from the oppressions, as they then appeared, of Harald Harfagri. Orkney and Shetland had thus fallen into the hands of the Northmen, and the native races which they found there seem to have been either expelled or slain, when in the year 872, Harald, who had forced all men at home to bow to his sway or to leave the land, resolved to attack in their own strongholds the sea-robbers who plundered the coasts of Norway quite as freely as those of other countries. Harald sailed suddenly with a vast fleet. He fell on the Vikings in all the lands where they had established themselves—Faroe, Orkney, the Lewes, the Western Isles, Man and Anglesea—rooted them out or brought them into subjection, and established, in all, earldoms to be held under himself as King of Norway. The fortunes of these earldoms were various; but that of Orkney grew into a powerful State, the rule of which extended over Caithness and much of Northern Scotland,

The islands were their winter stronghold. They rarely left them during that season, even to cross over to Caithness. In spite of the want of wood and other material, which must have been brought from a distance and with much difficulty, the earls raised their principal 'halls' in Orkney, and there gathered round them at the great Yule feast followers from distant lands—Iceland, Denmark, and England. The central fire was piled with turf; and one of the first earls is known as 'Torf-Einar'—Einar the turf-cutter—since he is said to have first brought turf, not plentiful in Orkney, from the neighbouring mainland. This mainland, including Caithness and Sutherland, names which sufficiently attest their northern colonisation, full of lofty mountain groups, wide lakes, and in those days, of deep fine forests, with its rivers and fiords swarming with salmon, was the hunting-ground of the earls; who, says the Saga, 'were wont every summer to go over to Caithness, up into the forests, to hunt the red deer or the reindeer;' a remarkable passage, which indicates that reindeer lingered in the north of Scotland until at least the latter half of the twelfth century.\* There was no lack of wolves; and the great golden eagle, now rarely seen even in the wildest parts of the country, had its eyry on many a towering crag and mountain rock-wall.

These were the lands which the Saga peoples for us with Northmen of the true type, the same in all respects as they appear in the story of Njal, and in other vivid Icelandic narratives. They are at first presented as fierce heathens, unsparing and savage. The first earl, Sigurd,† who pushed his conquest of Northern Scotland as far as the southern border of Moray, and built a 'borg' there—after fighting and slaying Melbrigd 'of the tooth,' who seems to have been the Scottish Maormar of Mar, rode homeward in triumph with Melbrigd's head fastened to his saddle-strap, each of his men carrying a Scottish head in similar fashion. But the projecting tooth, which gave Melbrigd his by-name, struck into the bare calf of Sigurd's leg. He died of the wound, and was 'hoy-laid' (buried in a how, *haugr*)

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\* 'At veida rauddýri edr hréina' are the words of the original. Whatever doubt might have been felt as to the authority of the Saga in a question of this kind has been set at rest by the discovery, in the refuse heaps of many of the 'brochs,' or Pictish towers, in the north of Scotland, of the horns of the reindeer, sometimes cut and sawn as if for domestic use. In other cases the animals must have been killed while the horns were in the velvet. The reindeer-moss still grows abundantly in Caithness. Mr. Anderson refers to a paper on the 'Reindeer in Scotland,' by Dr. J. A. Smith, in the 8th vol. of the 'Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.' The 'brochs' were occasionally occupied by the Northmen.

† The earldom was first given by Harald Harfagri to Rögnvald, Jarl of Mæri, father of Hrolf of Normandy. Rögnvald passed it at once to his brother Sigurd.

on the Oykel River in Sutherland. At a somewhat later period, Earl Einar offered his enemy Halfdan as a sacrifice to Odin, by cutting what was called the blood eagle on his back with the sword. The hand of these Odin worshippers was heavy against their Scottish neighbours, who were Christians at least in name. Two only of the native chieftains seem to have held anything like friendly relations with the Northmen, and their names are retained in the Duncansbay (Duncan or Dungad's bæ, or dwelling) and Canisbay (Conan's bæ), on the extreme northern coast of Caithness. For more than a century, from 872 to 995, the northern colonisers of Orkney retained their ancient creed, and then in the midst of them appeared Olaf Triggvi's son, himself a new-made Christian, and a new-made King of Norway, with a brief method of conversion, compared to which the three proffers of a Mohammedan conqueror were more than tolerant. The picture is sufficiently striking. Sigurd Hlodverson, who fell in Brian's battle, and in whose favour the mysterious 'grey women' of Caithness 'wove the web and wove the warp,' was then Earl of Orkney. King Olaf came on him at Osmondwall in Hoy, preparing for a war expedition. The earl and his young son went on board the King's ship, and Olaf, who claimed all the Orkneys and Shetland in virtue of his descent from their conqueror, Harald Harfagri, thus addressed him :—

'Since it has so happened, Earl Sigurd, that you have come into my power, you have to choose between two very unequal alternatives. One is, that you embrace the true faith, become my man, and be baptized with all your subjects. In that case, you may have certain hope of honour from me; you shall hold in full liberty as my subject, and with the dignity of an earl, all the dominions which you have had before. And, besides, you will gain what is much more important, namely, to reign in eternal joy in the kingdom of heaven with the Almighty God. Of this you may be sure if you keep his commandments. The other alternative is a very hard one, and quite unlike the former: that you shall be slain on the spot; and after your death I will send fire and sword throughout the Orkneys, burning homesteads and men, unless this people is willing to accept immunity by believing in the true God. And if you and your subjects choose the latter alternative, you and they, who put your trust in idols, shall speedily die, and shall thereafter be tormented in hell fire, with wicked devils, without end.'

Olaf was supported by a large fleet; but Sigurd 'hardened his mind against him,' and refused to leave the faith of his kinsmen and forefathers, because 'he did not know better counsels than they.' By the earl's side stood his young son, whose name, says the Saga (it must have been his 'by'-name), was Hoelp or

Hundi (whelp or hound). Olaf sprang on the boy, and dragged him to the forepart of the ship. There he drew his sword, and swore that he would kill the 'whelp' at once, unless Sigurd would 'listen to his preaching of the blessed message.' The earl cared more for his son than for the faith of his forefathers. He submitted and was baptized; 'and so were all the people of the Orkneys.' Such an enforced baptism, like that of the Saxons under Charles the Great, had more political than religious significance; but it was the measure which Olaf had meted out over his whole kingdom of Norway, and there are many indications that the Christianity of cognate races, long since converted, had begun to filter by various channels into the minds of the Northmen who still held professedly by the faith of Odin and Thor. Sigurd retained his new creed, for the King carried off 'the whelp' as a hostage to Norway. But the boy soon died, and 'after that Earl Sigurd paid no allegiance to King Olaf.' He drew closer such connection as already existed with the crown of Scotland, and married the daughter of Malcolm, King of Scots, under whom their son, Thorfinn, held the earldoms of Caithness and Sutherland.

The Orkneys had known some Christian inhabitants, if not a Christian population, before the conversion of Sigurd. Irish monks and solitaries visited them at least after the settlement of Columba at Hy, and perhaps before that time. They dared these northern seas, as we learn from Adamnan and the geographer Dicuil, making their way in the frailest of coracles round the Scottish coasts to Orkney and Shetland, and then by the Faroes to Iceland. In many of the islands they established cells and oratories; but when the Northmen began to haunt them, they shared the fate of the native inhabitants, and either withdrew or were slain. The Northmen called them *Papas*; and the 'Papeys' in Orkney (so the Saga names the present Papa Westray and Stronsay) were the 'eyar,' the 'isles' of the *Papas*. The name occurs also in Shetland and in Iceland; and Rinansey (Ringansey, St. Ninian's Isle), and Daminsey or Damsey (St. Adamnan's Isle) among the Orkneys indicate the existence of chapels or oratories dedicated during this first Christian period. St. Columba had five chapels in Orkney, and St. Brigid two. The period of Norse Christianity is marked, as we shall presently see, by a strongly national religious feeling, and by dedications in accordance with it. Other evidences of an early and long-continued Christian occupation of Orkney are found in sculptured monuments of the peculiar character belonging to those on the mainland of Scotland—with interlaced work, animals, symbols of unknown significance, figures of ecclesiastics with

with pastoral staves, and Ogham inscriptions. The most important of these stones was discovered in the Isle of Bressay, and is figured by Mr. Anderson. Square-sided bells of a very early character have also been turned up. There can be no doubt, in short, that these first Christian wanderers not only found in Orkney that wild sea-solitude in which the followers of Columba delighted, but also, on some of the islands, a considerable population to profit by their teaching. The barrows and cairns which abound, and, as Mr. Anderson remarks, 'are among the most striking features of an Orkney landscape;' the remarkable towers of defence, 'Borgs' or 'Brochs,' of which that of Mousa in Shetland is the most perfect, but of which the sites of no less than seventy-five exist in Shetland, and seventy in Orkney; and, *pace* Mr. Fergusson, the standing stones of Stennis, and the sepulchral chamber of Maeshow, are—the barrows for the most part, and the other remains entirely—of earlier date than the Norse settlement, and prove an occupation of the islands beginning at an unknown but very early time, and of long continuance. To these remains we shall recur by-and-by. We are left to gather from such evidence as they may afford the condition and the fate of the inhabitants when the Northmen first descended on their coasts. On these subjects the Saga is altogether silent.

That the profession of Christianity enforced by Olaf Tryggvi's son did not at once change the northern nature is sufficiently clear. Earl Sigurd remained perhaps as much a heathen as before; and when he joined King Sigtrygg of Dublin, to fight with him against the Christian Brian Boroimh in the battle of Clontarf, where, in Dasent's words, 'the old and the new faiths met in the lists face to face for their last struggle,' Sigurd was on the side of Odin, who, we are told, himself rode up before the fight 'on an apple-gray horse, holding a halbert in his hand,' to join in the council of war held by Sigtrygg; 'one of the last appearances of the God of battles struggling with the fate which now at last had overtaken him, and helping his own on the very eve of battle with his comfort and advice.\*' Borne before Earl Sigurd in the fight was a raven banner, woven by his mother with mighty spells, which brought death to the bearer, but victory to the host before which it fluttered. It could not save Sigurd. Many Icelanders who had been with him in Orkney, when King Sigtrygg came thither to beg his help, followed him to Dublin; and it was in the earl's hall at

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\* 'Story of Burnt Njal,' Introd. p. cxev.

Hrossey (the mainland of Orkney) that Kari Solmund's son, one of Sigurd's henchmen, but a great wanderer, and a friend of the Iclander Njal 'of the burning,' hearing a certain Gunnar give a false version of the story of Njal's death, suddenly drew his sword, 'and smote Gunnar Lambison on the neck with such a sharp blow that his head spun off on to the board before the King and the earls, so that the board was all one gore of blood, and the earls' clothing too.' The Earl ordered Kari to be seized; but no man touched him, for all said that he had only done what he had a right to do; and he left the hall uninjured. The scene affords a good example of the rude ferocity common to the Northmen of this period, among whom the principles of the new faith were slow to take root, although the ground had long been preparing for them.

Thorfinn, the son and successor of Earl Sigurd, is described in the Saga as 'a man of great stature, uncomely, sharp-featured, dark-haired, swarthy . . . looking like a warrior; greedy of wealth and renown.' He plundered and over-ran much of the mainland, 'all the way south to Fife.' The young sons of this Thorfinn, Paul and Erlend, received Harald Harfagri in Orkney, and went with him to England. Thorfinn's grandson, Magnus Erlendson, became the great saint of Orkney, and of all that portion of North Britain which was more Scandinavian than Scottish. His was one of those nobler northern natures which, as with Gunnar in the Njal's Saga, and with Njal himself, moulded the usual 'stark and stout' daring of the race into a gentleness and courtesy which represented something at least as lofty as the later chivalric ideal. Magnus must have been one of the first of his house to accept the Christian teaching unreservedly, and to act upon its precepts. His cousin Hakon, Paul's son, had still a leaning towards the old belief, and consulted a heathen spaeman in Sweden about his future fortunes. But there must have been an increasing faith in the truth and power of Christianity, or Magnus would not have been recognised as he was, and would never have become the saint 'quem Orcades coluntur,' to quote the collect for his day. That his death and the recognition of his merits were great helps toward a true Christianisation of the north, we may regard as certain; and in that twilight time, when the old faith was little more than nominally abolished, and the merits of the new teaching depended greatly on living example for their appreciation, it is difficult to exaggerate the influence of such a character as that of Njal or of Magnus—felt, it may be, imperfectly at first, but destined to colour the lives of many future generations. The  
great

great church dedicated to St. Magnus at Kirkwall, towering above all other buildings in Orkney, not unfittingly represents the early predominance of its patron.

The name 'Magnus' was introduced to the north by certain followers of Olaf, the saint of Norway, who fell at Stiklastad. Olaf's pattern in life had been the great Emperor Karl, of whom the French have made Charlemagne, and who, it would seem, was only known to Olaf and to his priests as 'Carolus Magnus.' On the birth of Olaf's first son, before they woke the King to announce it, his priests, thinking to please him, baptized the child by what they must have thought was the true name of the emperor—himself held to be a saint, and the copy after which the saint of Norway fashioned his career. They called him Magnus. He was the 'Magnus Barelegs,' who after much adventure became at last King of Norway; and to his connection with the Earls Paul and Erlend, is probably due the name of Magnus given to the son of the latter. There is a distinct Saga of St. Magnus; and in the midst of the legend which naturally gathered round the name of a saint it is not easy to distinguish much more than the main outlines of truth. The Saga, however, so far differs from an ordinary saint's life or legend that it was not the work solely of Churchmen. The clergy in Orkney no doubt greatly influenced it; but it grew up like any other Saga, and the form which the 'telling' finally took differed not at all from that in which the deeds of ordinary heroes were conveyed. Magnus, we are told, 'was of large stature, a man of noble presence and intellectual countenance. He was of blameless life, victorious in battles, wise, eloquent, strong-minded, liberal. . . . To wise men and good he was gentle and affable in his conversation; but severe and unsparing with robbers and Vikings.' He did not shrink from fighting in what he held to be a good cause; but he is first shown to us in different guise. King Magnus Barefoot, on his western expedition in 1098, seized and carried with him the sons of the Orcadian earls. They were thus present at the great battle in Anglesea Sound, in which the King of Norway encountered the two great Norman earls, Hugh of Chester, and Hugh of Montgomery, Earl of Shropshire. 'When the men took up their arms and buckled for the fight, Magnus Erlendson sat down on the fore deck, and did not take his arms. The King asked why he did not do so? He said he had nothing against any one there, and would not therefore fight. The King said, "Go down below, and do not lie among other people's feet if you dare not fight, for I do not believe you do this for the sake of religion." Magnus took a psalter and sang during the battle, and



and did not shelter himself.' But the King was not appeased; and Magnus escaped in the night time, made his way to the King of Scotland, and spent a wandering life until the death of Magnus of Norway, when he returned to Orkney and received his share of the islands, the other half belonging to his cousin, Earl Hakon, Paul's son. It was this Hakon who consulted the spaeman in Sweden; and we shall probably not be far wrong if we regard the ill-will which soon arose between the earls as fostered by two distinct parties—those who inclined, however unconsciously, to the old faith; and those who, with Magnus, and influenced by his example, were steadily Christian. It rose at last to a desperate feud. The two earls opposed each other in arms on the mainland of Orkney, 'where the Thingstead was;' but the fight was warded off, and they separated, to all appearance reconciled. But Earl Hakon 'bided his time.' He appointed a meeting with Magnus on Egilsey, one of the northern islands, so named, possibly, from the church (Eccleis) upon it, in Easter week. Each earl was to have two ships and an equal number of men. Magnus kept faith; and as they were rowing through the narrow water-ways, in calm weather, a great wave rose under the ship which the earl was steering, and broke over it where he sat. Magnus looked on it as a foreboding of death, but went on to the meeting. As they drew near to the island, which was perhaps already crowned by the church with its round tower, the ruins of which are now so prominent in the landscape,\* they saw Earl Hakon coming with at least eight war ships. Then Magnus knew that evil was intended. He walked up to the church with his men, who offered to defend him, but the earl said, 'I will not put your lives in danger for mine, and if peace cannot be established between us, let it be as God wills.' The priest, at his order, 'sang a mass for him;' and then Magnus, with two of his men, went to 'a certain hiding-place' in another part of the island. There Hakon followed and found him; and his men 'ran up with loud yelling and clangour of their weapons.' Magnus was kneeling in prayer. He finished, 'made the sign of the cross,' and then made three offers to Hakon, 'rather than that he should break his oath and slay an innocent man.' He would either go to Rome or Jerusalem, and vow never to return to Orkney; or Hakon might send him to Scotland, and keep him in custody there; or he might be maimed and blinded, and

\* There is nothing in the architecture of this church to fix its date; but it is certainly older than the earliest part of Kirkwall Cathedral. It may have replaced one of the churches or oratories of the 'Papus,' but can hardly be of their erection.

thrown into a dungeon. Of these offers Hakon would only accept the last. But his men would not listen even to that. They declared—it was of course only Hakon's men who spoke—that one of the earls must die, and that there should no longer be two rulers; and Earl Hakon cried, 'slay him then, for I will rather have earldom and lands than instant death.' Then Magnus, asking time for prayer, made himself ready for the end. Hakon ordered his banner-bearer to kill the earl, but he refused 'with anger.' Then Lifólf, the cook, was compelled to the task, and received Magnus's tunic as his pay. And 'when God's friend was led to execution, he said to Lifólf, "stand before me, and hew me a mighty stroke on the head, for it is not fitting that high-born lords should be put to death like thieves. Be firm, for I have prayed to God for you, that he may have mercy upon you." After that he signed the sign of the cross, and stooped under the blow, and his spirit passed into heaven.' The body remained where it fell, until Thora, the mother of Magnus, who had invited both earls to a feast after their meeting, obtained leave to remove it for burial, and it was brought to Christ's Kirk in Birsay. There is a touch of ferocity, almost beyond that of the age, in the fact that Hakon and his men went, after the murder, to Thora's feast; that Thora herself served, and brought drink to the earl; and that it was 'when the drink began to have effect' that she made her prayer for her son's body.

Magnus was at once recognised as a saint, at least by the people. William, the first bishop of the Orkneys, whose 'Cathedral' was Christ's Kirk, 'for a long time disbelieved in the earl's sanctity;' but was converted as, one after another, the usual marvels were developed, which bore witness to the general belief. One of these is very characteristic of the rough, heath-grown Orkneys. The scene of such a 'martyrdom' in more southern lands would have been either represented as always bare of grass, in token of the divine anger; or a spring would have burst forth where the earl's blood fell. But in Egilsey, whereas the place had before been covered with moss and stones, and altogether barren, it was now changed into a plot of the brightest greensward; a proof, says the Saga, that Magnus had obtained 'the beauty and verdure of Paradise, which is called the land of the living.' In Christ's Kirk bright lights and odours, as of heaven, were frequently perceived above his grave, to which pilgrims, mostly from Shetland, soon resorted, and were cured of their ailments—though 'people dared not make this known while Earl Hakon was alive.' But after the death of Hakon (who made the pilgrimage to Rome, and was a 'good ruler')

ruler') a portion of the Orkneys was claimed by a certain Kali, whose father, Kol, living at Agdir in Norway, had married a sister of Magnus the Saint. King Sigurd of Norway recognised him and gave him half the Orkneys, and changed his name to Rögnvald, because the most powerful and prosperous earl had been so called. He did not gain his half of the earldom without much wild struggle and adventure; but at last his father Kol advised him to vow to St. Magnus that if he succeeded in establishing himself in the Orkneys he would build and endow a 'stone minster' at Kirkwall, and dedicate it to the island saint. His next expedition was successful, and he eventually became sole earl. In fulfilment of his vow, he began in 1137 the minster which, with the exception of the great church at Glasgow, is the sole cathedral in Great Britain north of the Tweed that was not ruined after the religious changes of the sixteenth century. The earl provided funds for some time; and when they failed, a mark for each ploughland in the islands was contributed by the odallers for the purpose of carrying on the work. The church remains, a massive and stately building, with portions of various dates; but the part completed by Earl Rögnvald, under the superintendence (as it is expressly said) of his father Kol, is clearly to be distinguished. The (original) choir, the transepts, and the piers of the central tower, are of this time; and are of heavy Norman character, a good deal enriched. Whence the builders or the architect came we do not know; but, as might have been expected, the work presents older features than its known date would indicate. Magnus had been duly canonised in 1135, two years before the church was begun. He had appeared, it is said, in a vision, and had ordered the removal of his relics 'eastward to Kirkwall.' Thus they had perhaps already been brought to Kirkwall from Christ's Kirk in Birsay, and may have been deposited there in the older Church of St. Olaf, which gave name to the place, Kirkin-vagr — Kirkwall — the creek of the kirk. There they may have waited, as St. Cuthbert's body waited at Durham, his mighty cathedral was ready to receive it. At any rate, due season the relics, solemnly enshrined, were brought into new church, and attracted flocks of pilgrims. The see of Orkney bishopric was removed at the same time from ist's Kirk to Kirkwall; and the same Bishop William, who had doubted of St. Magnus's worthiness, was the first to be installed in the cathedral of which his shrine was the chief glory. Both Bishop William and Earl Rögnvald were at last laid to rest within its walls; and the bones of the first Bishop of Orkney were found in 1848, enclosed in a stone coffin, with an inscription

tion which identified them. Restoration has much to answer for, and we do strange things in southern churches ; but since the days of Wyatt the Destructive, we have hardly carted away as rubbish the bones of primitive bishops. When, however, the cathedral of Kirkwall was re-seated in 1856, this was the fate of both stone cist and its contents. That of St. Magnus's relics was probably similar. The great Norwegian church of Trondheim was in building at the same time as that of Kirkwall, and in some parts there is a marked resemblance. Trondheim was made the metropolitan see of Norway in 1154, by Pope Anastasius, and Orkney was then pronounced one of its suffragans. The relics of St. Ólaf at Trondheim, however, fared better than those of St. Magnus. They were reverently interred when the shrine was removed, and have not since been disturbed.

The scale, the dignity, and the art of St. Magnus's Cathedral give us a high idea of the resources and of the importance of this northern earldom in the twelfth century. The principal odallers of Orkney at this time must have been more or less travellers ; but even they must have wondered at the great 'kirk,' as it slowly rose at the head of the harbour, and presented so strange a contrast to the wild land and the stormy seas by which it is surrounded. It can hardly have been completed, though perhaps it was sufficiently advanced to allow of the blessing of the pilgrims within it, when in 1152 Earl Rögnvald, the founder, and Bishop William, with a host of companions and followers, became 'Jorsala-farers,' and set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or as the northmen called it, 'Jorsalaheim.' Earl Rögnvald's pilgrimage had, however, its special northern colouring. In spite of its professed object, and of the Christianity professed by those who joined it, it was to all intents a 'Viking' expedition ; and plunder—or at least gain—was as much in the minds of the company as in that of Swein Asleifson, the last Orkney Viking of the older stamp, who at this very time was robbing by land and sea, and among other fastnesses, established one at a place called Lambaborg, on the Caithness coast—one of those cliff castles whose remains are found all along the northern and western shores of Great Britain—and brought into it whatever he could carry off throughout the country.\* Rögnvald and his men, after duly performing all

\* The story of Swein is much bound up with that of Earl Rögnvald. He fell in Ireland during one of his plundering expeditions, of which he undertook two in each year—the spring and the autumn 'Viking.' In the intervals he sowed and reaped his own ground in Gareksey, one of the smaller Orkneys, doing much of the work himself. The winters he spent in Gareksey, where he kept eighty men, and had the largest drinking-hall in the island. The Saga calls him 'the greatest man in the western lands, either in old times or in the present day, of those who had not a higher title than he had.'

the rites of pilgrimage, returned by 'Mickligard,' Dývaksborg (which must be Durazzo or Dyrachium), and 'Pull' (Apulia), to 'Romaborg' (Rome), and thence proceeded overland to Norway. They had been three years absent. The Saga mentions one curious performance during the bathing of the pilgrims in the Jordan, which shows how completely the Northmen carried with them their home fashions. Rügenvald and another swam across the river, and 'tied knots' in the bushes which over-shadowed the bank. This knot-tying was a half-magical ceremony intended to affect certain persons in Orkney and elsewhere, on whose account it was performed; and to dissolve the spell these persons must untie the knots themselves.\* Another old Norse fashion appeared as they passed into the harbour of Constantinople. They covered their sails with rich silks, and made their ships as bright and as splendid as possible, as Sigurd the 'Jorsala-farer' had done before them.† In all this there seems little enough of the true pilgrim; but Earl Rügenvald, who was killed in Caithness in 1158, was revered as a saint, and was canonised by Pope Celestine III. in 1192. The Saga declares that he was greatly loved in the Orkneys; and the 'holy earl,' as his henchmen called him at once after his death, may have attained his religious distinction partly from his zeal in founding the cathedral of his ancestor St. Magnus, and partly from the accomplishment of his pilgrimage. But in the North, as in Teutonic England, there was a tendency to make saintship hereditary. Harold Ungi, grandson of Rügenvald, who died Earl of Orkney in 1198, was held to be 'truly a saint'; and miracles were reported at his tomb, as well as at that of Earl Rügenvald in the new 'Kirk' of St. Magnus.

The Norse line of the Orkney earls came to an end in 1231; and the Saga closes with the burning of Bishop Adam of Caithness in 1222. To the last the successors of the first earl, Sigurd—from 875 to 1231—displayed all the characteristics of their race; and under them the story of the Orkneys was as wild and stormy as that of the neighbouring Norse lands—Norway itself, Iceland, or Faroe. The earls fell, stabbed or burnt in their drinking-halls, trapped in their 'borgs' on the mainland, or in battle by sea or shore. Few died the 'cow's death' in their beds, so dreaded by the earlier sons of Thor and Odin. The northern ferocity is displayed at the very end of this period, in the mutilation of Jón, Bishop of Caithness, by Earl Harald,

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\* King Sigurd, the 'Jorsala-farer,' also tied knots in willows at the Jordan.

† So Swein Asleif's son, after taking two ships laden with English cloth, when his ships were lying in harbours, 'covered them with the cloth to make a show; and when he returned to Orkney the cloth was sewed on the sails.'

about the year 1200,\* and in the burning of Bishop Adam by the 'bøendr' (farmers) of Caithness, in 1222. This bishop had been Abbot of Melrose, and may well have regretted leaving the comparative quiet of Tweedside.

Although the whole of Scotland was then a wild country, in which a mixture of races, Celts, English, Normans, were slowly welding into nationality, the remoter districts, Caithness and its southern division—'Suther'-land—were by far the wildest. The power of the Scottish King in Caithness, although he was the recognised suzerain, was but slender, unless at such times as he showed himself in the country with an army at his back. The Norse earls, who held Orkney from Norway and Caithness from Scotland, had made their position on the mainland good in the earlier Celtic days, before Norman feudalism changed the relations of the several provinces to the King. They remained more than half independent; throwing over their rule in Caithness much of the distinction which belonged to them in Norway as Earls of Orkney. They had precedence of all the Norwegian nobles, and their title was the only hereditary one permitted in Norway to a subject not of the blood-royal. The real power of the earls is thus sufficiently indicated; and it did not cease when the earldom passed, by marriages at long intervals, to the Houses of Angus and Strathearn, and at last to the St. Clairs. Shetland had been taken from the Orkney earls by King Sverrir of Norway, in 1195, and remained in the immediate possession of the Crown. The Isle of Man and the Sudreyar passed altogether to Scotland in 1266, a result of the defeat of Hakon at Largs; but the Orkneys continued Norwegian until 1468, when, together with the Shetland Isles, they were pledged for the dowry of Margaret, daughter of Christian I., who was to marry James III. of Scotland. William St. Clair was then Earl of Orkney; in 1471 James III. gave him the castle and lands of Ravenscraig, in Fife, in exchange for all his rights to the earldom, which was thenceforth annexed to the Scottish crown. The St. Clairs had possessed it long enough to blend much wild Norse superstition with the traditions of their ancient house; and the tomb-fires of earlier days have

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\* The penance prescribed by Pope Innocent III. for the man who cut out the bishop's tongue is almost as savage as the deed, and suggests the old French saying, 'Au corbeau, corbeau et demi.' He was to march for fifteen days through the district of the bishop, barefoot and scantily clothed, 'having his tongue tied by a string, and drawn out so as to project beyond his lips, and the ends of the string bound round his neck.' In his hand he was to carry rods for his scourging at every church door; and he was to fast till evening, then taking only bread and water. There were other severities, besides an order to set out for Jerusalem, and there labour for three years in the service of the Cross.

occurred, as well as from indications of the weathering of the stones previous to their being inscribed, that when the runes were cut the chamber was roofless, and partially filled up with rubbish.'

Such is the 'Orkahaug,' the great sepulchral chamber of Maeshow. It need hardly be said that the date and origin of so remarkable a monument have provoked no little speculation. The name 'Orkahaug' occurs but once in the Saga, where it is said that Harald Maddadson, who after the return of Rögnvald from the East, disputed the possession of part of the islands with him, crossed with four ships from Norway, and 'spent the Yule holiday at Orkahaug.' The meaning of the first part of the word is not clear. It may, as Mr. Anderson suggests, have some analogy with the old English 'weorc,' 'worc,' and refer to the vast labour of raising such a 'haug';\* and certainly the Runic inscription (one of those on the walls of the chamber) which assigns it to the 'sons of Lodbrok' implies that, to the writer at least, it was of unknown and mysterious age. The 'Jorsala-farers' were those who accompanied the 'blessed earl,' Rögnvald; and we know from the Saga that, after they crossed from Norway, they remained for some time in Orkney, and were just the set of wild adventurers ready to break open so promising a 'haug' in search of 'gold and fee.'

At the first glance it would certainly seem most probable that the assemblage of so many rude monuments within so narrow a space, and in a corner of the island otherwise so little remarkable, must have been due to one people; and that for some especial reason the tract had been thus set aside for sepulchral or religious purposes. But there is good reason for believing that, while the conoid barrows, so far as they have been examined, are probably Norwegian, the other remains—stone circles, great sepulchral chamber, and lesser tumuli—belong to a different race or races, and are earlier than the first Viking plunderings or settlements in Orkney. And here we join issue with Mr. Fergusson, whose book we have placed at the head of this article. Whilst admitting that the lesser tumuli, with their urns and burnt bones, are Pictish or prehistoric, he regards the stone circles, the conoid barrows, and Maeshow, as erections of the Northmen during the years which elapsed between their first arrival in Orkney and their enforced conversion to Christianity in 995. But for this, ex-

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\* One cannot but suspect, however, that there is some connection with the general name of the islands. 'Orkney' is, of course, the form given by the Northmen to the ancient name, which the Romans made 'Orcas,' 'Orcades.' This may be originally Celtic; but the meaning is not clear. (May not 'Orkahaug' be the 'house of the ship' = örka?)

cepting in the case of the conoid barrows, we can find no sound evidence whatever: and such light as the written records afford seems to lead to a very different conclusion. Stenness is not mentioned at all in the 'Orkneyinga Saga'; but in the Saga of Olaf Tryggvi's son it is recorded as the place where Havard, son of Earl Thorfinn Hansakliuf, was killed in battle with his nephew Einar. Havard, it is said, 'was then at Stæinsnes, in Hrossey. There it was that they met, and there was a hard battle, and it was not long till the earl fell. The place is now called Havard's teigr.' This was about the year 970. The word 'teigr' means a single share or allotment of the tun or town land, and there is still a place at Stenness known as Havard's teigr. Mr. Fergusson decides that Havard was buried in Maeshow; that the great circle of Brogar was the monument of other chiefs who fell in the battle, and that the conoid tumuli are also relics of this time. The Stenness circle he believes to have been erected as 'the monument of some chief who fell here in an earlier fight.' The stone of Odin, and the superstitions connected with it, are proofs, in his judgment, that this circle, like the other, was raised by the Northmen.

To this we answer, that the name of 'Stæinsnes' (the 'ness' or headland of the 'stones'), given to the place in the Saga, is a proof, so far as any such written statement can be a proof, that it was so called by the Northmen from the stone circles which they found there, and that they were altogether ignorant of their history. The name of Havard has never been connected with Brogar or with Maeshow; and it is especially to be noted that while Havard's teigr is on one side of the loch of Stenness, Maeshow is on the other, and nearly a mile distant. Mr. Fergusson insists very strongly on the fact that Cæsar makes no mention whatever of the great stones at Carnac, although he waged war against the Veneti in that quarter, and concludes that those wonderful monuments cannot have existed in pre-Roman times. But the silence of Cæsar on that subject is not half so remarkable as the silence of the Saga about Stenness and Maeshow, supposing those monuments to be of the age to which Mr. Fergusson assigns them. No one, we believe, who is familiar with the 'Orkneyinga Saga' and its brethren, can doubt that the raising of the circle and of the great tomb-chamber would have been duly recorded, if they had really been connected with Havard's battle, or with the Northmen at all. This, indeed, is an objection which applies to many of Mr. Fergusson's theories; and it is certainly unfortunate for them that neither the Northern Saga in this case, nor, in others of similar character, the 'Saxon Chronicle,' 'Early Welsh Poems,' or indeed any ancient authority

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—have a word to say about the rude stone memorials, which, as he believes, were so often raised, and in such startling proportions, as the records of a battle-field. No such tradition even, relating to them, has been handed down in popular ballad, in mediæval lay, or in existing folk-lore. But the Sagas are minute in their recollections; the tombs and the memorials of their heroes are frequently noticed; and these Orkney relics are unclaimed by them. The Saga must, therefore, be regarded as either implying, by its silence, that the monuments are not Norwegian, or as altogether neutral and conveying no information whatever. We believe that the silence is significant, and that the scanty evidence to be gathered from the remains themselves tends also to the conclusion that they belong to an earlier race. There is, moreover, one great fact which ought surely to make us pause before we venture to assign Maeshow to the Norwegian period. Nothing like such a sepulchral chamber has as yet been found in Iceland, where chiefs more powerful and wealthy than Havard died and were buried before Christianity approached them; in East Anglia or in Northumbria, both partly colonised by Northmen, and those ‘mighty men of renown;’ or, lastly, in Norway itself. The wooden tomb-chamber of Queen Thyra, the companion of that, as yet unopened, of Gorm the Old, must be allowed its due weight; but although it is distinctly asserted that some of the first earls of Orkney were ‘haug-laid’—that is, buried in a ‘haug’ or how—those hows which have been opened in the islands, and are allowed to be Scandinavian, contain nothing at all resembling Maeshow. On the other hand, other monuments of a very similar class do exist in different parts of the Orkneys—the ‘Picts’ houses,’ which have already been mentioned. These are, as has been clearly ascertained, chambered cairns or barrows, like Maeshow, and consist invariably of a central chamber or passage, round which smaller cells are arranged with more or less regularity.\* A section of any one of them shows that Maeshow was not only roofed in a similar manner, but that it possesses all the usual characteristics of a ‘Pict’s house.’ It has been built with more than ordinary care, and the

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\* The ‘Picts’ houses of Orkney’ have been described by Mr. George Petrie in the ‘Archæological Journal,’ vol. xx.; and in ‘Memoirs of the Anthropological Society,’ vol. ii. Some of the most important are figured, and sections of them are given, in Lieut. Thomas’s paper on the ‘Celtic Antiquities of Orkney,’ ‘Archæologia,’ vol. xxxiv. The Pict’s house in Papa Westray is not less remarkable than Maeshow, and is even more impressive. The group of chambered cairns on the mainland of Caithness (described by Mr. Anderson—‘Anthrop. Soc. Memoirs,’ vol. ii.—and in the ‘Proceedings of the Soc. Antiq. Scot.’) are somewhat different in arrangement, and seem more to resemble the subterranean gallery and chambers at Trulowarren, in Cornwall.

side cells or 'loculi' are on a higher level than the floor of the central chamber. In these respects it differs from the others; but a due comparison will show that Maeshow and the Picts' houses must have been built by the same people. We may be told that this people cannot have been the Picts, because similar constructions are not found in those parts of Scotland where the power of the Picts—(remembering the dire conflict in the dining-room at Monkbarns, we write the word in fear and trembling)—was most developed. But neither do we find there the stone 'borgs' or towers of defence, the remains of which are so numerous in Orkney and Shetland, and which are admitted on all hands to be pre-Norwegian. The race which could raise such towers does not deserve to be called 'wretched,' and must have been quite equal to constructing a great tomb-chamber.

We would gladly have lingered still among these remote islands—

'Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding.'

There is something strangely attractive about their rocky shelves, their tumbling seas, and the wild story of their earlier days, which so well harmonises with the landscape. But Mr. Fergusson's remarkable book claims the rest of our space; and its subject is, as we have seen, so closely connected with some of the most interesting questions relating to the history and antiquities of Orkney, that it may not unfairly be considered in the same article. The volume has long demanded attention at our hands; none the less, because some portions of the theory which it contains had already been set forth by the author in papers contributed to this 'Review.' Mr. Fergusson finds himself much in the position of 'Athanasius contra mundum.' He is on one side; the historians and antiquaries of Europe—we believe without exception—are on the other; and yet, unable as we are to accept the curious series of propositions advanced by him, we believe that his book is a most valuable one, and that it has already done good service. He would himself be among the first to admit that the questions he has started require for their full elucidation infinitely more light than we can as yet bring to bear on them; but when any branch of knowledge has reached a certain point, the study of it may derive no small stimulus and advantage from a summary of what is really known about it, even when such a summary is accompanied by theories which are at least strange and novel. Attention is strongly called to the subject—at any rate, when the skill of the theorist is so marked as in the present case;—discussion is awakened; and much new information is quickly added

added to the store. This is exactly what Mr. Fergusson has done for 'Rude Stone Monuments' in his remarkable work, which entitles him to the gratitude of all archaeologists. His is, we believe, the first book in this or in any other country which has treated the subject as a whole, and which, not content with a dissertation on Stonehenge or an essay on Carnac and 'dracontia,' has extended its observation not only throughout Europe, but to the shores of Africa, to Syria and India, wherever, in short, any remains of this class are known to be in existence. The one path, he says, that can lead to an explanation of these megalithic antiquities,

'is a careful examination of each individual monument, accompanied by a judicial sifting of all or any traditions that may attach to it, and aided by a comparison with similar monuments in other countries. By this means we have a chance of arriving at a fair proximate degree of certainty; for though no one monument will tell its own tale directly, a multitude of whispers from a great number may swell into a voice that is clear and distinct, and be audible to every one; while no system yet invented, and no *à priori* reasoning, can lead to anything but deepening the ignorance that now prevails on the subject.'

Such an examination affords, beyond all doubt, the only chance of plucking out the heart of this ancient mystery. But whether, when all is done, the whispers will ever swell into an audible voice is by no means so certain. As yet, however, we do not know what rude stone monuments may exist over whole surfaces of the globe, often perhaps where a 'whisper' might be expected of especial value and distinctness. Central Asia, for instance, is almost a blank in this respect; and although Mr. Fergusson has gathered much valuable illustration from India, our curiosity is rather excited than satisfied by such notices of stone monuments as have reached us from that quarter. There must be much more to be sought out and described. We receive most gladly, however, the information which Mr. Fergusson has here given us. He has been blamed for admitting into his volume such an illustration as that of the 'Dolmen of San Miguel,' at Arrichinaga in Biscay, and certainly the enormous stones in the midst of the hermitage look as if they might have received some exaggeration at the hands of the French artist; or as that of the wonderful dolmen at Confolens in Poitou, where a rude cap-stone is supported on four Gothic pillars. Such startling examples, it has been said, should have been illustrated by drawings made at first-hand, and thus supported by safe authority, or not at all. It is true that we cannot but look on them with great distrust, and should like to know more about them than we get from the French descriptions; but the fact

fact of their republication here has necessarily brought them into notice, and will soon give us accurate information, if it has not already done so.\* We are told whence the drawings come and can judge for ourselves. In some of the African examples, where Mr. Fergusson admits that he has brought a little more into harmony 'plans and elevations so entirely discrepant that one or both must be wrong,' the treatment is far more doubtful. They should have been given precisely as in the original drawings. But the long series of illustrations with which the volume is enriched, gathered as they are from all manner of sources, and ranging over such various countries, is alone a contribution of infinite value toward the study of the monuments. It is impossible but that many facts, overlooked or imperfectly understood, should be rendered clear by such a comparison as is here made easy for us. Many remains, too, hitherto little known, are carefully described; and the grouping of the monuments throughout those countries of Europe where their extent and distribution have been tolerably well ascertained, has been recorded in a manner hitherto, we believe, unattempted. The map of the distribution of dolmens—by which name foreign antiquaries, and Mr. Fergusson, call those monuments which are generally known in this country as cromlechs—shows clearly the districts to which they are confined, and suggests at a glance many questions about them, far more easily asked than answered. It is when Mr. Fergusson discusses historical questions, and brings theory to bear on his facts, or on what he supposes to be facts, that we part company with him. It is not easy to bring under one view the special theory which the book is designed to maintain; for Mr. Fergusson nowhere draws it out clearly, and we are left to

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\* In the case of the Confolens dolmen this result has happily been attained. This very remarkable monument has been carefully planned by the Rev. W. C. Lukis and by Sir Henry Dryden; and those who are acquainted with the minute accuracy which distinguishes all the work of the latter most zealous and laborious antiquary will know at once that in his hands we are safe. The capstone is certainly supported on shafts, which must date from the end of the twelfth, or beginning of the thirteenth, century. But there is more than this to be noticed. A rude Christian altar remains under the great capstone; and persons are yet living who recollect that the whole structure was enclosed by a wall, which was the relic of a chapel like that at Arrichinaga. Moreover, the supporting shafts are of different lengths; and it is impossible to suppose that the dolmen would have been so constructed if it had been altogether a work of the twelfth or thirteenth century. The conclusion at which Mr. Lukis and Sir Henry Dryden have arrived is, that the dolmen had been, from heathen times, an object of superstition; and that the clergy, at the later period, in order to Christianise and utilise this superstition, took away one by one the original rude-stone supports, inserted the present shafts, and then enclosed the whole in a chapel, making the dolmen serve as a baldachino to the altar. It is not necessary here to state the various points of evidence on which this conclusion is founded.

gather it as a whole from passages scattered up and down the volume. It is, however, so important to understand what he considers to be the 'audible voice' of these rude stone monuments, so far as we are at present acquainted with them, that we must attempt to render it as distinct as possible.

We have, at the beginning, three propositions laid down, which 'it is hoped we may be able to prove as we advance in this inquiry.' These are—

'First, that the rude stone monuments are generally sepulchral, or connected directly or indirectly with the rites of the dead.

'Secondly, that they are not temples in any usual or appropriate sense of the term.

'Lastly, that they were generally erected by partially-civilized races after they had come in contact with the Romans, and most of them may be considered as belonging to the first ten centuries of the Christian era.'

It is this final proposition that is so novel. The line of argument, or rather the series of statements by which it is sought to be established, is as follows—

Rude stone monuments, in all their varieties, have arisen from an especial reverence for the dead; 'one of those peculiarities which, like speech, distinguish mankind from the lower animals, and which are so strangely overlooked by the advocates of the fashionable theory of our ape descent.' But all mankind do not reverence their dead to the same extent. The earlier, underlying races, whom we have been in the habit of calling Turanian (it must be remembered that, throughout, we are giving Mr. Fergusson's statements, and, for the most part, in his own words) have been the great tomb-builders,—the Chinese, the Mongols, the Egyptians, the Pelasgi, the Etruscans, and the races, whoever they were, who preceded the Celts in Europe. Some, or all of these, must have been in the habit of raising sepulchral tumuli, containing great stone chambers, from a very early period; and the great Pyramid of Gizeh must be the lineal descendant of such a rude-chambered tumulus or cairn. The so-called Treasury at Mycenæ, or the great Etruscan tombs, like that at Cære, are examples of the style in an earlier stage, for Mr. Fergusson considers that a 'style' is as distinctly traceable in these monuments as in Gothic architecture. The Aryan occupation of Greece put a stop to the tomb-building propensities of the people; but in Italy the more numerous population of Rome eagerly adopted the funeral magnificence of the Etruscans, and their tumuli became magnified under the Empire into such monuments as the Tomb of Augustus, or the Mausoleum of Hadrian. The use of stone, however,

however, for sepulchral monuments, was not apparently primæval, although, with some races, it must have been early developed. The earlier races of northern and western Europe were probably content with mere earthen tumuli until a period somewhere about the beginning of the Roman Empire. These races may by that time have become much intermixed with Celts and others who conquered and partly expelled them; but they retained that ancient Turanian disposition toward ancestor-worship and funeral pomp which inclined them to accept eagerly such suggestions for the use of stone in their tombs as would occur to them either from the sight of Roman buildings, or from the direct instructions of foreign visitors. Accordingly, we find in Gaul a great band of dolmens or cromlechs, stretching across in a north-westerly direction from the shores of the Mediterranean to the extreme promontories of Brittany. The builders of these dolmens were in all probability the descendants of the cave men whose remains have been detected in such quantities on the banks of the Dordogne and other rivers in the south of France, in the Ardèche, and in Poitou. They have not, it is true, been found as yet in Brittany, but that may be because they have not been properly looked for. Over much of this district the particle *ac* occurs as a termination, and this is probably a relic of the same people. There is also, in the dolmen regions of the south of France, a series of churches of peculiar architectural style. The typical example is the church of St. Front, Périgueux. These churches all have domes, and the pointed arches of the earlier ones 'look very much more as if they were derived from the horizontal arches of the tumuli than from the radiating arches of the Romans.' Moreover, in the south-west of France, in the heart of the dolmen district, was the only stronghold of Gallic Protestantism. The Celt passed easily from the hierarchy of the Druids to that of Rome; but it required the crusades of Simon of Montfort, and the exterminating wars against the Camisards of the Cevennes to extirpate the faith of this people,—descendants, or at least retaining some of the blood, of the cave men, and thus belonging to one of the least progressive people of the earth. That these dolmen-builders did not use stone for their sepulchral monuments until a comparatively late period is evident from the fact that the dolmens, gradually dying out in the north-east provinces of France, disappear altogether in what is now Belgium, but are found again in great numbers in North Holland and Mecklenburg. The Belgæ, therefore, must have cut this cave people in two before they had begun to erect dolmens; otherwise those monuments would occur in Flanders and in South Holland.

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This primitive 'ac' people were not the same as the Ibero-Aquitaniens, or as the Spanish Iberians. But these Iberians were also Turanians, that is, they were a dead-reverencing, ancestral-worshipping race, who, like the 'acs,' 'had not in pre-historic times learnt to use stone for the adornment of their tombs.' Nevertheless, cromlechs exist in Portugal and in the Asturias. To these remote regions the Iberians fled from Carthaginian and Roman conquerors; 'but the great migrations are probably due to the intolerance of the early Christian missionaries.' And they did not make even this 'finis terræ' the limit of their wanderings. A certain D. O'Campo informs us that the Siluros (Siluri) of Spain, a Biscayan tribe, joined with another named the Brigantes, migrated to Britain about 261 before our æra. This, therefore, was the original source of those British races. At a later period, probably about the first century of our æra, Spanish (Iberian) colonies reached Ireland. This was the famous 'Race of Heremon,' the true Milesians, who founded Tara, and as 'veneratores lapidum' brought with them from Spain the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, which now reposes under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. They must have learnt the use of stone grave-chambers before they left Spain, but not long before. To them are due the great dolmens and chambers of Ireland, such as New Grange and Dowth. There is, however, a remarkable group of rude stone monuments—dolmens within circles, dolmens on steps, tumuli crested by dolmens—in Algeria, and along the northern shore of Africa. These monuments are apparently later than those in France or in Spain. Like the Irish examples, they are probably the work of Iberians or Ibero-Aquitaniens, who fled from Gaul before the conquering Celts, but who must have learnt the art of dolmen-building at a much later period, ready as they were to receive it, from their Turanian descent and sympathies.

Between Gaul and North Germany and Scandinavia there is, as we have seen, a region without stone monuments—the modern Belgium. But in Denmark, in Norway, and Sweden, and along the southern coast of the Baltic they abound. The races by whom those in Denmark and the Scandinavian peninsula were erected were not Turanian; but they must have been much intermixed with precedent races of Turanian descent, otherwise they would hardly have taken so kindly to the erection of stone monuments when at last—not much, if at all, before the Christian æra—their use was introduced among them.\* The warlike

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\* We hope we are not here misrepresenting Mr. Fergusson. He does not, indeed, anywhere say distinctly that the Scandinavian races were mixed with Turanian; but he clearly implies as much (or so it appears to us) in more than one passage.

character of these northern races is impressed upon their monuments. Among them, and not in the south of Europe, we encounter great assemblages of cairns, circles, upright stones, and other memorials, marking the sites of battle-fields—such as that on the heath of Braavalla in Ostergothland, or those on the battle-fields of Northern and Southern Moytura in Ireland, relics of the Tuatha da Danann, who were probably Danes. To these northern races, or to others more or less connected with them, belong those remarkable alignments or rows of upright stones, of which the most famous examples are at Carnac in Brittany, but which also occur in England, notably on Dartmoor, and in the north of Scotland. They also mark battle-fields; and even the largest and most extensive are such as an army of victorious soldiers might raise in a few days. It is possible that Celts may have adopted these forms, and we may perhaps thus account for their appearance on Dartmoor and in Brittany. But the Celts of Britain seem especially to have affected great circles. Such are Stonehenge and Avebury—erected by Romanised Celts at some unknown period after the departure of the legions. Such circles are unknown in Gaul, where dolmens abound; and in Britain, the dolmens, crossing into Cornwall, pass up the western side of the island, and are almost confined to it. This was the country of the Silures—the Spanish immigrants, already mentioned.

But, with very few exceptions, all these rude stone monuments, both in Europe and in Africa, are little, if at all, earlier than the opening of the Christian era. This is partly to be explained by the fact that about that time the ruder peoples of the West and North came into contact with Rome; and that such of them as retained Turanian instincts were attracted by the Roman use of stone, especially in sepulchral monuments, and themselves adopted it. There was, however, another, and a far more remarkable influence, operating in the same direction. To trace this we must go to India, where the number of rude stone monuments is probably as great, or even greater, than that of those to be found in Europe. But, as a rule, these are not of any high antiquity. The Aryans of Northern India, and the people incorporated with them, were never builders of such monuments. Whoever built them were Buddhists; ‘for Buddhism and such structures must always have gone together.’ They are not of great age, for the dolmens of the Nilgiri hills are sculptured with figures resembling those on other monuments in the plains, which are known to be not more than 500 or 1000 years old; and Christian crosses and dolmens are mixed together very curiously on the banks on the Godavery, and are  
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to all appearance of the same date, indicating perhaps the sepulchres of a community of native Nestorian Christians. But, again, a certain class of dolmens so closely resembles those Buddhist dagobas which consist of hemispherical domes surmounted by a square box-like appendage, called a Tee, and surrounded by two or three rows of tall stone pillars, that it is impossible to doubt that one is a direct imitation of the other. The dolmen, in fact, is a rude copy of the dagoba. But similar dolmens are found in Algeria, in Auvergne, and elsewhere. There must, therefore, have been some connection between the East and the West, and this after the establishment of Buddhism; and we find it again in 'the amount of pure Buddhism which crept into Christianity in the early age of the Church.' 'It is probably not too much to assert that at least nine-tenths of the institutions and forms which were engrafted on pure evangelical Christianity in the Middle Ages, are certainly derived from Buddhist sources.' Monasticism, the segregation of the clergy from the laity, the adoration of the Queen of Heaven, canonisation, and relic worship, are all forms and institutions borrowed directly from the East; and about the same time there may have been a direct influence exercised by the East on the Western stone monuments. The Turanian blood remaining in the veins of certain of the races who inhabited Europe in the Middle Ages rendered it easy for the preaching or doctrines of Buddhist missionaries or Turanian tribes to strike a responsive chord in their hearts. They had already learnt the use of stone from the Romans; some peculiar forms, the use of holed stones, and the external dolmens on the summits of tumuli, came to them from the Buddhists. Finally:—

'From shortly before the Christian era, till the countries in which they are found became entirely and essentially Christian, the use of these monuments seems to have been continual, whenever a dolmen-building race—or, in other words, a race with any taint of Turanian blood in their veins—continued to prevail. This, in remote corners of the world, seems to have extended in France and Britain down to the eighth or ninth century. In Scandinavia it lasted down to the eleventh or twelfth, and sporadically, in out-of-the-way and neglected districts, as late both in France and Great Britain.'

Such, then, is Mr. Fergusson's theory of rude stone monuments. His various propositions are advocated with great ingenuity, and supported by such evidence as appears to him sufficient; though, as we have before said, in this respect he stands almost, if not quite, alone. As for Buddhism, he admits that, although 'no one probably who knows anything of the subject' would

would dispute that the Mediæval Church borrowed many of its forms from it, yet that—

‘You may wade through all the writings of the Fathers, all the ponderous tomes of the Bollandists, without finding a trace, or even a hinted suspicion, that such a transference of doctrine took place. Except from one or two passages in Clemens of Alexandria, we should not be able to show that before the time of Constantine the nations of the West knew even the name of Buddha, much less anything of his doctrines. . . . It is in vain therefore to hope that any allusion will be found to the influence Eastern forms may have had on the sepulchral monuments of Northern Africa or Europe.’

We doubt, however, whether any scholar, with the exception of Mr. Fergusson, would admit that evangelical Christianity became at any time overlaid with Buddhism. But, indeed, this Buddhistic and Turanian theory—of which we cannot understand the connection, for Buddhism was in no sense a Turanian religion, but rather essentially Aryan—involves difficulties which appear to us insurmountable. We have, for example, to suppose that these Turanian races of the West, unprogressive as they were, were ready to receive the first hint of the use of stone from Rome; but throughout all the ages of their former existence in Europe (and if they were the ‘cave men,’ it is difficult to reckon the length of time) had never encountered or accepted, from any quarter, the faintest suggestion towards a similar result. We have also to believe that, after the hint was given, they made no attempt to imitate even the simplest Roman buildings; but at once adopted the rudest forms of stone-work, mysteriously directed, we must suppose, by their Turanian instincts. And looking farther back, we are bound to accept Pelasgians, Etruscans, and divers other races, as Turanian, or at least none Aryan, although the best scholars hesitate to pronounce one way or the other; above all, we have to get over this remarkable fact, that among the existing European races (with the exception of the Basques), which are purely Turanian or non-Celtic, these stone monuments are either absolutely wanting, or have not as yet been discovered. Finns and Magyars know nothing of them; and even in Biscay, where they are found, they are by no means so numerous as in Portugal or in Granada. Their absence in the extreme north of Europe, where the Finns to this day retain much of their ancient heathenism, is especially remarkable—if, as we are bound by Mr. Fergusson’s theory to believe, it was an admixture of Finnish blood which made the Scandinavians so ready to accept the use of these stone monuments. But among these primitive races, so conservative of tradition and of ancient usages, so  
little,

little, in fact, progressive, there are no traces of so much as an abandoned or forgotten use of them. Even the Basques, so far as we know, connect no superstitions with the monuments which do exist in their country. M. Michel, who has gathered a great mass of folk-lore in his volume on 'Le Pays Basque,' has nothing whatever to say about the great stones. We do not, of course, mean to imply that these pre-Celtic people nowhere and at no time erected them; but when it is sought to confine their use to Turanian or prehistoric races, and yet to make them of a date so comparatively recent, these considerations are entitled to some weight.

We are, in fact, at issue with Mr. Fergusson on the very foundations of his theory. He seeks to explain history by the monuments; we would explain the monuments by history, wherever that is possible. Thus, instead of finding the influence of Turanian blood in the domed churches of Aquitaine, we should refer them to builders who, for reasons which might probably be ascertained by due research, were affected by traditions from Byzantium or Venice. Mr. Fergusson is indeed far too much disposed to ignore the labours of those inquirers who of late years have done so much for the period of European history between the first centuries of the Christian era and the reign of Charles the Great. He insists, again and again, on the little knowledge we have of that time, and on the state of utter barbarism into which the greater part of Europe was then plunged. But although there are indeed certain tracts where the illumination is but scanty, and although the condition of this island after the departure of the Romans is one of them, the fact is that we do know much; and that to throw together the centuries from A.D. 100 to A.D. 800 as alike dark and little understood, is to confuse periods after a fashion quite impossible to a sound historical student. No one that we know of has ever ventured to suggest that the great stone circles in England were 'temples' of our heathen English ancestors; yet mingling Britons and English till they become undistinguishable, Mr. Fergusson wishes to imply that if Bæda in describing the temple at Godmundingham, or Gregory the Great in writing to Mellitus, refer to enclosed and covered temples as those of the 'idolaters,' therefore the megalithic monuments, Stonehenge, and the great circles open to the sky, cannot in any sense have been 'temples' of the Britons. We do not say that they were; but the sacred sites of English heathendom had nothing whatever to do with those of the Britons whom the invaders supplanted. Mr. Fergusson seems to think there was little difference; and after quoting the edicts of sundry councils against the worship of  
stones

stones and other natural objects, he adds that the Christian priests 'do not tell us what the form of that worship was; they did not care, and perhaps did not know. Nor do we; for except an extreme veneration for their dead, and a consequent ancestral worship, mixed with a strange adoration of stones, trees, and fountains, we do not know what the religion was of these rude people.' The decrees of these councils belong to various years, and to various northern countries, England among them; and thus the labours of such men as Grimm, Kemble, and Freeman, who have sought, and as we fancied, not without success, to tell us something of Woden and Thor and their brethren, are set aside in a paragraph. We are not indeed quite certain whether Mr. Fergusson considers 'these rude people' to have retained their ancient heathenism unaffected by Christianity, or whether he believes in a sort of eclecticism; but as he afterwards refers to the 'pagan population' as clinging to these rude stone monuments with tenacity, we may suppose that he means the former. But England, even Danish England, was not professedly heathen in the days of Canute, when one of these edicts was issued; and it would seem that this is an example of what we note throughout the book—an inability to recognise heathenism in its degraded condition of superstition and 'folk-lore.' Of course this was more prevalent and more dangerous in the seventh and eighth centuries than when Christianity had become more firmly established; but it was against remains of the ancient faith that these edicts were directed, and not against heathenism in full power. We have seen to how late a period traces of the old creed lingered on in Orkney. Mr. Fergusson apparently insists that wherever it appears that especial reverence has been paid to a stone monument, it must have been raised by the people so reverencing it. This is his argument with respect to the stone of Odin at Stenness. But certain superstitious principles, if we may so call them, are widely spread; and a group of mysterious and rugged stones, like some of these great dolmens or alignments rising on solitary moors or on remote storm-swept coasts, would be very apt to excite the imagination of any rude people, more especially if they had no knowledge or tradition of how the monuments came there. Thus, assuming the vast stones in the hermitage at Arrichinaga to be really there, however exaggerated by the artist whose design Mr. Fergusson has copied, it by no means follows that when the chapel was built over them the people of the country were pure heathens, any more than in the case of the Church of Cangas de Onis, near Oviedo, built on a mound containing a remarkable dolmen which now serves as crypt. Ancient superstitions may have hovered  
about

about these monuments, but the superstitions may have been those of a race later than, and quite distinct from, the original builders. So with the French dolmen at Confolens, raised on its Gothic shafts; which, as we have seen, is, in the judgment of the latest and most capable examiners, an example of mediæval reverence for a stone connected with the local folk-lore. Still less can we accept such a 'demi-dolmen' as that at Kerland in Brittany, with a crucifix raised on its higher end, as having been always a Christian monument. Mr. Fergusson thinks it 'inconceivable from what motive any Christian could have erected a cross on a pagan monument of this class, if it really were one.' But there is direct evidence that the first Christian preachers in Brittany did 'mark with the sign of the cross' certain stones venerated by the people. There is a 'pregnant' passage to this effect in the life of St. Samson of Dol, who when journeying through a wild part of Brittany, found the inhabitants performing some religious ceremonies about an idol (*simulachrum*) connected with a 'standing stone.' He persuaded them to overthrow the idol, but not the stone, which he stamped with a cross. This sign, which was cut into the rock, the nearly contemporaneous biographer says he had seen and felt.\*

Such a notice as this has an important bearing on the date of the monuments. This is a part of the subject on which we had intended to dwell more at length, and with especial reference to the examples in this country; to Stonehenge, which Mr. Fergusson thinks was first raised as the monument of Uther Pendragon—a somewhat mythical personage; to Avebury, which he holds to be the memorial of Arthur's 'twelfth and greatest' battle; and to the circles in Cumberland and in Somersetshire, which he supposes to be also 'Arthurian.' The great stones are themselves silent; and if we cannot positively say they are not of this period, it seems far less safe, in the absence of anything like direct evidence, to assert the contrary. The difficulties attending this theory of the very late post-Roman origin of these monuments are very great, and have been pointed out in many quarters since the appearance of Mr. Fergusson's book. We would rather draw attention to one or two points which, as it seems to us, have been clearly brought out in his volume. Thus he has shown, what of course was known before, but has never had the importance given to it which it deserves, the

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\* *Vidit ante eos in cujusdam vertice montis simulachrum abominabile adistere in quo monte et ego fui, signumque crucis quod sanctus Samson sua manu cum quodam ferro in lapide stante sculpsit adoravi, et mea manu palpavi.*—*Vita S. Samsonis*, ap. Mabillon, *Acta Sanct. Ord. Benedict.*, i. p. 166. This life, according to Mabillon and D'Achery, was written 'ab auctore anonymo subsequenti.'

certainly

certainly late date which must be assigned to many of the Scandinavian monuments, like those, for instance, on Braavalla Heath—the records of a battle which occurred not later than A.D. 750. They still demand a thorough examination, and the historical conclusions of the earlier northern antiquaries, which Mr. Fergusson regards as so satisfactory, since they ‘had no doubt’ as to such a monument being the tomb of such a chief, would demand a criticism not less searching than that which has been applied of late years to the mediæval annalists of Scotland. But the late date of many of the Scandinavian monuments seems to be fixed beyond much doubt. We may safely admit, therefore, that the use of some varieties of these memorials continued far into the Christian era; but there is no evidence—certainly we do not gather any from Mr. Fergusson’s book—which can induce us to assign their beginning in Western Europe to any positive period. They may be, so far as we can see, of any antiquity, and they may have been erected by many different races.

The resemblance between a Buddhist dagoba, some Indian dolmens, and some found in Africa and in Europe, is another fact which, however we choose to explain it, is clearly shown, and we believe for the first time, by Mr. Fergusson. He argues, that as stone buildings were unknown in India before the Bactrian conquest, and as certain of the Cingalese dagobas indicate by the construction of their rails that they were imitations in stone of a wooden building, therefore these Indian dolmens which resemble them are later than the introduction of stone, and are copies from the dagoba. A people accustomed to build with wood will no doubt sometimes continue to imitate their ancient carpentry in stone, after they become accustomed to its use. The Etruscans certainly did so, and it was clearly the case in India. But the imitation of a dolmen from a dagoba is something very different. It is the rude structure copying from the more perfect; and in the absence of direct evidence we should rather believe that the dagoba was a development from the rude and primitive dolmen. But on this future explorers may throw more light. The resemblance, at all events, is clear, and it is not the only mark of similarity between the stone monuments of the East and those of the West. Certain of the Indian dolmens have one of their stones pierced with a circular opening; and in this respect resemble others in Circassia and in Western Europe, as at Trie in France, and at Trevelth in Cornwall. There are others in which these apertures are much enlarged; and one of these in the Coorg country, figured by Mr. Fergusson, has a far away ‘double’ at Plas Newydd in Anglesea.

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In bringing out such relations as these Mr. Fergusson has done excellent service. But when he insists on the sufficiency of his theory, and declares that if it does not indicate the truth about these monuments, nothing is to be known about them, and that it is hopeless to investigate them farther, we cannot follow him. He cannot reconcile himself to ignorance. For our part, while admitting the strange attraction of these silent memorials, and the strong inducement there is to weave theory upon theory around them, we are contented to remain in uncertainty as to their age and origin, hoping much from continued research, from an accurate description of the rude stone monuments, wherever they are found, and from a careful comparison of them.

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ART. V.—*Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor.* 2 vols. Boston. 1876.

THE broad general impression left by the *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* is admiration blended with surprise at the number, variety and select character of his friends and correspondents as well as the wide range of his attainments: at his exceptionally favourable reception in foreign countries as well as the many excellent qualities of head and heart which caused him to be so highly esteemed and valued in his own. Go where he will, from his first appearance in European society to the last, he is invariably accepted as a welcome guest or associate, and mixes on a perfect footing of equality with the noblest, the most distinguished, the most gifted, the most illustrious of the land. It was his fortunate lot to have known the notabilities of three generations in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, and Spain; to have lived intimately or conversed familiarly with Byron, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Hallam, Malthus, Mackintosh, Jeffrey, Lewis, and Macaulay: with Benjamin Constant and Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand and Madame Récamier: with Guizot, Thiers, Tocqueville, and Lamartine: with Goethe, the Schlegels, Tieck, Blumenbach, Savigny, William and Alexander von Humboldt, Niebuhr, and Voss: with Manzoni, Pellico, and Niccolini: with Pozzo di Borgo, Ancillon, Metternich, Antonelli, and Cavour. Princes and fine ladies pay court to him as well as statesmen and men of letters: he has the entrée of the most exclusive houses in the most exclusive capitals: he is made free of the Faubourg St. Germain; and he is taken to Almack's in the height of its absolutism by a patroness.

‘ When

'When I went into Spanish society [he sets down at Madrid, in his Journal for 1818] it was at the houses of the Marquis de St. Iago, the Marquis de Sta. Cruz, at Mr. Pizarro's, the Prime Minister's, at the Duchess d'Ossuna's, &c. &c. I mention these because they are the best.' He might have made a similar entry at almost every European capital; and the attentions showered upon him were widely different from those which are ordinarily paid to foreigners bringing good letters of introduction. He converts the best of his casual or passing acquaintances into fast friends; and we find him repeatedly domesticated at such country-houses as Bowood, Hatfield, Woburn, Wentworth, Althorp, Chevening, Lagrange (Lafayette's), Val Richer (Guizot's), and Schloss Tetschen, the magnificent seat of the Counts Thun on the Elbe.

Where was the attraction? What was his 'Open sesame' to all hearts and all houses? There was nothing striking or winning about him in look, air, or manner. He had no wit, humour, or vivacity, and very little of what could fairly be called conversational power. To say the truth, he was voted rather heavy in hand in circles which are caught more by quickness of perception, fertility of fancy and flow of language, than by extent of knowledge or solidity of thought. 'What have you done?' was the startling apostrophe of a Frenchwoman to Mackintosh, 'that people should think you so superior?' 'I was obliged,' he says, 'as usual, to refer to my projects.' If the same question had been put to Mr. Ticknor in the height of his social successes, he must have been driven to the same reply, for his 'History of Spanish Literature,' on which his literary reputation rests, was not published till 1849, when he was fifty-eight years of age. There is a French novel, called *L'Art de plaire*, in which the hero gains all hearts and suffrages, male and female, and wins his way to every object he is bent upon, by an adroit system of flattery, by leaving people always pleased with themselves and by a natural train of association with him. Mr. Ticknor had too much self-respect, too much dignity of character, too little pliancy or suppleness for this. What was it then?

'Wherefore? you ask. I can but guide your guess.  
Man has no majesty like earnestness.'\*

Mr. Ticknor was the personification of earnestness. His distinctive merit was a lifelong devotion to high objects. He traversed Europe exclusively bent upon these. He never prized

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\* 'The New Timon.'



or courted rank, wealth, or fashion for their own sakes ; although he wisely used them as means to an end, especially when found in union with learning, cultivation, accomplishment or worth ; thereby practically confirming the author of 'Lacon : ' ' In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest : not that the highest are always the best, but because, if disgusted with them, we can at any time descend ; but, if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. *In the grand theatre of human life a box-ticket carries us through the house.*'

Mr. Ticknor was also endowed with an excellent understanding, extraordinary powers of observation and discrimination, a wide range of sympathies controlled by good feeling and good sense, a lofty spirit of independence, and a genuine disinterested admiration for genius and virtue. He seems to have been instinctively drawn towards superior natures without regard to clime ; and as this got known or felt, it became a compliment to be sought by him, and a kind of self-flattery to seek him out.

Whether we have hit upon the true solution of the problem will best appear from his life and opinions, of which we propose to give as full an account as our limits will permit, simply premising that this is one of the instances in which the reviewer should rely mainly on selection and quotation ; for, independently of the biographical interest, we have rarely met with a richer repository of anecdotes, speculations, reflections, and remarks, moral and critical, than are comprised in the two closely-printed volumes before us. Another reason for being liberal in quotation is that no English edition has yet appeared.

The opening chapter is headed 'Birth and Parentage—Autobiographical Sketch.' The citizens of the United States, all democrat or republican as they may be, attach rather undue importance to gentle birth. A transatlantic Warren has published a handsome quarto to prove that the Earl de Warrenne of the Plantagenet times (who left no issue), was his lineal ancestor ; and we have seen a royal octavo, 'The Brights of Suffolk,' by a Bright of Boston, which tacitly repudiates (by not naming) the chief English illustration of the race. It was a relief, therefore, to find Mr. Ticknor disclaiming at once all pretensions to a pedigree by stating that his grandfather was a farmer, and that his father, after graduating at Dartmouth College and becoming principal of the Franklin Public School in Boston, felt his health unequal to the labour of teaching, and went into business as a grocer, in which he continued for seventeen years, *i.e.* till 1812, when he retired on a property 'sufficient for his moderate

moderate wants and simple tastes.' The occupation of a retail trader seems to have implied no social inequality, for Mr. Elisha Ticknor, the father, lived familiarly with the best of his townspeople, and indeed took the lead amongst them by superior mental training and enlightened zeal for improvement. Thus, he was one of the originators of an excellent system of primary schools, and, with his friend John Savage, the joint founder of the first New England savings-bank. Mr. Ticknor's mother also belonged to a family of farmers, and was employed as a school teacher till, still in her teens, she married a physician, named Curtis, who died in 1784, leaving her a widow with four children, and no property besides a very good house, in which she immediately set up a school for girls. It filled rapidly, and she grew so fond of her original occupation that she continued it for some time after her marriage with Mr. Elisha Ticknor, which took place in 1790. The subject of this biography was the only son of this marriage.

With such parents, he was more likely to suffer from an excess of teaching than the lack of it. His father, he says, fitted him for college. He never went to a regular school. President Wheelock, Professor Woodward, and others connected with Dartmouth College, who were in the habit of making his father's house their home in the long winter vacations, took much notice of him; and the Professor, after examining him in Cicero's Orations and the Greek Testament, gave him a certificate of admission before he was ten years old. 'Of course,' he adds, 'I knew very little, and the whole thing was a form, perhaps a farce. There was no thought of my going to college then, and I did not go till I was fourteen; but I was twice examined at the college (where I went with my father and mother every summer) for advanced standing, and was finally admitted as a junior, and went to reside there from Commencement, August 1805.' He learnt very little at college. 'The instructors generally were not as good teachers as my father had been, and I knew it.' He consequently took no great interest in study, although he liked reading Horace, and had mathematics enough to enjoy calculating the great eclipse of 1806, and make a projection of it which turned out nearly right. To supply the deficiency in classical acquirement with which he left college, he was placed under Dr. John Gardiner, of Trinity Church, who was reputed a good scholar, having been bred in the mother country under Dr. Parr.

'I prepared at home what he prescribed, and the rest of the time occupied myself according to my tastes. I read with him parts of Livy, the "Annals," of Tacitus, the whole of Juvenal and Persius,

the "Satires" of Horace, and portions of other Latin Classics which I do not remember. I wrote Latin prose and verse. In Greek, I read some books of the "Odyssey," I don't remember how many; the "Alcestis," and two or three other plays of Euripides; the "Prometheus Vincetus" of Æschylus; portions of Herodotus, and parts of Thucydides,—of which last I only remember how I was tormented by the account of the Plague at Athens. This was the work of between two and three years.'

This sinks into insignificance in comparison with the juvenile acquirements of Macaulay or John Stuart Mill, but was a sufficient preparation for the immediate career marked out for him, and formed no bad foundation for the superstructure he was subsequently led on to raise upon it. In 1810, after residing with Dr. Gardiner for three years, he entered the law office of William Sullivan, son of Governor James Sullivan, and one of the most popular lawyers in Massachusetts.

'I read law with some diligence, but not with interest enough to attach me to the profession. I continued to read Greek and Latin, and preferred my old studies to any other. The only law-books which I remember reading with much interest were Plowden's "Reports," Blackstone's "Commentaries," Saunders's "Reports," in William's edition, and Coke in black letter, which I think I never mastered.

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'It was 1813 when I was admitted to the bar, and I immediately opened an office in Court Square, near where Niles's Block stands now, having for a neighbour in the same building Mr. Alexander H. Everett, who had also studied with me, under Mr. Sullivan's auspices. We neither of us were earnest in the study of our profession, but I did rather more law business than he did, and, at the end of a year, paid the expenses of the office, such as rent, boy, &c.

'But I tired of the life, and my father understood it; for I was very frank with him, and told him—what he knew very well—that I was more occupied with Greek and Latin than with law-books, of which he had given me a very good collection.'

Nine young men out of ten who give up a regular calling or profession for literary pursuits are actuated by indolence or vanity, or an unlucky combination of both; and a still greater proportion are pretty sure to discover in the long run the truth of Sir Walter Scott's saying, that literature is a good staff but a poor crutch. But Mr. Ticknor, we are quite ready to believe with his biographer, gave up the law, not from a fickle temper or a restless and dissatisfied spirit, not because he preferred of indolence and ease to a life of toil, but because, upon reflection and experiment, he was satisfied that he should be more useful and happy as a man of letters than as a lawyer.

'He

'He saw that the country would never be without good lawyers, because the bar presented such powerful attractions to able and ambitious young men ; and that it was in urgent need of scholars, teachers, and men of letters, and that this want was much less likely to be supplied.

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'This change in the plan of life involved a change in the course of study. If he were to be a scholar, and not a mere literary trifler, he must prepare himself for his new calling by diligent study, and must go where the best instruction was to be had,—to Europe, and first of all to Germany.'

It is a curious illustration of the literary or linguistic poverty of Massachusetts fifty years since that, when he resolved to study German, he was obliged to procure a text-book in one place, a dictionary in a second, a grammar in a third. His views were directed to the German Universities in general by Madame de Staël's '*De l'Allemagne*,' published in 1813 ; and to the University of Göttingen in particular, by a French pamphlet, describing its courses of study, confirmed by an English friend, who expatiated on the treasures of its library. In July 1814 he wrote to a friend, a young lawyer :

'My plan, so far as I have one, is to employ the next nine months in visiting the different parts of this country, and in reading those books and conversing with those persons from whom I can learn in what particular parts of the countries I mean to visit I can most easily compass my objects. The whole tour in Europe I consider a sacrifice of enjoyment to improvement. I value it only in proportion to the great means and inducements it will afford me to study—not men, but books. Wherever I establish myself, it will be only with a view of labour ; and wherever I stay,—even if it be but a week,—I shall, I hope, devote myself to some study, many more hours in the day than I do at home.'

His father, after taking counsel with Dr. Gardiner, Chief Justice Parker, and other friends, cordially fell in with his plan, and placed an income at his disposal sufficient to save him from that necessity of hurrying prematurely into print which has compelled so many promising aspirants to fritter away their intellectual resources by anticipation or (as Clare complained) 'forestall the blighted harvest of the brain.' He could wait till his taste was formed and his mind was full. The Boston of his youth was not deficient in culture, and he was domesticated in its best circles, but he says his first real sight and knowledge of the world was in the winter of 1814–15, when he made a journey through Virginia as far south as Richmond, provided with excellent letters of introduction.

Some

Some of these were given him by John Adams, the successor of Washington in the Presidency. His parting interview with this distinguished personage is thus described :

‘Soon after I was seated in Mr. Adams’s parlour,—where was no one but himself and Mrs. Adams, who was knitting,—he began to talk of the condition of the country, with great earnestness. I said not a word; Mrs. Adams was equally silent; but Mr. Adams, who was a man of strong and prompt passions, went on more and more vehemently. He was dressed in a single-breasted, dark-green coat, buttoned tightly, by very large, white, metal buttons, over his somewhat rotund person. As he grew more and more excited in his discourse, he impatiently endeavoured to thrust his hand into the breast of his coat. The buttons did not yield readily: at last he forced his hand in, saying, as he did so, in a very loud voice and most excited manner, “Thank God, thank God! George Cabot’s close-buttoned ambition has broke out at last: he wants to be President of New England, sir!”

‘I felt so uncomfortably, that I made my acknowledgments for his kindness in giving me the letters, and escaped as soon as I could.’

His impressions of things and people during this home tour are as vivid and (many of them) as well worth preserving as those which he formed and recorded in the course of his European travels. At Philadelphia he dines with a large party at Mr. Daniel Parish’s, and (he naively adds) for the first time in his life saw a full service of silver plate for twenty persons, and a well-trained body of servants in full livery with epaulets. At Washington he dines with the President, Mr. Madison, in a party of about twenty, mostly members of Congress, who seemed little acquainted with each other and were some of them unknown to their host even by name.

‘Just at dark, dinner was announced. Mr. Madison took in Miss Coles, General Winder followed with Mrs. Madison. The Secretary invited me to go next; but I avoided it, and entered with him, the last. Mrs. Madison was of course at the head of the table; but, to my surprise, the President sat at her right hand, with a seat between them vacant. Secretary Coles was at the foot. As I was about to take my place by him, the President desired me to come round to him, and, seeing me hesitate as to the place, spoke again, and fairly seated me between himself and Mrs. M. This was unquestionably the result of President Adams’s introduction. I looked very much like a fool, I have no doubt, for I felt very awkwardly.’

The awkwardness soon wore off, and he found the President more free and open than he expected, starting subjects of conversation and making remarks that sometimes savoured of humour  
and

and levity. 'He sometimes laughed, and I was glad to hear it, but his face was always grave.' His next visit was to Jefferson, the successor of Adams and predecessor of Madison in the Presidency, who was then living at Monticello, as he had christened a villa or country-seat constructed half-way up a mountain :

'We had hardly time to glance at the pictures before Mr. Jefferson entered ; and if I was astonished to find Mr. Madison short and somewhat awkward, I was doubly astonished to find Mr. Jefferson, whom I had always supposed to be a small man, more than six feet high, with dignity in his appearance, and ease and graciousness in his manners. . . . He rang, and sent to Charlottesville for our baggage, and, as dinner approached, took us to the drawing-room,—a large and rather elegant room, twenty or thirty feet high,—which, with the hall I have described, composed the whole centre of the house from top to bottom. The floor of this room is tessellated. It is formed of alternate diamonds of cherry and beech, and kept polished as highly as if it were of fine mahogany.'

The pictures were mostly portraits, including those of Columbus, Americus Vespuccius, Magellan, Lafayette, and Franklin. The library, consisting of about seven thousand volumes, was arranged in the catalogue and on the shelves according to the divisions and subdivisions of human learning by Lord Bacon.

'Perhaps the most curious single specimen—or, at least, the most characteristic of the man and expressive of his hatred of royalty—was a collection which he had bound up in six volumes, and lettered "The Book of Kings," consisting of the "Mémoires de la Princesse de Baireuth," two volumes ; "Les Mémoires de la Comtesse de la Motte," two volumes ; the "Trial of the Duke of York," one volume ; and "*The Book*," one volume. These documents of regal scandal seemed to be favourites with the philosopher, who pointed them out to me with a satisfaction somewhat inconsistent with the measured gravity he claims in relation to such subjects generally.'

The night before he left, a guest brought the 'astounding' news of the defeat of the English before New Orleans. Mr. Jefferson had made up his mind that the city would fall, and told Mr. Ticknor that the English would hold it permanently, or for some time, by a force of Sepoys from the East Indies. The general impression of the great man is hardly in keeping with the part played by him in American history, unless large allowance be made for eccentricities.

At George Town Mr. Ticknor is present at the hearing of a case before the Supreme Court, in which Dexter, Pinkney, and Emmet (the son-in-law of Curran) were engaged : advocates, all three, whose memory is still cherished in the traditions of the transatlantic

transatlantic bar. His spirited sketches of them afford ample proof that he had already acquired the art of drawing scenes and characters with a firm and discriminating touch. Equally good is his portrait (February 1814) of Jeffrey, who had just crossed the Atlantic to bring home a bride.

'You are to imagine, then, before you, a short, stout, little gentleman, about five and a half feet high, with a very red face, black hair, and black eyes. You are to suppose him to possess a very gay and animated countenance, and you are to see in him all the restlessness of a will-o'-wisp, and all that fitful irregularity in his movements which you have heretofore appropriated to the pasteboard Merry Andrews whose limbs are jerked about with a wire. These you are to interpret as the natural indications of the impetuous and impatient character which a further acquaintance develops.'

The qualities, real or supposed, of 'the Abraham of the Edinburgh Review,' as he is termed, are delineated, refined upon, shaded off, and contrasted through more than three pages, which conclude thus:

'You will gather from these desultory and diffuse remarks, that I was very much delighted with Mr. Jeffrey. . . . All that he knew—and, as far as I could judge, his learning is more extensive than that of any man I ever met—seemed completely incorporated and identified with his own mind; and I cannot, perhaps, give you a better idea of the readiness with which he commanded it, and of the consequent facility and fluency of his conversation, than by saying, with Mr. Ames, that "he poured it out like water."'

Mr. Ticknor set sail for Europe on the 16th of April, 1815. When he left Boston, Buonaparte was in Elba. In May 1815, the first thing he heard on entering the Mersey was that Buonaparte was in Paris, and all Europe again in arms.

'Even in this age of tremendous revolutions, we have had none so appalling as this. We cannot measure or comprehend it. . . . When Napoleon was rejected from France, every man in Christendom, of honest principles and feelings, felt as if a weight of danger had been lifted from his prospects,—as if he had a surer hope of going down to his grave in peace, and leaving an inheritance to his children. But now the whole complexion of the world is changed again. . . . God only can foresee the consequences, and He too can control them. Terrible as the convulsion may be, it may be necessary for the purification of the corrupt governments of Europe, and for the final repose of the world.'

These reflections are in every way creditable to him as a high-  
 ed man of deep feeling and comprehensive views. Strange  
 there were many distinguished Englishmen, more or less  
 warped

warped by party prejudices, who differed from him. He found Mr. Roscoe opposed to the war, and, much to his surprise, urging the usual Whig arguments against it. Mr. Roscoe, however, was mild and philosophical. Not so Dr. Parr, whom Mr. Ticknor saw at Hatton on the way to London. 'Sir,' said he, in his solemn dogmatical tone, with his peculiar lisp, which always had something droll about it—'thir, I should not think I had done my duty if I went to bed any night without praying for the success of Napoleon Buonaparte.' Mr. Ticknor's first evening in London was spent at the theatre, where he saw Miss O'Neil in 'The Gamester,' and cried like a schoolboy, 'to the great amusement of the John Bulls who were around me in the pit.' As his stay in London little exceeded a month, he must have made good use of his time, for we find him on a footing of easy familiarity with most of the leading notabilities before he left.

'June 19.—Among other persons, I brought letters to Gifford, the satirist, but never saw him until yesterday. Never was I so mistaken in my anticipations. Instead of a tall and handsome man, as I had supposed him from his picture,—a man of severe and bitter remarks in conversation, such as I had good reason to believe him from his books,—I found him a short, deformed, and ugly little man, with a large head sunk between his shoulders, and one of his eyes turned outward, but, withal, one of the best-natured, most open, and well-bred gentlemen I have met. He is editor of the "Quarterly Review."

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'He carried me to a handsome room over Murray's bookstore, which he has fitted up as a sort of literary lounge, where authors resort to read newspapers and talk literary gossip. I found there Elmsley, Hallam,—Lord Byron's "classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek," now as famous for being one of his lordship's friends,—Boswell, a son of Johnson's biographer, &c., so that I finished a long forenoon very pleasantly.'

This is from his Journal. In the next entry, June 20th (the date is important), he called on Lord Byron with an introduction from Mr. Gifford; and here again his anticipations proved mistaken, as he found the noble poet 'remarkably well built, with the exception of his feet, with a round, open, and smiling face instead of a sharp and anxious one, eyes light instead of black, and easy and careless instead of forward and striking.' The conversation wandered over many subjects, but nothing new or original is reported as said on either side, till Sir James Bland Burgess came suddenly into the room and said abruptly, "My lord, my lord, a great battle has been fought in the Low Countries, and Buonaparte is entirely defeated."

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We can hardly believe that Major Percy spoke of our having had the worst of *the* battle on the 16th and 17th, as the British held their ground at Quatre Bras on the 16th, and repelled every attempt of the French cavalry to annoy or check them as they fell back on the chosen position of Waterloo on the 17th. Nor was there any time during the course of the great day when the troops lost confidence in their commander or despaired of the result. There are three regiments of Guards: Cooke's division comprised battalions from each; and Hougomont was held by the Guards. They suffered less than several other regiments, the heavy cavalry, for example; and the Duke's despair at their supposed destruction is incredible. Whether the famous 'Up, Guards, and at them,' was ever uttered, has been disputed, but that they were there to answer to the call, and that they did 'up and at them' is beyond a doubt. The final advance along the whole line did not take place till about eight o'clock, when the last really desperate effort of the French had been repulsed, and the Prussians were beginning to operate in force upon their flank. The English charge was then admirably well timed and in no sense desperate: so much the contrary, that a Prussian writer of authority declares it to have been a superfluous movement dictated by political considerations, the day having been already decided by his countrymen.\*

It was not at all like the Duke to be sitting at the window in the night. 'He retired to bed, worn out with fatigue and exertion. He slept till an hour which was late for him, that is to say, at seven next morning, when Dr. Hume arrived to make his report, and found that his chief was not yet stirring.'† Major Percy spoke in a very different tone to members of his family by whom notes of his conversation were taken at the time; and we suspect either that Mr. Ticknor's 'only second-hand' information underwent material changes on its way to him, or that he occasionally completed his journal from memory some days subsequently to that on which any given entry professes to have been made. Whether this was or was not his habit, his reflections and views are equally valuable; and we place full reliance on his reminiscences when they relate to literary and other subjects with which he is too familiar to be easily misled. Thus we have no doubt he has accurately reported what Southey told him at Keswick in 1819, touching the events of 1815.

He said that in the spring of 1815 he was employed in writing an

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\* M. de Bernardi, 'Staaten Geschichte,' vol. vii.

† 'Life,' by the Rev. Dr. Gleig, p. 273.

article for the "Quarterly Review" upon the life and achievements of Lord Wellington. He wrote in haste the remarkable paper which has since been published more than once, and the number of the "Review" containing it was urged through the press, so as to influence public opinion as much as possible, and to encourage the hearts of men throughout the country for the great contest.

'At the same time a number of the "Edinburgh" was due. Sir James Mackintosh had written an able and elaborate article, to show that the war ought to have been avoided, and that its consequences to England could only be unfortunate and inglorious. The number was actually printed, stitched, and ready for distribution; but it was thought better to wait a little for fear of accidents, and especially for the purpose of using it instantly after the first reverse should occur, and to give it the force of prophecy.

'The battle of Waterloo came like a thunder-clap. The article was suppressed, and one on "Gall and his Craniology" was substituted for it. There it may still be found. I think Mr. Southey said he had seen the repudiated article.'

What is termed the Byron Mystery is no longer a mystery to those who have read the correspondence, published and unpublished; especially the letters from both husband and wife to the sister, Mrs. Leigh. It was merely, what Moore calls it, a strong case of incompatibility. Lady Byron left a troubled home, where she was under constant apprehension from alternate fits of passion and depression, for a quiet one (her father's), where she was sure of being petted and indulged. It was Lord Byron's temper and state of mind, when half-maddened by the presence of bailiffs in his house, not any specified act or cause, that justified her in her own eyes in consulting her comfort at the expense of his reputation. But he spoke the melancholy truth when he said that the real explanation lay too much upon the surface to be accepted; and the general voice will still have it that some appalling secret died with Dr. Lushington.\* Mr. Ticknor's impressions of the pair, and the footing on which they stood a few months previous to the quarrel, are therefore well worth hearing. In reference to his first visit (June 20th) to Lord Byron, he says:—

'While I was there, Lady Byron came in. She is pretty, not beautiful,—for the prevalent expression of her countenance is that of ingenuousness. "Report speaks goldenly of her." She is a baroness

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\* Lady Byron's letter to Mrs. Villiers (printed in the 'Quarterly Review' for January 1869, p. 232), stating that not one of the current reports had been sanctioned or encouraged by her family or her friends, is a decisive proof that she had not made the supposed communication to Dr. Lushington. A disclaimer to the same effect, signed by her, was subsequently placed in the hands of Mr. Hobbhouse (Lord Broughton) by Mr. Wilmot Horton.

in her own right, has a large fortune,\* is rich in intellectual endowments, is a mathematician, possesses common accomplishments in an uncommon degree, and adds to all this a sweet temper. She was dressed to go and drive, and, after stopping a few moments, went to her carriage. Lord Byron's manner to her was affectionate; he followed her to the door, and shook hands with her, as if he were not to see her for a month. . . .

'June 26.—I passed the greater part of this morning with Lord Byron. When I first went in, I again met Lady Byron, and had a very pleasant conversation with her until her carriage came, when her husband bade her the same affectionate farewell that struck me the other day.'

On going by invitation to Lord Byron's private box at Drury Lane to see Kean, he finds nobody but Lord and Lady Byron, and her father and mother. 'Lord Byron was pleasant, and Lady Byron more interesting than I have yet seen her.' Lord Byron evidently took to him, and laid himself out to be agreeable to him.

'After all, it is difficult for me to leave him, thinking either of his early follies or his present eccentricities; for his manners are so gentle, and his whole character so natural and unaffected, that I have come from him with nothing but an indistinct though lively impression of the goodness and vivacity of his disposition.'

Mr. Ticknor saw a good deal of Sir Humphry Davy, whom he describes as one of the handsomest men he had seen in England, delighting to talk about Italy, Rome, and the fine arts.

'It seemed singular that his taste in this should be so acute, when his professional eminence is in a province so different and remote: but I was much more surprised when I found that the first chemist of his time was a professed angler; and that he thinks, if he were obliged to renounce fishing or philosophy, that he should find the struggle of his choice pretty severe.

'Lady Davy was unwell, and when I was there before, she was out, so I have not yet seen the lady of whom Madame de Staël said, that she has all Corinne's talents without her faults or extravagances.'

Madame de Staël may have said this, which was quite in her manner, but it was notoriously contrary to the fact; for Lady Davy had none of the talents or genius of Corinne (whom Madame de Staël intended for herself), and was remarkable for singularities of the ridiculous kind, which Corinne's never were. His description, when he has seen her, is sufficiently flattering:—

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\* We need hardly say that Mr. Ticknor was misinformed as to Lady Byron's inherited peerage and large fortune in possession in 1815.

'She

'She is small, with black eyes and hair, a very pleasant face, an uncommonly sweet smile, and, when she speaks, has much spirit and expression in her countenance. Her conversation is agreeable, particularly in the choice and variety of her phraseology, and has more the air of eloquence than I have ever heard before from a lady. But, then, it has something of the appearance of formality and display, which injures conversation. Her manner is gracious and elegant; and, though I should not think of comparing her to Corinne, yet I think she has uncommon powers.'

Sir Humphry Davy stated that, when he was at Coppet, Madame de Staël showed him part of a work on England similar in plan to her '*De l'Allemagne*,' but to be only two-thirds as long. Mr. Murray said that she had offered it to him and had the conscience to ask four thousand guineas for it. Lord Byron states in his *Journal* that she also spoke of it to him.

Amongst the men of mark who contributed to Mr. Ticknor's store of anecdotes was West.

'June 23.—We spent half the forenoon in Mr. West's gallery, where he has arranged all the pictures that he still owns. . . . He told us a singular anecdote of Nelson, while we were looking at the picture of his death. Just before he went to sea for the last time, West sat next to him at a large entertainment given to him here, and in the course of the dinner Nelson expressed to Sir William Hamilton his regret, that in his youth he had not acquired some taste for art and some power of discrimination. "But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a paint-shop where your '*Death of Wolfe*' is in the window, without being stopped by it." West, of course, made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more like it. "Because, my lord, there are no more subjects." "D—n it," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that," and asked him to take a glass of champagne. "But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me such another scene; and, if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you?" said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's,—"*will you, Mr. West? then I hope that I shall die in the next battle.*" He sailed a few days after, and the result was on the canvas before us.'

Mr. Ticknor left England in June and reached Göttingen, *viâ* Rotterdam, the Hague, Leyden, and Amsterdam, on the 15th August, 1815. Göttingen was then the leading university of Germany: it was the goal of his wishes when he left home, and on arriving there he felt, we are told, like the pilgrim who had reached the shrine of his faith. His genuine love of knowledge and zeal for improvement are proved by the unshrinking assiduity with which he devoted himself to study, after what would have been to most men of his age the enervating influence of society. He rose regularly

regularly at five and went to bed at ten ; parcelling out more than twelve of his working hours between Greek, German, theology, natural history, and general literature. As to acquaintance and visiting, he says, 'If a man who means to have any reputation as a scholar sees his best friend once a week, it is thought quite often enough.' He rarely met his friend and countryman, Everett, except at the fencing lessons which they took for exercise, and on Sunday evenings, which they commonly spent at Blumenbach's, Heeren's, or Eichhorn's. At the end of the first six weeks they took a five days' holiday to visit Hanover, where they made the acquaintance of Count Münster, Minister of State or Premier, and Madame Kestner, the original of Goethe's Charlotte. Of Count Münster (the father of the German Ambassador now accredited at St. James's) he speaks in complimentary terms, adding, 'I shall not soon forget the praise which Blumenbach gave him, that he is a minister who never made a promise which he did not fulfil.' The most amusing of his personal reminiscences of the Göttingen professors relate to Blumenbach, whose fund of animal spirits was inexhaustible and found vent in jokes or mystifications at the expense of the young American.

'Every day he has something new and strange to tell ; and as he takes a particular delight in teasing me, he commonly relates something out of the way respecting our North American Indians, which by a dexterous turn he contrives to make those present think is equally true of the citizens of the United States, and ends by citing some of the strange opinions of Buffon or Raynal to support himself, and put me out of countenance.'

Porson used to say that, familiar as he was with Greek, he never read a Greek play with the same facility as a newspaper. If there was a better contemporary Grecian in the world than Porson, it was Wolf, and he made tacitly a similar admission.

'When I was in Göttingen, in 1816, I saw Wolf, the most distinguished Greek scholar of the time. He could also lecture extemporaneously in Latin. He was curious about this country, and questioned me about our scholars and the amount of our scholarship. I told him what I could,—amongst other things, of a fashionable, dashing preacher of New York having told me that he took great pleasure in reading the choruses of *Æschylus*, and that he read them without a dictionary ! I was walking with Wolf at the time, and, on hearing this, he stopped, squared round, and said, "He told you that, did he?" "Yes," I answered. "Very well : the next time you hear him say it, do you tell him he lies, and that I say so."'

In October 1816 Mr. Ticknor was at Weimar, and had a long conversation with Goethe, mostly about Wolf and Byron, whose recent

recent separation from Lady Byron he (Goethe) mentioned as so poetical in the circumstances, 'that, if Lord Byron had invented it, he could hardly have had a more fortunate subject for his genius.' Professor Riemer, who had lived nine years in Goethe's house, declared him to be a greater man than the world will ever know, because he needed excitement and collision to rouse him to exertion, and could be no longer induced to put forth the powers which he displayed when Herder, Wieland, and Schiller were alive.

'I asked what had been his relations with those extraordinary men. He replied that, from holding similar views in philosophy, Goethe and Schiller were nearest to each other, and Herder and Wieland; but that, after the deaths of Schiller and Herder, Goethe became intimate with Wieland. Schiller, he said, had profited much by his connection with Goethe, and borrowed much from his genius—among other pieces, in his *William Tell*, which Goethe had earlier thought to have made the subject of an epic poem; but now they are all dead, and since 1813 Goethe has been alone in the world.'

A letter from Göttingen, November 16, 1816, contains an animated defence of German literature, which we recommend to all who have formed a low estimate of it in comparison with that of France:—

'After all, however, you will come round upon me with the old question, "And what *are* your Germans, after all?" They are a people who, in forty years, have created to themselves a literature such as no other nation ever created in two centuries; and they are a people who, at this moment, have more mental activity than any other existing.'

The Germans have recently displayed another sort of activity which has materially varied the popular estimate of their national character. Referring to their turn for metaphysics, it used to be said that the empire of the sea belonged to England, of the land to France, of the air to Germany. But Germany has already appropriated the allotted domain of France, and makes no secret of her intention to share that of England if she can.

At Göttingen, November 1816, he received a letter announcing his nomination to the professorship of Belles-Lettres at Harvard College, which led to a long correspondence touching terms and duties. His final acceptance was delayed a year, and was dispatched from Rome in November, 1817. One condition for which he stipulated was that he should be allowed to complete his contemplated tour, with an important extension to Spain:—

'If I am to be a professor in this literature. I must go to Spain; and this I cannot think of doing, without your full and free consent. This winter I must remain here, of course; the next summer I must be in France, and the next winter in Italy. I willingly give up Greece, but still I find no room for Spain. If I go there as soon as the spring will make it proper, in 1818, and establish myself at the University of Salamanca, and stay there six months, which is the shortest time in which I could possibly get a suitable knowledge of Spanish literature, my whole time will be absorbed, and England and Scotland will be sacrificed. This last I ought not to do; and yet, the thought of staying six months longer from home is absolutely intolerable to me. If it comes to my mind when I sit down to dinner, my appetite is gone; or when I am going to bed, I get no sleep. Yet, if I take this place, I must do it, and I do not question I could carry it properly through; for, after the last six months here, I do not fear anything in this way; or at least ought not to; but are *you* willing? Without your consent, I will not for an instant think of it.'

The external appearance of people known to us only by their exploits or their books, rarely, if ever, corresponds with our preconceived notions. Mr. Ticknor says he was never more disappointed in his life when, instead of finding in Frederick von Schlegel (whom he saw at Frankfort) one grown spare and dry with deep and wearisome study, he found a short, thick, little gentleman with the ruddy, vulgar health of a full-fed father of the Church.

'On sitting with him an hour, however, I became reconciled to this strange discrepancy, or rather entirely forgot it, for so fine a flow of rich talk I have rarely heard in Germany. Luden of Jena and Schlegel are the only men who have reminded me of the genuine, hearty flow of English conversation.'

On April 6, 1817, he left Strasburg, and, crossing the frontier, came for the first time into genuine French territory, which suggests the remark that nothing can be more mistaken than Madame de Staël's theory that the national character of the two people is sharply defined and accurately distinguished at the Rhine.

'From Frankfort to Strasburg I found it gradually changing, the population growing more gay and open, more accustomed to live in the open air, more given to dress, and in general more light. At Strasburg, German traits still prevail, and I did not lose the language entirely until two posts before I came to Luneville. There I found completely French,—people, houses, wooden shoes, impositions, &c.'

Madame de Staël's theory does more credit to her patriotism than to her powers of observation. It was obviously prompted by

by the same spirit of nationality which inspired the cries of 'To the Rhine!' 'To Berlin!' at the breaking out of the Franco-German war of 1870.

One of his first Parisian dinners was at Madame de Staël's. She herself was too ill to appear, and her daughter, the Duchess de Broglie, did the honours. The company consisted of Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, Baron (Alexander) Humboldt, the Duke de Laval, Augustus Schlegel, Auguste de Staël, and the Duke and Duchess de Broglie. 'It was the first time,' he says, 'that I had felt anything of the spirit and charm of French society, which has been so much talked of since the time of Louis XIV.' It was the first time that he had seen anything at all of that society, and large allowances are to be made for the cosmopolitan character of the party, which was half composed of foreigners. At a subsequent dinner at the same house he says that no one was so brilliant as the Russian Minister, Pozzo di Borgo, by birth a Corsican:—

'The little Duchess de Broglie was evidently delighted to an extraordinary degree with his wit, and two or three times, with her enthusiasm and *naïveté*, could not avoid going to her mother's room, to tell her some of the fine things he said. I do not know how a foreigner has acquired the French genius so completely, . . . but certainly I have seen nobody yet, who has the genuine French wit, with its peculiar grace and fluency, so completely in his power as M. Pozzo di Borgo; and on my saying this to M. Schlegel, he told me there was nobody equal to him but Benjamin Constant.'

At the most brilliant period of the eighteenth century foreigners were equally conspicuous amongst the social celebrities of Paris. The success of the Prince de Ligne, Grimm, Hume, Selwyn, and Horace Walpole, is well known; and it may be plausibly argued that the reputation of French conversation, rich with the stores of every clime, is in no slight measure owing to the same causes which have made Paris, in point of prodigal expenditure and all the appliances and means of luxury, the capital of the world.

Mr. Ticknor says that what was particularly admired in Pozzo di Borgo was 'his facility and grace in making epigrammatic remarks, which in French society is valued above all other talent.' Madame de Staël was largely gifted with it, and her ruling passion, strong in death, was its display. She was so ill when Mr. Ticknor was a frequent visitor at her house, that her physicians forbade her seeing above three or four persons a day, and these such of her familiar friends as would amuse without exciting her. On May 10, 1815, however, her son brought him a message that, if he would come and dine with them the next



day alone, she would see him, whether her physicians gave her leave or not.

'I went, therefore, early, and was immediately carried to her room. She was in bed, pale, feeble, and evidently depressed in spirits; and the mere stretching out her hand to me, or rather making a slight movement, as if she desired to do it, cost an effort it was painful to witness.

'Observing, with that intuition for which she has been always so famous, the effect her situation produced on me, she said: "Il ne faut pas me juger de ce que vous voyez ici. Ce n'est pas moi,—ce n'est que l'ombre de ce que j'étais il y a quatre mois,—et une ombre qui peut-être disparaîtra bientôt." I told her that M. Portal and her other physicians did not think so. "Oui," said she, while her eye kindled in the consciousness that she was about to say one of those brilliant things with which she had so often electrified a drawing-room,—"*oui, je le sais, mais ils y mettent toujours tant de vanité d'auteur, que je ne m'y fie pas du tout. Je ne me relèverai jamais de cette maladie. J'en suis sûre.*"\* She saw at this moment that the Duchess de Broglie had entered the apartment, and was so much affected by the last remark, that she had gone to the window to hide her feelings. She therefore began to talk about America. Everything she said was marked with that imagination which gives such a peculiar energy to her works, and which has made her so long the idol of French society; but whenever she seemed to be aware that she was about to utter any phrase of force and aptness, her languid features were kindled with an animation which made a strange contrast with her feeble condition. Especially when she said of America,—"*Vous êtes l'avant-garde du genre humain, vous êtes l'avenir du monde,*"—there came a slight tinge of feeling into her face, which spoke plainly enough of the pride of genius.'

The worst of this eternal aiming at effect is that truth is often sacrificed to point, and glitter mistaken for profundity. With what semblance of reason can America be termed the vanguard of the human race, unless the great law-givers and discoverers, the illustrious writers and thinkers, ancient and modern, whom we have been wont to regard as the pioneers and founders of civilisation, are to be entirely laid out of the account? Or, again, did Madame de Staël intend or wish to be taken at her word when she said of Madame Necker de Saussure, '*Ma cousine Necker a tous les talents qu'on me suppose, et toutes les vertus que je n'ai pas.*' Her antithetical compliment to Lady Davy (*ante*, p. 175) is another instance. Moreover, conversation loses in flow and continuity more than it gains in sparkle when *bons-mots* are going off like minute-guns; and nothing is more wearisome in the long run than epigram or sententiousness.

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\* She did not die till the 14th July, 1817, more than two years afterwards.

Lord Byron could not endure Corinne; and Henri Beyle (Stendhal), an excellent talker, insisted on anecdotes, facts, and incidents, in contradiction to that trick of phrase-making which he detected and detested in her. Madame Pasta happening to say one evening of love, '*C'est une tuile qui vous tombe sur la tête,*'—'Add,' said Beyle, '*comme vous passez dans la vie,* and then you will speak like Madame de Staël, and people will pay attention to your remark.'

Chateaubriand, whom Mr. Ticknor met at Madame de Staël's, probably agreed with Beyle when, instead of laughing, he looked grave:—

'Chateaubriand is a short man, with a dark complexion, black hair, black eyes, and altogether a most marked countenance. It needs no skill in physiognomy, to say at once that he is a man of firmness and decision of character, for every feature and every movement of his person announce it. He is too grave and serious, and gives a grave and serious turn to the conversation in which he engages; and even when the whole table laughed at Barante's wit, Chateaubriand did not even smile;—not, perhaps, because he did not enjoy the wit as much as the rest, but because laughing is too light for the enthusiasm which forms the basis of his character, and would certainly offend against the consistency we always require.'

He calls on Chateaubriand and is invited to an evening reception, in the course of which the distinguished host suddenly broke forth: '*Je ne crois pas dans la société européenne;*' and forthwith proceeded to declaim in support of the startling proposition he had laid down:—

'"*In fifty years,*" said he, "*there will not be a legitimate sovereign in Europe; from Russia to Sicily, I foresee nothing but military despotisms; and in a hundred,—in a hundred! the cloud is too dark for human vision; too dark, it may almost be said, to be penetrated by prophecy. There perhaps is the misery of our situation; perhaps we live, not only in the decrepitude of Europe, but in the decrepitude of the world;*" and he pronounced it in such a tone, and with such a look, that a dead silence followed it, and every person felt, I doubt not, with me, as if the future had become uncertain to him.'

After a short pause, the question arose what an individual should do under such circumstances, and everybody looked to Chateaubriand:—

'If I were without a family, I would travel, not because I love travelling, for I abhor it, but because I long to see Spain, to know what effect eight years of civil war have produced there; and I long to see Russia, that I may better estimate the power that threatens to overwhelm the world. When I had seen these, I should know the destinies of Europe, I think; and then I would go and fix my last home

home at Rome. There I would build my tabernacle, there I would build my tomb, and there, amid the ruins of three empires and three thousand years, I would give myself wholly to my God.'

Here again we have a specimen of phrase-making, and of the most magniloquent kind; but where is the underlying reflection or thought? The notion of travelling to see Russia and Spain, by way of relief or compensation for the decrepitude of the world, recalls Walpole's story of the Duchess of Kingston, who, on being told that the end of the world was close at hand, declared she would start for China without delay. Fifty years (wanting one) have elapsed since Chateaubriand gave utterance to these gloomy forebodings; but we see no signs of legitimate sovereigns being superseded by military despotisms: Spain has undergone little change, and Russia (with united Germany for a neighbour) can hardly be regarded any longer as a standing menace to the world.

Political prophets resemble fortune-tellers. It is only by a happy accident that they sometimes prove right. Tocqueville has left on record his deliberate opinion that, if the Southern States were to resolve on separating from the Northern, the Northern would not oppose the separation, and would fail if they did.\* Alexander Humboldt demonstrated to Mr. Ticknor, in 1817, how utterly idle were all the expectations then entertained of the immediate and forcible emancipation of South America:—

'Without knowing it, he answered every argument Madame de Staël had used, this morning, to persuade me that the fate of the South was as much decided as the fate of our Independence was at the capture of Yorktown; and I note the fact at this moment, to wait the event that will decide which of these two personages is right.'

At Geneva, which he takes on his way to Italy, he makes the acquaintance of the leading men of letters and science, whom he found forming there the first caste in society: 'A man who is either of these needs nothing else to procure him estimation and deference. I do not believe there is another city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants in Europe or America of which this could be said.' He passes an evening at Madame Rilliet's (a friend of Madame de Staël's), of whom Benjamin Constant said, 'Madame Rilliet a toutes les vertus qu'elle affecte;' and he dines at Baron Bonstetten's, where he is struck with the exhibition of talent, and particularly with De Candolle, Professor of Botany, 'who has great powers of conversation, without that attempt at brilliancy

\* 'Œuvres,' vol. ii. p. 354.

and epigram which I find in Paris society, and which I have found here only in Dumont.'

His speculations on the Campagna, and his description of St. Peter's by moonlight, prove him to be possessed of imagination and sensibility; but his main interest at Rome, as at other places, is the society. This he finds mostly composed of strangers:—

'Society in Rome is certainly a remarkable thing, different from society in every other part of the world. Among the Romans themselves the elegant and cultivated class is really so small, the genuine character, civilization, and refinement of the country are so worn out and degraded, that even in their own capital, they are not able and do not pretend to give a tone to society and intercourse.'

England and Germany were then represented by the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Douglas, Madame de Humboldt, Niebuhr, Bunsen, and the Crown Prince of Bavaria. Count Funchal, the Portuguese Ambassador, entertained with state and magnificence; and the Russian Ambassador gave little dinners to a select and cultivated circle, of which Mr. Ticknor formed one.

'Of Frenchmen there are very few here now, and really the solemn grandeur of Roman greatness does not well suit them. Winckelmann says, in one of his curious letters to Berendis, "A Frenchman is not to be improved here. Antiquity and he contradict one another;" and since I have been here I have seen and felt a thousand proofs of the justness of the remark. . . . Simond himself, though I think him in general a cool, impartial man, stands up a mere Frenchman as soon as you get him upon the subject of antiquities, of which he seems to have about as just notions as divines have of the world before the flood. . . .

'Of the Russians there are a good many that circulate in general society, and talk French and English fluently; but, really, wherever I have seen this people, I have found them so abdicating their nationality and taking the hue of the society they are among, that I have lost much of my respect for them.'

In May, 1818, we find him at Madrid, congratulating himself on his prospects, having letters to nearly every one of the foreign Ministers, to the Pope's Nuncio from Consalvi, to the secretaries of the three Royal Academies, &c. The originality and poetry of the national character elicit his admiration and surprise:—

'Would you believe it?—I speak not at all of the highest class,—what seems mere fiction and romance in other countries is matter of observation here, and, in all that relates to manners, Cervantes and Le Sage are historians.'

Another consideration forced upon him is how the Spaniards contrived

contrived to get on without a regular or efficient administration of any kind :—

‘ Yet, with all these gross and portentous defects,—without a police and with an Inquisition, without an administration of justice and with legalised, systematic corruption in all its branches,—the Spanish government (if it deserve the name) still seems to fulfil the great object a government should always propose to itself ; for a more quiet, orderly people, a people more obedient and loyal, I have not seen in Europe.’

This is still true of the provinces which have not been reached by the contagion of republicanism. The rural population of Spain require simply to be let alone, and think it a positive hardship to be obliged to play their part in representative institutions by a vote. What especially struck him in the bull-fights was the Saturnalian licence permitted at them :—

‘ Of an uncommonly brave and persevering bull, several young men in my neighbourhood cried out repeatedly that he was fit to be the president of the Cortes, and of another, who shrunk from the contest after receiving only two blows from the *picador*, apparently the same persons kept shouting, . . . that he was as cowardly as a king. . . . The bull-fights are, indeed, a warrant and apology for all sorts of licentiousness in language, in the same way the Roman shows were ; and, like the amphitheatre of Flavius, that of Madrid would furnish a little anthology of popular wit, which, though it might strongly savour of vulgarity, could hardly fail to be very characteristic and amusing.’

Speaking of a grand Court festival, he says that it was there he saw for the first time Palafox, the Marquis of St. Simond, the Duke of Infantado, and ‘ the Maid of Zaragoza, dressed as a captain of dragoons, and with a character as impudent as her uniform implies.’ If this were so, she must have been spoiled by glory. Lord Byron says that, when he was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

‘ Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,  
Oh, had you known her in her softer hour,  
Mark’d her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,  
Heard her light lively tones in lady’s bower—

\* \* \* \*

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear :  
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post.’

In a note to this stanza it is stated that ‘ when she first attracted notice, by mounting a battery where her lover had fallen, and working a gun in his room, she was in her twenty-second

second year, exceedingly pretty, and in a soft feminine style of beauty.\* But this description is more applicable to another heroine of the siege, the Countess Burita, who, 'young, delicate, and beautiful,' was constantly in the thickest of the fire. According to Southey, Augustina, the Maid, was a handsome woman of the lower class, who snatched a match from a dead artilleryman, fired off a twenty-six pounder, and vowed never to quit the gun with life. That he was her lover, sounds like a poetic fiction.†

The Archbishop of Granada, to whom Mr. Ticknor carried a letter from the Nuncio, was a type of character as well worth studying as the patron of Gil Blas.

'With strong masculine sense, and even a bold, original style of thought and talk, he is one of the most grossly superstitious and ignorant men I ever met. . . . I recollect that in giving me an account of an irreligious man, he said, "He believes neither in God, Christ, nor even the Virgin;" and in describing a library he has at Xerez, he said, that among the MSS. there were autographs of *every one* of the apostles and prophets, most of which had wrought and still work miracles.'

At the Archbishop's he made the acquaintance of a Count Polentinos, of Madrid, who had come to Granada for a lawsuit which had been pending two hundred and eleven years. He confidently believed that it had been at last terminated in his favour, although one more appeal was still open to his adversary. He described his case as by no means an exceptional one.

The Bishop of Malaga was an epicure of the first water—Mr. Ticknor calls him a glutton—besides being the orator and politician who had been the principal author of the free constitution of Spain :

'As I brought an especial letter to him from the Nuncio, he made a great dinner for me, to which he invited the Governor, the Captain of the Port, Count Teba, and all the persons he was aware I knew, several of the nobility of the city, &c., in all about forty persons. His cook made good the boast it is said he ventured, when the Bishop received him, "that the king should not dine so well as the Bishop of Malaga," for such a luxurious dinner I have rarely beheld, and never one so elaborate. The bread, as he told me himself, came from five-and-twenty miles off, because the baker is better ; all the water is brought on mules fifty miles, from a fountain that has the reputation of stimulating the appetite and promoting digestion ; he had meats on the table from every part of Spain, pastry from Holland, and wines

\* Byron's Works. Murray's one-volume edition. 'Childe Harold,' cantos 55 and 56, and note.

† Southey's 'Peninsular War,' vol. ii. p. 14.

from all over Europe. In short, taking his eloquence, his culture, and his dinner together, he is as near the original of Gil Blas' Bishop of Granada as a priest of the nineteenth century need be; and if he should ever come to the archbishopric, which is probable, nothing will be wanting but the shrewd, practical secretary to complete the group which Le Sage has so admirably drawn.'

Mr. Ticknor keeps steadily in view the main object of his journey to the Peninsula—the collection of materials for his meditated lectures and works; but after his return to Paris December 22, 1818, he sets down that, after having been four months at Madrid and one at Lisbon, besides journeys to the great cities of Andalusia, he was obliged to come back to Paris to find books and means neither Spain nor Portugal could supply. At Paris he is welcomed as before at all the best houses, and remarks, with a touch of self-complacency, that men of letters are everywhere in request.

'I was never anywhere that I did not meet them, and under circumstances where nothing but their literary merit could have given them a place. . . . All, however, is not on the bright side. . . . Almost everybody who comes to these salons comes to say a few brilliant things, get a reputation for *esprit*,—the god who serves for Penates in French houses,—and then hasten away to another coterie to produce the same effect. This is certainly the general tone of these societies; it is brilliant, graceful, superficial, and hollow.'

In January we find him again in London, spending much of his time at Holland House, or in the Holland House society, and noting down his impressions of those who shone or figured in it. After a two days' visit to Hatfield, he proceeds to Woburn. The day after his arrival happened to be the last day of the shooting season, and preparations were made for a grand *battue* that should maintain the reputation of the Abbey as the first sporting-ground in England.

'Mr. Adair, Lord John, and myself declined, as no sportsmen, and so the number was reduced to eleven, of whom seven were excellent shots. The first gun was fired a little before twelve, the last at half-past five; and when, after the dinner-cloth was removed in the evening, gamekeeper appeared, dressed in all his paraphernalia, and rendered his account, it was found that four hundred and four hares, and pheasants had been killed, of which more than half were. The person who killed the most was Lord Spencer, oldest man there. This success, of course, gave great a party at dinner; a good deal of wine was consumed,—nobody showed any disposition to drink to excess,—and the passed off very pleasantly. It was certainly as splendid a I could have hoped to see, of what is to be considered peculiarly

peculiarly English in the life of a British nobleman of the first class at his country-seat. I enjoyed it highly.'

The present race of game-preservers will smile with contempt at such a bag.

Writing from Edinburgh (March 1, 1819) to his father, he remarks that when a number of persons are met together, as at a dinner, the conversation is rarely general: 'One person makes a speech, and then another, and finally it stops, nobody knows why.' In illustration of this peculiarity of Scotch conversation, and its metaphysical turn, Lord Jeffrey used to relate that once, when one of these unexpected 'flashes of silence' occurred, a young lady, unconscious that she was the sole speaker, went on, 'As to what you were saying, sir, about the abstract nature of love.'

Walpole has made us familiar with the surpassing charms of the Gunnings, when crowds collected in Piccadilly to see them pass. The Brandlings and Sheridans of our time were the observed of all observers; and it would be difficult to exceed the impression produced by the Countess Castiglione on her first appearance at Holland House. But we were not aware that there was a Scotch beauty in 1819 who worked similar wonders in the uncongenial atmosphere of the Northern Athens.

'There was a young lady staying there (Count Flahaut's), too, who drew a great deal of company to the house, Miss McLane, the most beautiful lady in Scotland, and one, indeed, whose beauty has wrought more wonders than almost anybody's since the time of Helen; for she has actually been followed by the mob in the street, until she was obliged to take refuge in a shop from their mere admiration, and gave up going to the theatre because the pit twice rose up, and, taking off their hats to show it was done in respect, called upon her to come to the front of the box where she sat, and stand up, that they might see her.'

He himself was not particularly struck by her, although her conversation was pleasant and unaffected, and her consciousness of her beauty was mingled with no conceit. 'It was like an historical fact to her. She had half the titles in Scotland at her feet.' She made a respectable not a brilliant marriage, lost her beauty by a painful malady, and died a melancholy wreck.

At Edinburgh he lived intimately with Scott, and mentions how lightly the author of 'Waverley' treated the imputed authorship in 1819. Lady Hume asked his daughter Sophia, afterwards Mrs. Lockhart, to sing 'Rob Roy,' an old ballad. The request visibly embarrassed her, and, running across the room to her father and blushing deeply, she whispered something



thing to him. 'Yes, my dear,' was his reply, loud enough to be heard; 'sing it, to be sure, if you are asked, and Waverley and the Antiquary, too, if there be any such ballads.' One afternoon he was invited by Scott to dine with him, and go to the theatre to see 'Rob Roy.' Scott did not attempt to conceal his delight during the performance, and, when it was over, exclaimed, 'That's fine, sir; I think that is very fine;' and then looking up with one of his most comical Scotch expressions of face, half-way between cunning and humour, he added: 'All I wish is that Jedediah Cleishbotham could be here to enjoy it.'

'Among other anecdotes, Mr. Scott told me that he once travelled with Tom Campbell in a stage-coach alone, and that, to beguile the time, they talked of poetry, and began to repeat some. At last Scott asked Campbell for something of his own, and he said there was one thing he had written but never printed, that was full of "drums and trumpets and blunderbusses and thunder," and he didn't know if there was anything good in it. And then he repeated "Hohenlinden." Scott listened with the greatest interest, and, when he had finished, broke out, "But, do you know, that's devilish fine; why, it's the finest thing you ever wrote, and it must be printed!"'

He takes the Lake country on his way southward, and is cordially received by Southey and Wordsworth. At Birmingham, he is the guest of Dr. Parr; and a renewed intimacy with Mackintosh at Holland House leads to an invitation to Haileybury, where he meets Lord John (now Earl) Russell, Sismondi, and Malthus.

'Malthus is, what anybody might anticipate, a plain man, with plain manners, apparently troubled by few prejudices, and not much of the irritability of authorship, but still talking occasionally with earnestness. In general, however, I thought he needed opposition, but he rose to the occasion, whatever it might be.'

He found Hazlitt living in Milton's house (the house where he dictated 'Paradise Lost'), and occupying the room where, according to tradition, he kept the organ on which he loved to play. 'I should rather say Hazlitt sat in it; for, excepting his table, three chairs, and an old picture, this enormous room was ~~y~~ and unoccupied.' It was whitewashed, and he had scribbled pencil, scraps of brilliant thoughts and phrases on the

conversation was much of the same kind, generally in short, quick and pointed, dealing much in allusions, and relying - ~~on~~ on them for success; as when he said, with apparent action, that Curran was the Homer of blackguards, and afterwards, when the political state of the world came up, said of the Emperor

Emperor Alexander, that "he is the Sir Charles Grandison of Europe."

What most struck him in Godwin was his cool, dogged manner, exactly opposite to everything he had imagined of the author of 'St. Leon' and 'Caleb Williams.'

'The true way, however, to see these people was to meet them all together, as I did once at dinner at Godwin's, and once at a convocation, or "Saturday Night Club," at Hunt's, where they felt themselves bound to show off and produce an effect; for then Lamb's gentle humour, Hunt's passion, and Curran's volubility, Hazlitt's sharpness and point, and Godwin's great head full of cold brains, all coming into contact and conflict, and agreeing in nothing but their common hatred of everything that has been more successful than their own works, made one of the most curious and amusing *olla podrida* I ever met.'

One of the incidents that confirmed the supremacy of Almack's was the exclusion of the hero of Waterloo for coming after the specified hour. Mr. Ticknor witnessed this incident. After dining at Lord Downshire's, he accompanied the ladies to Almack's. They called on Lady Mornington on their way, where they met the Duke. On his remarking that he thought he should look in at Almack's by-and-by, his mother exclaimed, 'Ah, Arthur, you had better go in time, for you know Lady Jersey will make no allowance for you.' He neglected the warning; and a short time after the Downshire party had entered the room, Mr. Ticknor, who was standing near Lady Jersey, heard one of the attendants say to her, 'Lady Jersey, the Duke of Wellington is at the door and desires to be admitted.' 'What o'clock is it?' she asked. 'Seven minutes after eleven, your ladyship.' She paused a moment, and then said, with emphasis and distinctness, 'Give my compliments—give Lady Jersey's compliments to the Duke of Wellington, and say she is very glad that the first enforcement of the rule of exclusion is such, that hereafter no one can complain of its application. He cannot be admitted.' This was in 1819. Another traditional story is that, about the same time, the Duchess of Northumberland was refused a ticket on the ground that, although a woman of rank, she was not a woman of fashion. The fact is, she was refused for not submitting to the preliminary of an introduction to the patronesses; their rule being that no one could be admitted who was not on the visiting-list of one of them.

Mr. Ticknor reached home, after four years' absence, on the 6th of June, 1819. Boston then abounded in men of genius or learning,—

with strict truth declare that Mr. Ticknor appeared to her fully on an equality with the most admired; 'in happy apposite readiness of recollection and application of knowledge, stores of anecdote, ease in producing them, and depth of reflection.' Yet two literary men, with whom (besides other meetings) he records a 'jolly' dinner—the party being limited to five—in 1857, have not the smallest recollection of his person, manner, or tone. The only solution is that he was a capital listener, who was content to let others *faire le frais*, reserving himself for the quieter interchange of mind; and it is to this habit that we are indebted for the stores of anecdote and observation he has hived up.

Before returning to London he visits Southey and Wordsworth, both of whom he finds as frank and communicative as ever. 'Wordsworth, as usual, talked the whole time;' and it would seem, as usual, about himself. Southey was more discursive, although he, too, spoke of his own works and projects. 'He says he has written no Quarterly Reviews for two years, and means to write no more; that reviews have done more harm than good,' &c. He attends the York Musical Festival, spends two days at Mulgrave Castle, three at Mr. Gaskell's, and two at Wentworth House, to which, on the pressing invitation of Lord Fitzwilliam, he returns for a second visit on October 3rd. He is here presented to Lord Spencer, the Lord Althorpe of the Grey Administration, who, 'in talking a little politics,' happened to speak of Lord Lyndhurst, to whom he gave all praise for temper and ability, but declared to be entirely unprincipled. In illustration he cited the history of his own Bill for the Recovery of Small Debts, which, he said, Lord Lyndhurst (then Solicitor-General), on its being first mentioned to him, entirely approved.

'He (Lord Althorpe) introduced the Bill, and was surprised beyond measure to have Mr. Solicitor Copley oppose it in a very able and acute argument. He went over instantly and spoke to him on the subject, and reminded him of what he had previously said in its favour, in private, to which "Copley made no sort of reply but by a hearty laugh." Lord Eldon, however, on whom Copley's promotion then depended, it was found afterwards, was opposed to the Bill, and this explained it. Later, the Government changed its opinion on the measure; Lord Althorpe introduced it again, received the most efficient, good-tempered, and sagacious support for it, both in committee and in the House, and carried it, with Copley's aid, in every stage, and in every way, except debate.'

As already intimated, Mr. Ticknor's anecdotes must be taken with some grains of allowance when they relate to subjects remote from his own studies and associations. He was clearly wrong about the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, and he must have

have carried off a confused and mistaken impression of what Lord Spencer told him about his Bill; the detailed history of which is given in the recently-published Memoir of that nobleman. The Government did not change its opinion of the measure: he did not carry it; he gave it up in disgust, because he received no efficient support. 'Even Lord Brougham, with his great eloquence and capacity for legal reform, long struggled in vain in the same course; nor was it until a quarter of a century had passed away that such an Act as Lord Althorp had contemplated became the law of the land.'\* As to its being carried 'with Copley's aid,' one of the most memorable episodes in Lord Lyndhurst's career was his opposition to the measure when brought forward by Lord Brougham in 1833. This, again, has been grossly misrepresented. In reference to the majority for the second reading, Mr. Charles Greville sets down: 'Lyndhurst is in such a rage at his defeat in the House of Lords on the Local Courts Bill, that he swore at first he would never come there again.'† The exact contrary was the fact. Before leaving the House after the division he sent for a barrister who had been engaged to collect materials for him, and begged him to prepare for a renewal of the contest, frankly attributing the failure to his own negligence. On the third reading, he made a masterly reply to Lord Brougham, and the Bill was thrown out.

Mr. Ticknor left London with his family on the 23rd of October, 1835, with the intention of passing the winter at Dresden. From Brussels he devotes a day to Waterloo, and it is to be regretted that he did not devote an hour or two to a preliminary study of the battle; for, not knowing that the Duke on the night of the 15th of June had decided on fighting Napoleon at Waterloo if not able to stop him at Quatre Bras, Mr. Ticknor says that 'the English, retreating from Ligny and Quatre Bras after the battles of the 16th, had no choice but to fight here. They could fall back no farther.' Why could they not have fallen back on Brussels by the same road through which they had advanced?

'It was,' he thinks, 'all plain: the battle, the positions, the movements, everything; and all intelligible at a single glance. . . . On looking it all over, and considering the state of the battle at four o'clock, which had begun at eleven, I came somewhat unexpectedly to the conclusion that, if the Prussians had not come up, the English would have been beaten. This, in fact, I understand is now the general opinion, but it certainly was not so held in England soon

\* 'Memoir,' p. 195.  
Vol. 142.—No. 283.

† 'Greville Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 384.  
O after

after the battle, and it was not my own impression till I had been over the field.'

The aspect of the field proves nothing as to the controverted point. It is entirely a question of time. According to the Duke's Memorandum, the first intimation of the approach of the Prussians was a vague report brought from the left of the English army at about six in the evening. The state of the battle, therefore, could not have been what Mr. Ticknor supposes it at four; and, to the best of our belief, it has never been the general opinion out of France that the English would have been beaten if the Prussians had not come up. The battle might have been a drawn battle, which the arrival of the Prussians the day following must equally have converted into a rout. Such, certainly, was the deliberate conviction of the Duke.

At Dresden, and on his way there by Bonn and Weimar, he sees Von Raumer, Schlegel, and Tieck; and strikes up a friendship, leading to a sustained correspondence during their joint lives, with Prince John of Saxony, the translator of the 'Inferno.' At Berlin, the most remarkable of the personages with whom he mixes and talks are Ancillon, the Prime Minister, Alexander von Humboldt, Lord William Russell, Savigny, and Varnhagen von Ense. From Ancillon he learns the true version of Madame de Staël's asking Fichte to give her 'un petit quart d'heure' to explain his system. At Savigny's he meets the Baroness von Arnheim and (with a want of gallantry which would make Lord Macaulay turn in his grave) notes down that, when she wrote the famous Bettina letters, she was forty instead of fifteen as people were led to believe, and Goethe past seventy.

Comparing Prince Metternich with Cardinal Mazarin, Talleyrand (as reported by Lord Macaulay) said: 'J'y trouve beaucoup à redire. Le Cardinal trompait, mais il ne mentait pas. Or, M. de Metternich ment toujours et ne trompe jamais!' It would seem from some passages in the long and (as regards form) confidential conversation to which Mr. Ticknor was admitted with him at Vienna, that the Prince had heard of this sarcasm, and was eager to neutralise it. Speaking of democracy, he said: 'En Europe c'est un mensonge, et je hais le mensonge.' Again, in asserting his own consistency:

'But since I have been here I have always been the same,—*j'ai été toujours le même. Je n'ai trompé personne, et c'est par cette raison que je n'ai pas un ennemi personnel au monde.* I have had many colleagues, I have been obliged to remove many of them,—*j'ai été obligé d'en frapper beaucoup*,—but I never deceived them, and not one <sup>am</sup> is now my personal enemy, *pas un seul*. I have been con-  
d at different times by many heads of parties in other countries,  
who

who wanted to make great changes or revolutions. I have always talked with them, as I now talk with you, directly, frankly, truly,—*directement, franchement, avec vérité*; very often afterwards I have crushed them,—*je les ai écrasés*,—but I have never deceived them, and they are not now my personal enemies.'

It is difficult to understand how any extent of self-complacency or self-delusion could induce an experienced statesman to run on in this fashion. The conversation (or monologue) lasted above an hour and a half, and was throughout in the same tone. In the following September, Humboldt wrote to Mr. Ticknor :

'Le Prince Metternich, que j'ai vu à Teplitz, a été ravi des entretiens qu'il a eus avec vous. Né dans une république, vous aurez, pourtant, paru plus raisonnable à ses yeux, que ce qu'il appelle mon libéralisme.'

His second tour in Italy is even more productive of amusement and instruction than the first; but we can only find time for a general reflection or two. He writes to his friend, Dana, from Rome, February 22, 1837 :

' . . . You ask me if I cannot tell you something to comfort an old Tory. I cannot. What Prince Metternich, the Phoenix of Tories, said to me over and over again, in a curious conversation I had with him last summer, is eminently true to my feelings, and would be, perhaps, still more so to yours, if you were travelling about as I am,—"*L'état actuel de l'Europe m'est dégoûtant.*"'

The state of the New World fortunately consoles him for the corruption and decrepitude of the Old :

'In the United States we have the opposite defects; but I greatly prefer them. We have the great basis of purity in our domestic life and relations, which is so broadly wanting here. We have men in the less favoured portions of society, who have so much more intellect, will, and knowledge, that, compared with similar classes here, those I am among seem of an inferior order in creation. Indeed, taken as a general remark, a man is much more truly a *man* with us than he is elsewhere; and, notwithstanding the faults that freedom brings out in him, it is much more gratifying and satisfying to the mind, the affections, the soul, to live in our state of society, than in any I know of on this side of the Atlantic.'

If Mr. Ticknor had lived to watch the working of the institutions of the United States under emergencies like the War of Secession, he would not have been so eager to challenge this comparison. Commercial probity has become a byword at New York; corruption has invaded every department of the Government; and domestic life no longer rests on that great basis of purity which he supposes to be a myth on this side of the

Atlantic. A recent writer, who has made a conscientious study of the subject in all its branches, after mentioning the female agitation for women's rights, remarks :—

'The disorder of morals follows that of the understanding, and we must make a material deduction from our estimate of American morality, formerly so justly vaunted. . . . Prostitution abounds in the great towns. Domestic dramas, assassinations, elopements are multiplied to a startling extent; the watering places are for the richer classes fixed places of resort, open to the most shameful licentiousness. . . . Moreover, the notions of marriage, of conjugal faith, and adultery, will soon lose all practical signification, so commonly practised is divorce.' \*

In a letter of the preceding year (1836) to Prescott, he remarks that, taking all things together, it is still very comfortable to be an American, and is on the whole an extremely good passport to general kindness and goodwill :

'At any rate, I would not change my passport—signed by some little scamp of an Under-secretary at Washington, whose name I have forgotten—for any one of the fifteen hundred that are lying with it at the Police in Dresden, from Russia, France, and England.'

From Paris, February 20, 1838, after stating that he had been to from twenty to five-and-twenty of the principal *salons*, he writes :

'One thing strikes me in all these places. I find no English. Though there are thirty thousand now in Paris, they can hardly get any foothold in French society, and it is only when you are at a great ball—at Court or elsewhere—that you meet them.'

Not many years later, the American Colonel Thorne, of ball-giving notoriety, meeting the late Lord Cantilupe at a *salon* in the Faubourg St. Germain, said to him, with a patronising air, 'I am happy to meet your lordship in this society.' We are afraid, therefore, that there is no denying the fact that a high-born and accomplished Englishman may then have thought himself fortunate to be admitted to the same circles as an average American of the travelling class. Why was this? A very clever woman, who has had ample opportunities of observing both English and American travellers, states that 'the merits of both have been amiably summed up by our epigrammatic *nds* : "Otez du gentilhomme tout ce qui le rend aimable,

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Les États-Unis contemporains, ou les mœurs, les institutions et les idées : la Guerre de la Sécession. Par Claudio Jannet, ouvrage précédé d'une de M. Le Play.' Paris, 1876.

vous avez l'Anglais ; ôtez de l'Anglais tout ce qui le rend supportable, vous avez l'Américain.”\*

Without going quite to this extent, we may assume that an American has no superiority over an Englishman of the same class of life in polish, refinement, or agreeability ; yet it would be impossible for an Englishman without birth, fortune, fame, or social distinction as a starting-point, to attain the position which Mr. Ticknor reached without either at a bound. The entire absence of jealousy or rivalry on the part of the French has a good deal to do with American success ; but this is not the sole advantage which our Transatlantic cousins derive from their nationality. They come from a country where there is no nobility, no privileged order, no recognised aristocracy of any kind. They are not expected to supply proofs of having been born in the purple : their want of rank or title implies no inferiority : they have the benefit of the doubt. They are able to rely exclusively on their personal qualities ; and there is one, perhaps the most essential to social success, to which one of their master spirits, Walt Whitman, confidently lays claim for them : ‘ the air they have of persons who never knew how it felt to stand in the presence of superiors.’

Two of the last men in England whom we should have suspected of the contrasted weakness, of an undue consciousness of social inequality, were Hallam and Sydney Smith ; yet, if we may believe Mr. Ticknor, they were both painfully oppressed by it. He is describing (April 2, 1838) a breakfast at Sydney Smith's, when the conversation turned on the influence of the aristocracy on the social relations and especially on the characters of men of letters :—

‘ To my considerable surprise, both Hallam and Smith, who have been to a singular degree petted and sought by the aristocracy, pronounced its influence noxious. They even spoke with great force and almost bitterness on the point. Smith declared that he had found the influence of the aristocracy, in his own case, “oppressive,” but added, “However, I never failed, I think, to speak my mind before any of them ; I hardened myself early.” Hallam agreed with him, and both talked with a concentrated force that showed how deeply they felt about it. In some respects, the conversation was one of the most remarkable I have ever heard ; and, as a testimony against aristocracy, on the point where aristocracy might be expected to work the most favourably, surprised me very much.’

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\* ‘The Atlantic Monthly.’—‘An Old Woman's Gossip.’ By Mrs. Fanny Kemble. Under this title Mrs. Fanny Kemble is now publishing a series of impressions and reminiscences which, when completed, will form a curious and highly interesting Autobiography.



learning,—Webster, the Everetts, Prescott, Bowditch, Channing, &c.,—who left him no reason to regret the brilliant European society to which he had just bidden a long farewell. That his cosmopolitan pursuits had not crushed or refined away his nationality is shown by the burst of enthusiasm to which he gives vent at the sight of the Rock at New Plymouth, on which the first boat-load of pilgrims from the *Mayflower* landed on Monday, December 22, 1620 :

‘I have seldom had more lively feelings from the associations of place than I had when I stood on this blessed rock ; and I doubt whether there be a place in the world where a New England man should feel more gratitude, pride, and veneration than when he stands where the first man stood who began the population and glory of his country. The Colosseum, the Alps, and Westminster Abbey have nothing more truly classical, to one who feels as he ought to feel, than this rude and bare rock.’

His formal induction to the professorship of the French and Spanish languages, and that of the Belles-Lettres, took place on the 10th of August, 1819 ; when he delivered an inaugural discourse, in which the range and variety of his attainments were no less remarkable than the freshness and lucidity of his style. Occasionally rising to eloquence, he blends feeling and fancy with the condensed recapitulation of interesting facts ; as in tracing the tone and spirit of Spanish poetry :

‘It breaks upon us with the dawn of their modern history, in their unrivalled ballads ; the earliest breathings at once of poetical and popular feeling among them, whose echoes, like the sweet voice of Ariel amidst the tumults of the tempest, come to us in the pauses of that tremendous warfare which seems, alternately, one merciless and interminable battle, wasting generation after generation, and a single wild adventure running through whole centuries of romance and glory.

\* \* \* \* \*

‘And finally we see it in the individual lives of their authors, which have been, to an unparalleled degree, lives of adventure and hazard,—in Garcilaso, whose exquisite pastorals hardly prepare us for the heroic death he died, before the face of his Emperor ; in Ercilla, who wrote the best of Spanish epics at the feet of the Andes, amidst the perils of war, and in the wastes of the wilderness ; in Lope de Vega on board the Armada, and in Cervantes, wounded at Lepanto, and a slave in Barbary ; in Quintana’s prison, and Moratin’s exile.’

In September 1821 he married Miss Anna Eliot, the daughter of a successful merchant, receiving with her a fortune which, combined with that inherited from his father, ‘enabled him to  
live

live at ease, with unpretending elegance.' An imposing description of his house is given by Hawthorne in his 'American Notes;' and Miss Edgeworth had heard so much of the library, which Hawthorne calls a stately and beautiful room, that she requested Mrs. Ticknor to send her a sketch of it, concerning which she writes :

'But, my dear madam, ten thousand books, about ten thousand books, do you say this library contains? My dear Mrs. Ticknor! Then I am afraid you must have double rows, and that is a plague. . . . Your library is thirty-four by twenty-two, you say. But, to be sure, you have not given me the height, and that height may make out room enough. Pray have it measured for me, that I may drive this odious notion of *double rows* out of my head.'

Circumstances (including domestic afflictions) on which it is unnecessary to dwell, led him, in the spring of 1835, to throw up his professorship and pay a second visit to Europe, taking the whole of his family (a wife and two daughters) along with him. On arriving in London, he is received on the same footing at nearly the same houses as before; and the changes that had taken place in the course of sixteen years are carefully noted. The decline of Almack's was one :

'It struck me, however, that there were fewer of the leading nobility and fashion there than formerly, and that the general cast of the company was younger. I talked with Lady Cowper, Lady Minto, and Lord Falmouth, for I hardly knew anyone else, and was very well pleased when, at two o'clock, the ladies declared themselves ready to come home.'

Dining with a distinguished party at Holland House, he remarks that the conversation was 'a little louder and more *bruyant* than when I was in England before, in similar company.'

On the 25th of July, 1835, they set out on a tour through England and Wales, travelling in a roomy carriage with four horses, and cross from Holyhead to Dublin on the 9th of August, to be present at the fifth meeting of the British Association. Here, of course, they are brought in contact with a host of celebrities, including Lady Morgan and Moore. On the 21st they go by invitation to Edgeworthstown, where they spend three days, during which Mr. Ticknor managed to elicit much curious literary information from Miss Edgeworth, who immediately afterwards wrote to a friend that, after having seen and heard the persons most distinguished for conversational talents in Great Britain, France, and Switzerland—Talleyrand, Dumont, Mackintosh, Scott, Sydney Smith, &c. &c.—she could with

with strict truth declare that Mr. Ticknor appeared to her fully on an equality with the most admired; 'in happy apposite readiness of recollection and application of knowledge, stores of anecdote, ease in producing them, and depth of reflection.' Yet two literary men, with whom (besides other meetings) he records a 'jolly' dinner—the party being limited to five—in 1857, have not the smallest recollection of his person, manner, or tone. The only solution is that he was a capital listener, who was content to let others *faire le frais*, reserving himself for the quieter interchange of mind; and it is to this habit that we are indebted for the stores of anecdote and observation he has hived up.

Before returning to London he visits Southey and Wordsworth, both of whom he finds as frank and communicative as ever. 'Wordsworth, as usual, talked the whole time; and it would seem, as usual, about himself. Southey was more discursive, although he, too, spoke of his own works and projects. 'He says he has written no Quarterly Reviews for two years, and means to write no more; that reviews have done more harm than good,' &c. He attends the York Musical Festival, spends two days at Mulgrave Castle, three at Mr. Gaskell's, and two at Wentworth House, to which, on the pressing invitation of Lord Fitzwilliam, he returns for a second visit on October 3rd. He is here presented to Lord Spencer, the Lord Althorpe of the Grey Administration, who, 'in talking a little politics,' happened to speak of Lord Lyndhurst, to whom he gave all praise for temper and ability, but declared to be entirely unprincipled. In illustration he cited the history of his own Bill for the Recovery of Small Debts, which, he said, Lord Lyndhurst (then Solicitor-General), on its being first mentioned to him, entirely approved.

'He (Lord Althorpe) introduced the Bill, and was surprised beyond measure to have Mr. Solicitor Copley oppose it in a very able and acute argument. He went over instantly and spoke to him on the subject, and reminded him of what he had previously said in its favour, in private, to which "Copley made no sort of reply but by a hearty laugh." Lord Eldon, however, on whom Copley's promotion then depended, it was found afterwards, was opposed to the Bill, and this explained it. Later, the Government changed its opinion on the measure; Lord Althorpe introduced it again, received the most efficient, good-tempered, and sagacious support for it, both in committee and in the House, and carried it, with Copley's aid, in every stage, and in every way, except debate.'

As already intimated, Mr. Ticknor's anecdotes must be taken with some grains of allowance when they relate to subjects mote from his own studies and associations. He was clearly wrong about the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, and he must have

have carried off a confused and mistaken impression of what Lord Spencer told him about his Bill; the detailed history of which is given in the recently-published Memoir of that nobleman. The Government did not change its opinion of the measure: he did not carry it; he gave it up in disgust, because he received no efficient support. 'Even Lord Brougham, with his great eloquence and capacity for legal reform, long struggled in vain in the same course; nor was it until a quarter of a century had passed away that such an Act as Lord Althorp had contemplated became the law of the land.\*' As to its being carried 'with Copley's aid,' one of the most memorable episodes in Lord Lyndhurst's career was his opposition to the measure when brought forward by Lord Brougham in 1833. This, again, has been grossly misrepresented. In reference to the majority for the second reading, Mr. Charles Greville sets down: 'Lyndhurst is in such a rage at his defeat in the House of Lords on the Local Courts Bill, that he swore at first he would never come there again.†' The exact contrary was the fact. Before leaving the House after the division he sent for a barrister who had been engaged to collect materials for him, and begged him to prepare for a renewal of the contest, frankly attributing the failure to his own negligence. On the third reading, he made a masterly reply to Lord Brougham, and the Bill was thrown out.

Mr. Ticknor left London with his family on the 23rd of October, 1835, with the intention of passing the winter at Dresden. From Brussels he devotes a day to Waterloo, and it is to be regretted that he did not devote an hour or two to a preliminary study of the battle; for, not knowing that the Duke on the night of the 15th of June had decided on fighting Napoleon at Waterloo if not able to stop him at Quatre Bras, Mr. Ticknor says that 'the English, retreating from Ligny and Quatre Bras after the battles of the 16th, had no choice but to fight here. They could fall back no farther.' Why could they not have fallen back on Brussels by the same road through which they had advanced?

'It was,' he thinks, 'all plain: the battle, the positions, the movements, everything; and all intelligible at a single glance. . . . On looking it all over, and considering the state of the battle at four o'clock, which had begun at eleven, I came somewhat unexpectedly to the conclusion that, if the Prussians had not come up, the English would have been beaten. This, in fact, I understand is now the general opinion, but it certainly was not so held in England soon

\* \* Memoir, p. 195.  
Vol. 142.—No. 283.

† 'Greville Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 384.  
O after

after the battle, and it was not my own impression till I had been over the field.'

The aspect of the field proves nothing as to the controverted point. It is entirely a question of time. According to the Duke's Memorandum, the first intimation of the approach of the Prussians was a vague report brought from the left of the English army at about six in the evening. The state of the battle, therefore, could not have been what Mr. Ticknor supposes it at four; and, to the best of our belief, it has never been the general opinion out of France that the English would have been beaten if the Prussians had not come up. The battle might have been a drawn battle, which the arrival of the Prussians the day following must equally have converted into a rout. Such, certainly, was the deliberate conviction of the Duke.

At Dresden, and on his way there by Bonn and Weimar, he sees Von Raumer, Schlegel, and Tieck; and strikes up a friendship, leading to a sustained correspondence during their joint lives, with Prince John of Saxony, the translator of the 'Inferno.' At Berlin, the most remarkable of the personages with whom he mixes and talks are Ancillon, the Prime Minister, Alexander von Humboldt, Lord William Russell, Savigny, and Varnhagen von Ense. From Ancillon he learns the true version of Madame de Staël's asking Fichte to give her 'un petit quart d'heure' to explain his system. At Savigny's he meets the Baroness von Arnheim and (with a want of gallantry which would make Lord Macaulay turn in his grave) notes down that, when she wrote the famous Bettina letters, she was forty instead of fifteen as people were led to believe, and Goethe past seventy.

Comparing Prince Metternich with Cardinal Mazarin, Talleyrand (as reported by Lord Macaulay) said: 'J'y trouve beaucoup à redire. Le Cardinal trompait, mais il ne mentait pas. Or, M. de Metternich ment toujours et ne trompe jamais!' It would seem from some passages in the long and (as regards form) confidential conversation to which Mr. Ticknor was admitted with him at Vienna, that the Prince had heard of this sarcasm, and was eager to neutralise it. Speaking of democracy, he said: 'En Europe c'est un mensonge, et je hais le mensonge.' Again, in asserting his own consistency:

'But since I have been here I have always been the same,—*j'ai été toujours le même. Je n'ai trompé personne, et c'est par cette raison que je n'ai pas un ennemi personnel au monde.* I have had many colleagues, I have been obliged to remove many of them,—*j'ai été obligé d'en frapper beaucoup*,—but I never deceived them, and not one of them is now my personal enemy, *pas un seul*. I have been consulted at different times by many heads of parties in other countries, who

who wanted to make great changes or revolutions. I have always talked with them, as I now talk with you, directly, frankly, truly,—*directement, franchement, avec vérité*; very often afterwards I have crushed them,—*je les ai écrasés*,—but I have never deceived them, and they are not now my personal enemies.'

It is difficult to understand how any extent of self-complacency or self-delusion could induce an experienced statesman to run on in this fashion. The conversation (or monologue) lasted above an hour and a half, and was throughout in the same tone. In the following September, Humboldt wrote to Mr. Ticknor:

'Le Prince Metternich, que j'ai vu à Teplitz, a été ravi des entretiens qu'il a eus avec vous. Né dans une république, vous aurez, pourtant, paru plus raisonnable à ses yeux, que ce qu'il appelle mon libéralisme.'

His second tour in Italy is even more productive of amusement and instruction than the first; but we can only find time for a general reflection or two. He writes to his friend, Dana, from Rome, February 22, 1837:

'... You ask me if I cannot tell you something to comfort an old Tory. I cannot. What Prince Metternich, the Phoenix of Tories, said to me over and over again, in a curious conversation I had with him last summer, is eminently true to my feelings, and would be, perhaps, still more so to yours, if you were travelling about as I am,—"*L'état actuel de l'Europe m'est dégoûtant.*"'

The state of the New World fortunately consoles him for the corruption and decrepitude of the Old:

'In the United States we have the opposite defects; but I greatly prefer them. We have the great basis of purity in our domestic life and relations, which is so broadly wanting here. We have men in the less favoured portions of society, who have so much more intellect, will, and knowledge, that, compared with similar classes here, those I am among seem of an inferior order in creation. Indeed, taken as a general remark, a man is much more truly a *man* with us than he is elsewhere; and, notwithstanding the faults that freedom brings out in him, it is much more gratifying and satisfying to the mind, the affections, the soul, to live in our state of society, than in any I know of on this side of the Atlantic.'

If Mr. Ticknor had lived to watch the working of the institutions of the United States under emergencies like the War of Secession, he would not have been so eager to challenge this comparison. Commercial probity has become a byword at New York; corruption has invaded every department of the Government; and domestic life no longer rests on that great basis of purity which he supposes to be a myth on this side of the

Atlantic. A recent writer, who has made a conscientious study of the subject in all its branches, after mentioning the female agitation for women's rights, remarks :—

'The disorder of morals follows that of the understanding, and we must make a material deduction from our estimate of American morality, formerly so justly vaunted. . . . Prostitution abounds in the great towns. Domestic dramas, assassinations, elopements are multiplied to a startling extent; the watering places are for the richer classes fixed places of resort, open to the most shameful licentiousness. . . . Moreover, the notions of marriage, of conjugal faith, and adultery, will soon lose all practical signification, so commonly practised is divorce.'\*

In a letter of the preceding year (1836) to Prescott, he remarks that, taking all things together, it is still very comfortable to be an American, and is on the whole an extremely good passport to general kindness and goodwill :

'At any rate, I would not change my passport—signed by some little scamp of an Under-secretary at Washington, whose name I have forgotten—for any one of the fifteen hundred that are lying with it at the Police in Dresden, from Russia, France, and England.'

From Paris, February 20, 1838, after stating that he had been to from twenty to five-and-twenty of the principal *salons*, he writes :

'One thing strikes me in all these places. I find no English. Though there are thirty thousand now in Paris, they can hardly get any foothold in French society, and it is only when you are at a great ball—at Court or elsewhere—that you meet them.'

Not many years later, the American Colonel Thorne, of ball-giving notoriety, meeting the late Lord Cantilupe at a *salon* in the Faubourg St. Germain, said to him, with a patronising air, 'I am happy to meet your lordship in this society.' We are afraid, therefore, that there is no denying the fact that a high-born and accomplished Englishman may then have thought himself fortunate to be admitted to the same circles as an average American of the travelling class. Why was this? A very clever woman, who has had ample opportunities of observing both English and American travellers, states that 'the merits of both have been amiably summed up by our epigrammatic friends : "Otez du gentilhomme tout ce qui le rend aimable,

\* 'Les États-Unis contemporains, ou les mœurs, les institutions et les idées depuis la Guerre de la Sécession. Par Claudio Jannet, ouvrage précédé d'une lettre de M. Le Play.' Paris, 1876.

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This was forty years since ; and it will be remembered that, when Hallam and Sydney Smith entered literary life, it was a moot point whether it was consistent with the position of a gentleman to be paid for his articles. In a letter dated May, 1803, referring to his editorship, Jeffrey speaks of being 'articled to a trade that is not perhaps the most respectable.' The very day of the breakfast, Mr. Ticknor dined with Sydney Smith at Lansdowne House, and 'seeing his free good humour, and the delight with which everybody listened to him, thought there were but small traces of the aristocratic oppression of which he had so much complained in the morning.'

Another entry relating to this breakfast runs thus :—

'Speaking of the "Edinburgh Review," Mr. Smith said that it was begun by Jeffrey, Horner, and himself ; that he was the first editor of it, and that they were originally unwilling to give Brougham any direct influence over it, because he was so violent and unmanageable. After he—Smith—left Edinburgh, Jeffrey became the editor ; "but," said Smith, "I never would be a contributor on the common business footing. When I wrote an article, I used to send it to Jeffrey, and waited till it came out ; immediately after which I enclosed to him a bill, in these words, or words like them : 'Francis Jeffrey, Esq., to Rev. Sydney Smith,—To a very wise and witty article, on such a subject, so many sheets, at forty-five guineas a sheet.' And the money always came. I never worked for less.'"

According to Jeffrey, there was no editor till he himself was named, *i.e.* till after the first three numbers ; and Sydney Smith's account of enclosing bills must have been a joke :—

'To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet ;  
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet.'

This (as Jeffrey states) was frequently much exceeded ; but Sydney Smith's mode of charging per article must have been difficult, if not impracticable, in his case, since it would often have taken several of his early articles to make a sheet. He contributed seven to the first number, one of which occupies less than a page. In 1819, when he was at the height of his reputation, he was driven to defend and apologise for some of his articles instead of being able to set his own price upon them.\*

Mr. Ticknor returned to Boston in the summer of 1838, and during the next ten years was almost exclusively occupied with the preparation of his 'History of Spanish Literature,' the first edition of which appeared towards the end of 1849. Point-

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\* Letter to Jeffrey. 'Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith.' By his Daughter, Lady Holland, vol. ii. pp. 181, 182. The early history of the 'Edinburgh Review' is given in 'Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey,' vol. i. pp. 131-136.

ing to the presentation copy on his table, Rogers remarked to Sir Charles Lyell: 'I am told it has been the work of his life. How these Bostonians do work!' It was reviewed (favourably, as it well merited) in this journal by the learned and witty author of the 'Spanish Handbook,' and still keeps its place as the standard work upon the subject.\* A fourth edition, carefully revised by him, appeared the year after his death. Congratulatory letters poured in on all sides; and Mr. Abbott Lawrence, then United States Minister, wrote to a friend: 'I was present, a few evenings since, when the Queen asked Mr. Macaulay what new book he could recommend for her reading. He replied that he would recommend Her Majesty to send for the "History of Spanish Literature," by an American, Mr. Ticknor, of Boston.'†

It was in the interests of the Free Library of Boston that, in the fulness of his fame, he undertook his third and last visit to Europe, where much of his time was consequently spent in the congenial labour of selecting books. The changes he remarked in London society were for the worse:—

'London life seems to me to have become more oppressive than it ever was. The breakfasts, that used to be modest reunions of half-a-dozen, with a dish or two of cold meat, are now dinners in disguise, for fourteen to sixteen persons, with three or four courses of hot meats. Once we had wine. The lunches are much the same, with puddings, &c., added, and several sorts of wine; and the dinners begin at a quarter to half-past eight, and last till near eleven. Twice, spiced wines were handed round with the meats, which I never saw before, and did not find nearly so savoury as my neighbours did. Everything, in short, announced—even in the same houses—an advance of luxury, which can bode no good to any people. But the tide cannot be resisted.'

From Rome, January 25, 1851, he writes:—

'Society has grown more luxurious, more elaborate, and less gay. The ladies' dresses, by their size, really embarrass it somewhat, and Queen Christina, with the ceremonies attending such a personage everywhere, embarrasses it still more this year. Above all, it costs too much.

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'The manners of the higher clergy, and probably of all classes of

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\* It has been translated, with additions, into Spanish under the title of 'Historia de la Literatura Española trad. al Castellano, con Adiciones y Notas Críticas.' Por P. de Gayangos y E. Vedia. 4 vols. royal 8vo. Madrid, 1851-57. Don Pascual de Gayangos, one of the most distinguished men of letters that the Spain of his generation has produced, was in constant correspondence with the author during the composition of the work, and afforded valuable aid.

† See 'Life of Lord Macaulay,' vol. ii. p. 301.

the clergy, are become more staid; perhaps their characters are improved, for I hear of fewer stories to their discredit. The first time I was invited to the Borgheses' in 1836, was on a Sunday evening, and the first thing I saw when I entered was seven Cardinals, four at one table, three at another, with their red skull-caps and *pieds de perdrix*, playing at cards (whist). Similar exhibitions I witnessed all the season through, there and elsewhere. But this year I have not seen a single Cardinal at a card-table.'

The higher clergy of the Established Church of England have similarly abandoned whist. The last prelate who was in the habit of playing, and played the old game well, was the learned and eminently orthodox Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Phillpotts.

Paris, the Paris of the Second Empire, was no longer, in 1851, what monarchical Paris had appeared in 1838:—

'It was another atmosphere. Old times were forgotten; the old manners gone. And what is to come in their place? Paris is externally the most magnificent capital in Europe, and is becoming daily more brilliant and attractive. But where are the old *salons*,—their grace, their charming and peculiar wit, their conversation that impressed its character upon the language itself, and made it, in many respects, what it is?'

His Journal and Letters during his last visit to England abound, as usual, with proofs of his insight into character. He struck up a close intimacy with Sir Edmund Head, and it is to him that he is most communicative of his impressions of their common friends, which are almost uniformly just. Thus, what struck him at once in Sir George Lewis was his instinctive fairness:—

'He was singularly able and willing to change his opinion when new facts came to unsettle his old one. He seemed to do it too without regret. . . . I remember I used to think he had the greatest respect for facts of any man I ever saw, and an extraordinary power of determining from internal evidence what were such.

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'How striking it is that two such scholars as he (Lewis) and Gladstone should have made such capital Chancellors of the Exchequer.'

To a letter of his after his return home, describing the excellent effects of the Prince's visit to the United States in 1860, Sir E. Head replies:—

'The views which you express with reference to the effect of the Prince's visit are, I believe, quite correct. I have taken measures for letting the Queen see such portions of your letter as bear directly on the benefits likely to accrue to both countries, and I hope you will not think me indiscreet in doing so.'

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He is as plain-spoken as could be wished about his own country :

‘Our politics are in a state of great confusion. As the elder Adams said to me, when he was eighty-nine years old, about the politics of the State of New York for seventy years previous, “they are the Devil’s incomprehensibles.”’

This was in 1858, before the commencement of the civil war, which he declared at once must be fought out. In April 1863, he writes :—

‘Whatever awaits us in the dark future depends, I believe, neither on elections nor speeches nor wise discussions, but on fighting. I have thought so ever since the affair of Fort Sumter, and fire cannot burn it out of me.’

The death of Prescott, January 27, 1858, although neither sudden nor unexpected, was a severe shock. Two months after the event he writes to his wife’s niece, Mrs. Twisleton : ‘I do not get accustomed to the loss. Indeed, something or other seems to make it fall afresh and heavier almost every day.’ At the request of the family he immediately set about the ‘Life of Prescott,’ the publication of which, from circumstances connected with public affairs, was delayed till 1863. He was then seventy-two, an age at which he thought it prudent to give up authorship ; but his mental powers were unimpaired, and till within a few days of his death, at seventy-nine, his principal enjoyments were derived from literary conversation or from books. His favourite reading in the decline of life was biography. He died on the 26th of January, 1871. On the preceding New Year’s Day he was found reading the ‘Life of Scott’ for (as he said) the fourth time ; and on being asked to recommend a subject for reading, ‘Take Boswell,’ he said, ‘then Southey’s “Cowper,” the Lives of Mackintosh, Scott, Southey, and so on ; the memoirs are so rich.’ If the same request were made to us, we should say : Take Ticknor ; the memoir is so rich, the tone and spirit are so good. No matter what your peculiar taste in this style of composition : no matter what your range of acquirement : rest assured that you will rise from the careful perusal of his journals and correspondence with a lively sense of self-satisfaction—amused, instructed and (we will venture to add) improved.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Lectures on some Recent Advances in Physical Science.* By Professor P. G. Tait, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 1876.
2. *On Geological Dynamics.* By Sir William Thomson, LL.D., F.R.S. ‘Transactions of the Geological Society of Glasgow,’ 1869.
3. *On Geological Time.* By Sir William Thomson, LL.D., Geological Society of Glasgow. 1868.
4. *Sur le Ralentissement du mouvement de Rotation de la Terre.* Par M. Delaunay. Paris, 1866.
5. *Climate and Time.* By James Croll. H.M. Geological Survey of Scotland. London, 1875.
6. *Principles of Geology.* By Sir Charles Lyell. 14th Edition. London, 1875.

A SHORT time ago Sir William Thomson took occasion, at a meeting of the Geological Society of Glasgow, to make a somewhat startling statement. He said that the tendency of British popular geology was, at the time he spoke, in direct opposition to the principles of natural philosophy.

So strong an opinion expressed by the man who is, perhaps, foremost in this country in applied mathematics and natural science, naturally attracted great attention, and it is not too much to say that in the six years which have since elapsed a very great change has taken place in the views of those best able to form an opinion on the subject of Sir William Thomson’s animadversions.

Whether or not we are correct in saying that such a change has actually taken place in educated public opinion it is the object of this paper to show; but we may at least affirm at the outset, without fear of contradiction, that a very smart conflict has been raging on the subject in the scientific world. The opposing forces are the geologists and the mathematicians. There has been hard hitting on both sides, and no quarter given. Of late the mathematicians have brought up their reserve, a contingent of natural philosophers, who have done good service. The latest intelligence from the seat of war speaks of a suspension of hostilities. The mathematicians will make no concessions, but the geologists appear likely to abate somewhat of their high demands. There is even some talk of an amalgamation of the opposing armies. In plain English, there has been a dispute as to the age of the world. Geologists declared that the centuries of its duration could only be denoted by an array of figures so large as to paralyse the reasoning faculties and convey no definite impression to the mind. Other branches

branches of science have shown cause for attributing to the solar system a limit of duration, vast indeed, but not absolutely inconceivable.

To those whose interest in such matters is literary rather than scientific, the progress of such a controversy is often very entertaining. It is true that the actual battles take place in places beyond our ken, generally at meetings of scientific societies, where the orators have it all their own way and confound their adversaries;—till the opposition society meets. But though the philosophers retire for fighting purposes, and do battle in the clouds with weapons, phrases, and formulæ, that we cannot understand, they always come down again to earth to proclaim their victories or palliate their defeats. Once they come down, and we catch them with pens in their hands, the outsiders have their turn.

It is not, however, in the great books of Darwin, Huxley, Lyell, Helmholtz, Tait, or Thomson, that we may seek food for amusement. In these works every thought is in full dress and every phrase decorous. But there is another sort of literature in which we see the great men, so to speak, with their coats off. The 'Proceedings' of the learned societies where the real fighting goes on are full of entertainment. Students of human nature need no further proof that though every man may not be a philosopher, every philosopher is certainly a man. With what frank enjoyment they fight! With what irony—what sarcasm they annihilate their foes! It must, however, be confessed that sarcasm is not, as a rule, the strong point of the learned. The editor of a Northern newspaper of our acquaintance was one day speaking in terms of praise of his sub-editor—'The brilliancy of yon young man,' said he, 'is surprising; the facility with which he jokes amazes me. I, myself, am in the habit of joking, but I joke with difficulty.' We have observed the same peculiarity among other learned persons. They joke, but not with ease.

Most of the books which we have prefixed to this paper contain their authors' thoughts polished *ad unguem*. It would not be fair to judge of the opinions of the scientific persons we quote by any other standard than that which they have themselves carefully prepared; but yet we cannot refrain from entertaining a preference for the rough-and-ready, hard-hitting pamphlets, lectures, 'proceedings,' inaugural addresses, and the like, from which almost, without exception, these works have been compiled. For example, Mr. Croll's work on Climate and Time is everything which a scientific work should be that requires deep research and laborious thought, combined with the

the boldest generalisation; but it is a digest of some five or six and thirty papers contributed to scientific magazines and periodicals during several years. Mr. Croll gives a list of his papers at the end of his volume. But though it is most convenient to see the whole before us at a glance, and to have them all under our hand or on the library shelf, yet we acknowledge that while thinking over Mr. Croll's volume, for the purposes of this review, we found ourselves again and again going back to the pages of the 'Reader' and the 'Philosophical Magazine,' in which we first made acquaintance with them. It may be prejudice in favour of old acquaintances, but we liked them better before. Digressions, perhaps, are cut out; some little rash speculation quietly withdrawn; some hit at an opponent suppressed; but they do not always command the same ready assent, or appear so interesting as they did in their old form.

These remarks do not apply to Professor Tait. His lectures now before us, from their nature, belong to the class of composition for which we avow our predilection. They were delivered extempore to a scientific audience, and printed from shorthand notes. They lose nothing of their vigour, to use an expression of Lord Macaulay, by translation out of English into Johnsonese. We are allowed to seize the thought in the making, and if it loses anything in grace, the loss is more than counterbalanced by power.

Those who wish thoroughly to understand the subject of this paper should study Professor Tait's lectures on the sources of energy, and the transformation of one sort of energy into another. Matthew Arnold's phrase, 'let the mind play freely round' any set of facts of which you may become possessed, often recurs to the mind on reading these papers. There is a rugged strength about Professor Tait's extempore addresses, which taken together with their encyclopædic range, and the grim humour in which the professor delights, makes them very fascinating. They have another advantage. Men not professionally scientific find themselves constantly at a loss how to keep up with the rapid advance which has characterised recent years. One has hardly mastered a theory when it becomes obsolete. But in Professor Tait we have a reporter of the very newest and freshest additions to scientific thought in England and on the Continent, with the additional advantage of annotations and explanations by one of the most trustworthy guides of our time.

We propose to discuss the books and papers whose titles are prefixed to this article, in so far as they throw fresh light on the probable

probable length of time during which the solar system may be supposed to have existed. It is but in recent times that any materials have been amassed for forming an opinion on the subject. Before the end of the last century geology hardly existed as a science; an inquiry as to the age of the world would have been unhesitatingly answered by the assertion, that the earth was created in six days, 4004 years before the birth of Christ. Though further research has shown that the sacred text bears no such interpretation, those copies of the Authorised Version of the Bible, which are enriched with notes and marginal references, still keep up the formal assertion.

A story is told in Brydone's '*Tour in Sicily*' which will serve to recall the state of public opinion on the subject of chronology at the end of the last century. The Canonico Recupero, a Sicilian priest, was Brydone's guide when he explored Mount Etna. Recupero (who afterwards wrote a history of his native mountain) told the traveller that he had been vastly embarrassed by the discovery that many strata of lava, each covered deeply with earth, overlaid each other on the mountain-side. 'Moses,' said he, 'hangs like a dead weight upon me, for I have not the conscience to make the mountain so young as that prophet makes the world.' 'The Bishop,' adds Brydone, 'who is strenuously orthodox—for it is an excellent see—has warned him to be on his guard, and not to pretend to be a better historian than Moses.'

The worthy Bishop of Catania was not alone in his views. Nearer home it was the generally received opinion that to doubt the literal accuracy of the chronology supposed to be involved in the Mosaic account was a grave impiety. The poet Cowper, mildest of men, became fiercely satirical under the provocation of geology. Though few people read '*The Task*' nowadays, the lines will no doubt be remembered,

'Some drill and bore  
The solid earth, and from the strata there  
Extract a register by which we learn  
That He who made it, and revealed its date  
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.'

Fortunately, it is no longer considered impious to try and 'extract a register' from the earth. Those who were inclined to be afraid that the Mosaic record would be discredited have long since laid aside their fears. It has been found that, far from being upset by scientific inquiry, the Bible account of the Creation accords in a very remarkable manner with modern discoveries; and long before Max Müller put the feeling into words, it was felt that only 'by treating our own sacred books with  
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neither more nor less mercy than the sacred books of other nations, they could retain their position and influence.'

When once the plunge was made, it was soon found, as might have been expected, that the fault was not in the oracle, but in the interpretation; and it is very remarkable in how many and unexpected directions the testimony of Moses has been strengthened by the criticism, not always friendly, which it has received. Of course, when the anciently-accepted date of the Creation was proved to be incorrect, and chronology was, as it were, thrown open to the public, there was nothing to prevent philosophers from allowing the freest scope to their imagination. In proportion as the six thousand years formerly assigned as the age of created matter was too small, the reaction of opinion claimed for it an antiquity which workers in other branches of physics feel it impossible to concede; and at the present moment there is among scientific men a revolt against the extreme views of the geologists. The latter affirmed with truth, that creation in six solar days was demonstrably untrue, not because God could not create the world at a stroke, but because the world bears ample evidence that He did not so exercise His power. It was inconsistent alike with reasoning from probability or the investigation of facts. In all the operations of Nature as they unfolded themselves before our eyes God worked by law—by the process of slow development—by means beautifully simple, and involving no violence and no haste, yet irresistible. There was abundant evidence that these causes had been at work for thousands—perhaps millions—of years before the date of the supposed miracle. Beginning from the present age, the time was calculated that each development would require, till the united ages of all amounted to the enormous sum of three hundred millions of years.

Modern English geology holds that all geological changes have been effected by agents now in operation, and that those agents have been working silently at the same rate in all past time; that the great changes of the earth's crust were produced, not by great convulsions and cataclysms of Nature, but by the ordinary agencies of rain, snow, frost, ice, and chemical action. It teaches that the rocky face of our globe has been carved into hill and dale, and ultimately worn down to the sea-level, not only once or twice, but many times over during past ages: that the principal strata of the rocks—hundreds, and even thousands, of feet thick—have been formed on ocean-floor-beds by the slow decay of marine creatures and matter held in solution by the waves: that every part of the earth has been many times submerged, and has again been lifted into  
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the air. This slow rising and sinking of the ground is an axiom of the geological creed. We are told that it is now going on, and that there are large areas of subsidence and of elevation on the surface of the globe. But when we consider the slow rate at which that oscillation is now proceeding, and argue back from the known to the unknown, we are landed in conclusions as to the length of time required for geological changes which the opponents of the theory declare to be absolutely inadmissible.

Sir William Thomson, Professor Tait, and Mr. Croll, argue the question as one of geological dynamics. They find reason, in recent discoveries of science, to assert that the sun and the earth, from their physical condition, cannot possibly have existed for the enormous length of time supposed. Playfair, the founder of what is called the Uniformitarian school of geology, declares on the other hand, that in the existing order of things there is no evidence either of a beginning or of an end. 'In the planetary motions,' he says, 'where geometry has carried the eye so far both into the future and the past, we discover no mark either of the commencement or the termination of the present order. The author of Nature has not given laws to the Universe, which, like the institutions of men, carry in themselves the elements of their own destruction.' This was a bold assertion: it was adopted with very little limitation by Sir Charles Lyell, and the later geologists—his disciples and contemporaries. Indeed, if they admitted any limitations at all, they placed the origin of the world so many hundreds of millions of years ago that the figures convey no practical idea to the mind, and amount in effect almost to what a distinguished geologist calls '*eternity à parte ante*.'

The principal grounds upon which scientific opinion has recently declared itself in favour of limited periods for the duration of the solar system are based, first, on the belief that the earth is cooling—if not rapidly—at such a rate as to make it impossible that it should have existed for very many millions of years; secondly, because there is reason to believe that the earth is not now rotating on her axis with the same rapidity as in former ages, and that, as her shape would have been different if, at the time she was in a molten state, she had been rotating more rapidly than now, she has not been rotating so long as has been supposed; thirdly, because the sun is parting with caloric at such a rate as to make it certain that he could not have continued to radiate heat at the same rate for more than a few millions of years; and lastly, because the changes in the earth's crust, stupendous and varied as they are, could have been,

been, and probably were, accomplished in the course of much shorter periods than popular geology has hitherto considered possible.

It will, of course, be understood that any inquiry as to the date of creation must necessarily have relation only to the solar system—the sun, that is, and the planets which accompany the earth in its orbit round the central luminary.

The investigation is of necessity thus narrowed, because we have not, and cannot expect to have, any definite information as to the age of the rest of the visible universe. The stars are for ever beyond our ken. If the spectroscope can bring intelligence of their component elements, it is as much as we can hope to attain. For their immeasurable distance effectually removes them from investigation. No action of gravity emanating from those distant luminaries affects the internal economy of the solar system. In the vast eternity of space the sun and his attendant satellites are altogether alone.

It is difficult to gaze upon the thousands of stars that brighten the night with their radiance and yet realise our entire isolation. The solar system, with the radius of its orbit stretching from the sun to farthest Neptune, is but a point in a vast solitude. No star is nearer to us than 200 millions of millions of miles.

It is difficult, in dealing with such enormous numbers, to retain a definite impression on the mind. Our powers of conception are fitted rather to the wants of common life than to a complete survey of the universe.

Perhaps an intelligent may be substituted for a merely formal assent to these numbers, if they are considered on a greatly diminished scale. Consider the figures on the scale of one mile to 100,000,000. On that scale the sun's distance from the earth will be represented by nearly one mile. Let the sun be represented by a globe on the top of St. Paul's cathedral, and the earth by a little ball on the top of the clock-tower of the Houses of Parliament. The interior planets would revolve round St. Paul's as a centre; Mercury, at the distance of St. Clement's church in the Strand; Venus, at the distance of St. Martin's church, Trafalgar-square; Mars would be at Lambeth-bridge; Jupiter, at Walham-green; Saturn, in the middle of Richmond Park; Uranus, a little nearer the centre than Slough; Neptune, a couple of miles short of Reading. The outermost planet of the solar system, then, would on this scale revolve in an orbit, comprising London and its neighbourhood as far as Stevenage on the north, Chelmsford and Rochester on the east, and Horsham on the south.

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On that same scale the nearest fixed star would be nearly as far away as the moon is in the actual heavens.\*

This inconceivable remoteness shows that the sun and his satellites lie apart in space. They form one whole, interdependent on each other, but completely removed, as regards their internal economy, from the influence of any attraction outside.

There are reasons for concluding that the system, thus organised and isolated, was brought into existence by one continuous act of creative energy, and that, however long the period over which the process may have been spread, the whole solar system forms part of one creation; and though it has been sometimes thought that the earth was made by itself, and that the sun was introduced from outside space, or created where he is at a different time, the evidence is strong against such a supposition.

In the first place, the orbits of all the planets are nearly in one plane, and describe very nearly concentric circles. If, when they received the original impulse which sent them revolving round the sun, any of them had been started with a little more original velocity, such planets would revolve in orbits more elongated. If, therefore, they had been the result of several distinct acts of creation, instead of being parts of one and the same act of creation, their orbits would probably have been so many ovals, narrow and wide in all degrees, and intersecting and interfering with each other in all directions. Yet if this want of harmony had existed, even to a small degree, it would have been sufficient to destroy the existing species of living creatures, and cause to disappear all security for the stability of the solar system. If the earth's orbit were much more eccentric than it is, all living creatures would die, for the extremes of heat and cold at different periods of the year would be fatal to life. If the orbit of Jupiter were as eccentric as that of Mercury, the attraction of the larger planet would cause the smaller to change their approximately circular orbits into very long ellipses; such would be the disturbance that they would fall into the sun or fly-off into remote space. The moon would approach nearer and nearer to the earth with every revolution; the year would change its character; violent heat would succeed to violent cold; the planets would come nearer

\* On the scale of one mile to one hundred million miles:—

	Miles.		Miles
Mercury would be distant	0·35	Saturn .. .. .	8·71
from the sun .. .. .		Uranus .. .. .	17·52
Venus .. .. .	0·66	Neptune .. .. .	27·43
The Earth .. .. .	0·91	And a Centauri, the nearest	206,560·00
Mars .. .. .	1·39	fixed star .. .. .	
Jupiter .. .. .	4·75		

and nearer; we should see them portentous in size and aspect, glaring and disappearing at uncertain intervals; tides like deluges would sweep over whole continents; and finally the fall of the moon or one of the planets to the earth would result in the absolute annihilation of both of them.

Another reason for supposing that the solar system is the result of one separate act of creation is, that all parts of it are subject to one uniform law—that of gravitation. By that law every particle of matter attracts every other particle with a force directly proportionate to its mass. This force varies as the inverse square of the distance: that is, if the attractive force of a given mass at one mile were called 1, at two miles it would be  $2 \times 2 = 4$ , or  $\frac{1}{4}$  of one, and so on. This law of the inverse square, as it is called, is but the mathematical expression of a property which has been imposed upon matter by the Creator. It is no inherent quality, so far as we know. It is quite conceivable that the central law might have been different from what it is. There is no reason why the mathematical fact should be what it is except the will of the Being who imposed the law. Any other proportion could equally well be expressed mathematically, and its results calculated. As an instance of what would occur if any other proportion than the inverse square were substituted as the attractive force of gravity, suppose, at distances 1, 2, 3, the attractive force had varied as 1, 2, 3, instead of the squares of those numbers. Under such a law any number of planets might revolve in the most regular and orderly manner. But under this law the weight of bodies at the earth's surface would cease to exist; nothing would fall or weigh downwards. The greater action of the distant sun and planets would exactly neutralise the attractive force of the earth. A ball thrown from the hand, however gently, would immediately become a satellite of the earth, and would for the future accompany its course, revolving about it in the space of one year. All terrestrial things would float about with no principle of coherence or stability—they would obey the general law of the system, but would acknowledge no particular relation to the earth. It is obvious that such a change would be subversive of the entire structure and economy of the world. From these and similar considerations, it follows that although other laws are conceivable under which a solar system might exist, the solar system, such as we know it, could only exist under the actual laws which have been imposed upon its motions. And this seems entirely to exclude the idea that the various bodies of the system could have been created at different times or brought together from different parts of infinite space.

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We may then safely conclude that the solar system is absolutely isolated in space, and is collectively the result of one act of creation. To the solar system, therefore, our inquiry is exclusively confined.

Although the received chronology of the world has for ages rested upon the supposed authority of the Bible, the sacred text really says nothing at all upon the subject. But, though the assertions which were so long made upon its supposed authority are not really contained in the Pentateuch, it is curious to observe how exactly the words of Moses appear to fit the most recent discoveries of science. No one has supposed that we were intended to learn science from the Bible; it is, therefore, an unexpected advantage to find that its short but pregnant sentences directly support the interpretation put by modern research upon the hieroglyphics of nature. Moses teaches, just as modern science teaches, that the starry heavens existed far back in past duration, before the creation of the earth. He describes in majestic words the 'emptiness' of chaos, and the condition of affairs from which light arose. He describes the formation of the sun, and its gradual condensation into a 'light-holder' to give light upon the earth, in terms that almost seem to anticipate Herschel and Laplace. Far from assigning any date to the Creation, he is content to refer it to 'former duration.' No date is either mentioned or implied.

The so-called chronology was derived from two lists, one extending from Adam to Noah, the other from Noah to Abraham. These lists purport to give the direct line of descent from father to son, and the age of each individual member of the genealogy at the time when the next in succession was born. As Adam was supposed to have been created six days after the commencement of the Creation, it was simple work to add up the sum and fix the age of the world. As long as the progress of physical science showed no necessity for supposing a lengthened period to elapse between the creation of the world and the creation of man, it was taken for granted almost without discussion, that when God had created the heavens and the earth in the beginning, He at once set about the work of arranging them for the use of man; that He distributed this work over six ordinary days, and at the close of the sixth day introduced our first parent on the scene.

Nowadays, all divines, English and foreign, agree that the word employed by Moses, and translated in our Bible by 'the beginning,' expresses duration or time previous to creation. *Reshith*, the Hebrew word for beginning, is in the original used without the definite article. The article was expressly omitted

in order to exclude the application of the word to the order of creation, and to make it signify previous duration or previous eternity. The words of Moses then, 'In former duration God created the heavens and the earth,' may mean millions of years just as easily as one. A few verses later, describing the second day of creation, Moses declares that God made the firmament and called it heaven. It is plain from this that the heavens of the first day's creation are different from the heavens of the second day; the difference of time proves a difference of subject. The heavens of the first verse were made in former duration, before the moving of the Spirit, before the creation of light; the heavens of the second day were made after the earth and after light.

Another statement made by Moses is an extraordinary anticipation of the most recent cosmological doctrines. 'The earth was desolation and emptiness and darkness upon the face of the raging deep, and the Spirit of God brooding upon the face of the waters.' It is now hardly doubtful that the earth was a molten sphere, over which hung, in a dense vapour, all the water which now lies upon its surface. As the crust cooled, the aqueous vapour that surrounded it became condensed into water and rested on the surface of the land. The conflicts between the waters and the fiery heat, as the crust of the earth was broken, fell in, or was upheaved, are well described by the words of Moses, the earth was desolation and emptiness. It is curious that the great facts of the submersion of the earth and its condition of emptiness should have been thus exactly described by Moses.

We are then told that God said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' Celsus, Voltaire, and a writer in 'Essays and Reviews' have found it strange that there should have been light before the creation of the sun; but according to the theory of cosmogony now almost universally received, the earth did in fact exist before the condensation of the sun. Light there would be, from the gradually condensing mass of nebulous and incandescent matter which occupied the whole space now circumscribed by the orbit of the earth. If Moses had wished to describe the modern doctrine concerning light, he could not have done so more happily. The sun is not called 'ór,' light, but Maór, a place of light, just what modern science has discovered it to be. If light be not matter, but vibrations of luminiferous ether, no words could more precisely explain what must have occurred when God set in motion the undulations which produced light, and said, 'Let light be.' The account given of the creation of the sun very closely anticipated modern science:

science : 'Let there be lightholders in the firmament of heaven, and let them be for lightholders in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth . . . and the stars.' When the sun began to give his light, then, for the first time, the earth's fellow-planets, the stars, began to reflect his brilliance, and became luminaries also.

'Vestiges of Creation' was one of the first books which fairly awakened public interest in the debateable land which lies between that which is certainly known to science and that which must always defy inquiry. Before the appearance of that remarkable book, the theory that the sun and its attendant planets were produced by the condensation of a vast nebula, was but little known to the unscientific world. The idea was originally entertained by Sir William Herschel, and affords one of the greatest proofs of his commanding genius. It was afterwards elaborated by Laplace; but that great astronomer was himself distrustful of it, and while he expounded the mechanical laws by which the proposed explanation could be supported, he was careful to speak of it only as an hypothesis. As time goes on, it seems probable that the saying of Arago will be accepted, and that the views of Laplace will be universally acknowledged to be 'those only which, by their grandeur, their coherence, and their mathematical character, can be truly considered to form a physical cosmogony.'

But though Laplace is thus credited by Arago with the origination of this grand conception, he was not its author. Sir William Herschel gave the earliest sketch of the theory. His views were expressed with so much precision, that one cannot help feeling a little jealousy for the prior right of discovery of the English astronomer. Herschel so plainly preceded Laplace, that it seems hard that Laplace should have the credit of it. Herschel began to search after nebulae in 1779, and soon formed a catalogue comprising an enormous number of them. By degrees it dawned upon his mind that the differences he observed in them were systematic, and at length occurred the magnificent intuition that the nebulae are stars in process of formation.

They lie in enormous numbers in every part of the heavens, and apparently in every stage of progressive development. The slow growth of worlds, extending over ages of time, cannot, of course, be watched by any single observer. No more can a single tree among the trees of a forest be so observed. But a forest contains specimens of saplings, young trees, trees of vigorous growth, and trees in decay. In like manner the heavens contain specimens of worlds in the making, from the chaotic mass of vapoury



vapoury matter which forms the first stage of cosmical existence to the perfect, self-luminous star. Herschel arranged them in classes showing this gradual development, and he declares that each class is so nearly allied to the next, that they do not differ so much as would the annual description of a human figure, if it were given from the birth of a child till he comes to be a man in his prime. His catalogue arranges the objects he has actually observed somewhat in the following fashion: first, patches of extensive diffused nebulosity; 'milky nebulosity,' with condensation; round nebulæ; nebulæ, with a nucleus; and so on till he reaches stellar nebulæ, nearly approaching the appearance of stars.

The evidence grows irresistible as we read, that in these wonderful objects we are gazing at works in process of formation as they lie plastic under the creative hand of the Almighty. Nor is it possible to withhold the inference—thus probably was the world we live in, and the solar system of which we form a part, evolved out of chaos.

The labours of Laplace commenced where Herschel ended. Herschel described what he saw. Laplace showed by mathematics how the known laws of gravitation could form, and probably did form, from such partially condensed mass of matter an entire planetary system.

It is supposed that a film of vaporous matter filled up the space which is now bounded by the orbit of the outermost planet of our system. To the eye of an observer, if such there were, in a distant star, such a vapour would appear like one of the numerous nebulæ which are everywhere visible in the heavens.

Laplace supposed that this nebula, extending beyond what is now the orbit of Neptune, possessed a rotatory motion round its centre of gravity, and that the parts of it which were situated at the limits where the centrifugal force exactly counterbalanced the attractive force of the central nucleus, were abandoned by the central mass. Thus, as the nucleus became more and more dense under the action of gravity, were formed a succession of rings concentric with and revolving round the centre of gravity. Each ring would break up into masses which would be endued with motions of rotation, and would in consequence assume a spheroidal form. These masses formed the various planets, which in their turn condensing, cast off in some instances their outlying rings, as the central mass had done, and thus formed the moons or satellites which accompany the planets. As each planet was in turn cast off, the central mass contracted itself within the orbit of that last formed; till, after casting off  
Mercury,

Mercury, it gathered with immense energy round its own centre and formed the sun.

Laplace's mechanical explanation does not rest only on theory. It has been experimentally shown that matter under certain conditions would exhibit phenomena similar in many important particulars to those which Laplace was led by mathematical considerations to suppose. Professor Plateau several years ago tried the experiment of pouring olive oil into alcohol and water, mixed in such proportions as exactly to equal the density of the oil. The oil thus became a liquid mass relieved from the operation of gravity, and free to take any exterior form which might be imposed by such forces as might be brought to bear upon it. The oil instantly took the form of a globe by virtue of molecular attraction. Professor Plateau then introduced a wire into the globe of oil in such a manner as to form for it a vertical axis. The wire had on it a little disc coincident with the centre of the globular mass, and by turning the axis the oil was made to revolve. The sphere soon flattened at the poles and bulged out at the equator, thus producing on a small scale an effect which is admitted to have taken place in the planets. The experiment has since been several times repeated. When the rotation becomes very rapid, the figure becomes more oblately spheroidal, then hollows out above and below round the axis of rotation, stretches out horizontally until finally the outside layer of oil abandons the mass and becomes transformed into a perfectly regular ring. After a little while the ring of oil losing its own motion gathers itself once more into a sphere. As often as the experiment is repeated the ring thrown off immediately takes the globular form. These are seen to assume at the instant of their formation a movement of rotation upon themselves, which takes place in the same direction as that of the ring. Moreover, as the ring at the instant of its rupture had still a remainder of velocity, the spheres to which it has given birth tend to fly-off at a tangent; but as on the other side, the disc, turning in the alcoholic liquor, has impressed on the liquor a movement of rotation, the spheres are carried along and revolve for some time round the disc. Those which revolve at the same time upon themselves 'present the curious spectacle of planets revolving at the same time on themselves and in their orbit.' Another curious result is almost always exhibited in this experiment. Besides three or four large spheres into which the ring resolves itself, there are almost always two or three very small ones which may thus be compared to satellites. The experiment presents, therefore, an image in miniature of the formation of the planets,  
according

according to the hypothesis of Laplace, by the rupture of the cosmical rings attributable to the condensation of the solar atmosphere.

Modern discoveries carry the matter on much further. Recent investigations into the doctrine of the conservation of energy, have shown the generation of cosmical heat. The amount of force comprised in the universe, like the amount of matter contained in it, is a fixed quantity, and to it nothing can either be added or taken away. It is therefore constantly undergoing change from one form to another. If it ceases in one form it is not destroyed, it is converted. The blow of a hammer on an anvil sets a certain amount of energy in motion. The anvil stops the blow, but the force changes into heat. Hammer a nail and it will burn your fingers. Apply a brake to a wheel and you will stop the motion, but the force will be changed into heat which will burn you if you touch the brake. Measure the hammered nail and you find that it has expanded by the vibration of its particles; heat it still more, and the particles will overcome the attraction of cohesion and revolve about each other, that is they will become molten; heat them still more and they will assume the vaporous or gaseous form. Now seeing that motion was convertible into heat, and heat into motion, it became an object of inquiry what was the exact relation between the two. Dr. Mayer in Germany, and Dr. Joule in England, set themselves to the solution of this problem. By various experiments it was demonstrated, that every form of motion being convertible into heat, the amount of heat generated by a given motion may be calculated. If the particles of a vast vaporous mass were brought into collision from the effect of their mutual attraction, intense heat would ensue. The amount of caloric generated by the arrest of the converging motion of a nebula like the solar system would be sufficient to fuse the whole into one mass and store up a reserve of solar heat for millions of years.

Such, then, is the most probable conjecture respecting the origin of our system. We now turn to consider the grounds on which attempts have been made to fix the probable date of its creation. It will be convenient to examine the views of modern geologists on the subject, and the objections, based on recent results of physical science, which natural philosophers have adduced against their speculations.

The great representative, in late years, of British geology, is the late Sir Charles Lyell. But a few months before his death he published the new edition of his 'Principles of Geology,' the title of which we have placed at the head of this paper.

While

While he lived he bestowed upon the correction of his works unwearied labour. Edition after edition was called for, and in each whole passages—sometimes whole chapters—were remodelled. A quotation from one of the earlier editions may not improbably be searched for in vain in those which subsequently left his hands; and there are not wanting instances in which an opinion, contested by competent adversaries, was quietly dropped without any formal parade. His judgment was always open to appeal, and his clear and manly intellect acknowledged no finality in matters of opinion; therefore, on matters which we know to have been brought before him, with their accompanying evidence, we may consider ourselves as possessing his final verdict. It would not be fair, when quoting, as we must do, comments unfavourable to some of the conclusions at which Sir Charles Lyell arrived, to refrain from acknowledging the care with which his opinions were formed, and the candour with which they were surrendered if ever his better judgment considered them untenable. For instance, as head of the Uniformitarian school, he was exceedingly anxious that the evidence for his favourite doctrine should be duly and impartially weighed. With this view he advocated, in his '*Principles of Geology*,'\* 'an earnest and patient endeavour to reconcile the indications of former change with the evidences of gradual mutations now in progress.'

Upon this remark Dr. Whewell† fell with merciless severity: 'We know nothing,' says he, 'of causes; we only know effects. Why then should we make a merit of cramping our speculations by such assumptions? Whether the causes of change do act uniformly; whether they oscillate only within narrow limits; whether their intensity in former times was nearly the same as it is now: these are precisely the questions which we wish science to answer us impartially and truly. Where, then, is the wisdom of "an earnest and patient endeavour" to secure an affirmative reply?'

This was rough handling of a pet theory, or, rather, of an argument in favour of a pet theory; but that Sir Charles Lyell felt its force, is shown by the fact that no trace of the appeal attacked by Whewell appears in such later editions of the '*Principles*' as we have consulted.

As another instance of the same spirit, the following remark was made by Dr. Hooker, the President of the Royal Society, when addressing the British Association at Norwich. He was

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\* Lyell, b. iv. p. 328, 4th edition.

† '*History of the Inductive Sciences*,' b. viii. sec. 2. Edit. 1857.

speaking

speaking of the progress made in public estimation by the theories of Mr. Darwin. 'Sir Charles Lyell,' he says, 'having devoted whole chapters of the first editions of his "Principles" to establishing the doctrine of special creations, abandons it in the tenth edition. I know no brighter example of heroism, of its kind, than this, of an author thus abandoning late in life a theory which he had for forty years regarded as one of the foundation-stones of a work that had given him the highest position attainable among contemporary scientific writers.'

Among eminent persons holding the geological opinions, to which the name of Catastrophism has been given, the name of the late Master of Trinity must occupy a foremost place. The words in which he avows his opinion are remarkable, not only for their exquisite beauty, but because they have a peculiar significance as almost the last utterance of a great man. The passage which follows\* occurs in the third of a series of sermons preached in the University Church at Cambridge, in 1827. But it is curious to learn, from his Memoirs, published this year, that he again used the same words in his College Chapel just before his death.

'Let us not deceive ourselves. Indefinite duration and gradual decay are not the destiny of this universe. It will not find its termination only in the imperceptible crumbling of its materials, or the clogging of its wheels. It steals not calmly and slowly to its end. No ages of long and deepening twilight shall gradually bring the last setting of the sun—no mountains sinking under the decrepitude of years, or weary rivers ceasing to rejoice in their courses, shall prepare men for the abolition of this earth. No placid euthanasia shall silently lead on the dissolution of the natural world. But the trumpet shall sound—the struggle shall come—this goodly frame of things shall be rent and crushed by the arm of its omnipotent maker. It shall expire in the throes and agonies of some fierce convulsion; and the same hand which plucked the elements from the dark and troubled slumbers of chaos shall cast them into their tomb, pushing them aside that they may no longer stand between his face and the creatures whom he shall come to judge.'

Holding these opinions, and believing as Professor Whewell did that the upheavals and subsidence of strata which characterise the earth's crust, were produced suddenly, and by violent agencies; the school to which he belonged were little likely to attempt to fix a date for the creation of the world. To their minds the facts of geology gave no evidence as to time. It is, therefore, to Sir Charles Lyell and his followers that we must

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\* 'Sermons in the University Church at Cambridge, 18th February, 1827.'

turn for an estimate of duration drawn from the 'testimony of the rocks.'

It is impossible to deny that periods of very vast duration must have elapsed while the changes took place of which we see the traces. If, for instance, we search below the sand on English shores, we find, perhaps a bed of earth with shells and bones; under that, a bed of peat; under that, one of blue silt; under that, a buried forest, with the trees upright and rooted; under that, another layer of blue silt, full of roots and vegetable fibre; perhaps under that again, another old land-surface with trees again growing in it; and under all, the main bottom clay of the district. In any place where boulder clay crops out at the surface—in Cheshire or Lancashire, along Leith shore near Edinburgh, or along the coast at Scarborough—it will be found stuffed full of bits of different kinds of stone, the great majority of which have nothing to do with the rock on which the clay happens to lie, but have come from places many miles away. On examining the pebbles, they will prove to be rounded, scratched, and grooved, in such fashion as to show that at some period they have been subjected to a grinding force of immense violence. Among the pebbles in the clay, and on plains far away from mountains, are found great rocks of many tons in weight. They were carried on the backs of icebergs, which, at some time, covered the now temperate regions of the earth, and were dropped by the melting ice either in the shape of pebbles, as moraines of ancient glaciers, or as boulders stranded when the icebergs melted in the lowlands.

Such evidence points to vast periods of more than Arctic winter, which must have endured for many thousand years. But in close juxtaposition with these glacial shells and pebbles lie remains which tell of tropical climates that alternated with the dreary ages of ice. Fossil plants and the remains of animals prove that all northern Europe was once warmer than it is now; that England bore the flora and fauna of the torrid zones. Underneath London there lies four or five hundred feet of clay. It is not ice clay; it belongs to a later geological formation, and was, in fact, the delta of a great tropical river. The shells in this clay are tropical. Nautili, cones, fruits and seeds of nipa palms, now found only at Indian river mouths; anona-seeds, gourd-seeds, acacia fruits. The bones, too, of crocodiles and turtles; of large mammals allied to the Indian tapir, and the water-hog of the Cape. All this shows that there was once, where London stands, a tropical climate, and a tropic river running into the sea. We find in it the remains of animals which existed before the ice-age. The mammoth, or woolly elephant,

elephant, the woolly rhinoceros, the cave lion, the cave bear, the reindeer, and the musk ox, inhabited Britain till the ice drove them south. When the climate became tolerable again, the mammoth and rhinoceros, the bison and the lion, reoccupied our lowlands; and the hippopotamus from Africa and Spain wandered over the plains where now the English Channel flows, and pastured side by side with animals which have long since retreated to Norway and Canada.

When the ages necessary for all these changes is allowed for, we have not, even yet, got beyond the latest period into which the history of the globe has been divided. Under the tertiary deposits lies the chalk, a thousand feet in thickness, which is composed of the shells of minute animals, which must have been deposited age after age at the bottom of a deep and still ocean, far out of reach of winds, tides or currents. Recent dredgings in ocean depths have proved beyond a doubt that the greater part of the Atlantic Sea floor is now being covered by a similar deposit. It must have taken ages to form, and, if the geologists are right in their estimate of the slow rate of upheaval, many more ages to become elevated above the ocean bed where it lay. Not only once, but many times, the chalk was alternately above and beneath the waves. It is separated by comparatively thin and partial deposits of sand and clays, which show that it has been at many different points in succession a sea-shore cliff. The chalk is not flat as it must have been at the sea bottom, it is eaten out into holes by the erosion of the sea waves, and upon it lie flints, beds of shore shingle, beds of oysters lying as they grew, water-shells standing as they lived, and the remains of trees. Yet, again, there lie upon the chalk sands, such as those of Aldershot and Farnham, containing in their lower strata remains of tropical life, which disappeared as the climate became gradually colder and colder, and the age of ice once more set in. Everywhere about the Ascot Moors the sands have been ploughed by the shore ice in winter, as they lay awash in the shallow sea, and over them is spread in many places a thin sheet of ice-borne gravel. All this happened between the date of the boulder clay and that of the new red sandstone on which it rests.

We need not follow the geologist through the lower systems which overlies the metamorphic rock. The oolite contains remains of plants and animals now extinct, the most remarkable being huge reptiles; the triassic has fossils like the oolite; and the Permian has remains like those in the coal on which it rests. Then follow the coal measures, the fossil remnants of tropical vegetation; the old red sandstone, with fossils principally

pally of fishes and shells ; the silurian, in which are found the earliest forms of life ; and, lastly, the hard and crystalline rocks, devoid of fossils, which are supposed to be the earliest constituent mass of our planet.

Sir Charles Lyell and his followers allege that the rate at which species of animals change is tolerably uniform. The fossils of one age differ but little from those of ages immediately preceding and following it. We must go back, he says, to a period when the marine shells differ as a whole from those now existing to form one complete period. Counting back in stages measured by changes of fossils, we have four such stages in the tertiary formations above the chalk.

Lyell saw reason to believe, on evidence which we shall presently examine, that the age of ice commenced about a million of years ago. The place of this age of ice among the series of fossil-changes is easily marked, and so he concludes that each of his four periods above the chalk 'would lay claim to twenty millions of years.' We must allow Sir Charles to work up to his stupendous conclusion in his own words :—

'The antecedent Cretaceous, Jurassic, and Triassic formations would yield us three more epochs of equal importance to the three Tertiary periods before enumerated, and a fourth may be reckoned by including the Permian epoch with the gap which separates it from the Trias. In these eight periods we may add, continuing our retrospective survey, four more, namely the Carboniferous, Devonian, Silurian, and Cambrian ; so that we should have twelve in all, without reckoning the antecedent Laurentian formations which are older than the Cambrian. . . . If each therefore of the twelve periods represents twenty millions of years on the principles above explained, we should have a total of two hundred and forty millions for the entire series of years which have elapsed since the beginning of the Cambrian period.'

Eighty millions since the lower tertiary formation, one hundred and sixty millions since the formation of the coal measures, and two hundred and forty millions since the beginning of the Cambrian period ! And beyond that inconceivable antiquity lie the whole range of the primary rocks which contain no fossils.

Mr. Darwin\* assigns to the world even a greater age. 'In all probability,' he says, 'a far longer period than three hundred millions of years has elapsed since the latter part of the secondary period.' Other geologists exceed even this estimate. Mr. Jukes, for instance, after referring to this passage, in which Mr. Darwin has given an estimate of the length of time necessary for wearing down the space between the North and South

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\* 'Origin of Species.' Edition 1859, p. 287.



Downs, declares it is just as likely that the time which actually elapsed since the first commencement of the erosion, till it was nearly as complete as it now is, was really a hundred times greater than his estimate, 'or *thirty thousand millions of years!*'

To any one but a professed geologist, it would almost seem as if these ideas of geological periods had been framed on the principle which guided Mr. Montague Tigg in fixing the capital of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company. 'What,' asked the secretary, 'will be the paid-up capital according to the next prospectus?' 'A figure of two,' says Mr. Tigg, 'and as many noughts after it as the printer can get into the same line.'

It is hard for imagination to compass the meaning of a million, and when that number is multiplied by hundreds, the effort is altogether beyond us. But we need not dwell on this consideration; we turn at once to the practical comments made by physical science on these and such-like opinions. The first is founded on the secular cooling of the earth.

If a red-hot ball be taken from a furnace, it begins at once to part with heat at a certain definite rate. As it becomes colder it cools more and more slowly. From the known laws of heat it is quite possible roughly to approximate to the period during which the earth has been habitable for animals and plants such as we now find upon it. Whenever a body is hotter at one part than at another, the tendency of heat is to flow from the hotter body to the colder. As the earth's crust is warmer as we go further down, there must be a steady increase of heat from the surface to the centre, and the earth is even now losing heat at a perfectly measurable rate; therefore it is possible to calculate what was the distribution of heat a hundred thousand or a thousand thousand years ago, supposing the present natural laws to have been then in existence. According to these data, about ten millions of years ago the surface of the earth had just consolidated, or was just about to consolidate; and in the course of comparatively few thousand years after that time the surface had become so moderately warm as to be fitted for the existence of life such as we know it. If we attempt to trace the state of affairs back for a hundred millions, instead of ten millions of years, we should find that the earth (if it then existed at all) must have been liquid, and at a high white heat, so as to be utterly incompatible with the existence of life of any kind with which we are acquainted.\*

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\* The 'Doctrine of Uniformity' in Geology briefly refuted. 'Proceedings of the R. Soc. Edinburgh, Dec. 1865.'

The next argument, namely, that founded on the earth's retardation by the tidal wave, is more recondite, and the theory that there is such a retardation at all is quite of recent date. Theoretical reasons connected with mechanics caused it to be adopted, and its establishment depends on the most refined astronomical investigation.

It is one of the peculiarities of time measurement, that from the nature of things no two periods of time can be compared directly one with another. The standards by which we measure time are less and less precise as we recede further into the past. To-day we have as the standard unit of duration the interval between two successive transits of a star over the cross-wires of a fixed observatory-telescope. This measure has been considered until lately as absolutely fixed and invariable. And so it is for all practical purposes; the sidereal time of any heavenly body passing the meridian on a given day in 1880, may be ascertained from the 'Nautical Almanac' to-day, and it will be found true within one-hundredth of a second. But that throws no light on the question what is the absolute length of an hour or a second. They are both definite fractions of a day; and a day is a revolution of the earth on its axis; no artificial measurement of such an interval can prove whether the interval itself remains from age to age unchanged. To quote Humboldt as a sure guide to the received opinions of scientific men thirty years ago,\* 'The comparison of the secular inequalities in the moon's motion, with eclipses observed by Hipparchus, or during an interval of two thousand years, shows conclusively the length of the day has certainly not been diminished by one hundredth part of a second.'

The assertion is derived from Laplace, and even now is mentioned as an unquestioned fact in the most recent astronomical text-books. Halley it is true, in 1695, discovered that the average velocity with which the moon revolves round the earth had apparently been increasing from year to year, and this acceleration remained unexplained during more than a century. Halley compared the records of the most ancient lunar eclipses of the Chaldean astronomers with those of modern times. He likewise compared both sets of observations with those of the Arabian astronomers of the eighth and ninth centuries. The result was an unexplained discrepancy, which set all theory at defiance for a century or more. It appeared that the moon's mean motion increases at the rate of eleven seconds in a century; and that quantity, small in itself, becomes con-

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\* 'Cosmos,' i. 161.

siderable by accumulation during a succession of ages. In 2500 years the moon is before her calculated place by  $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ —enough to make a very material difference in place of visibility of a solar eclipse. Laplace at last, as Sir John Herschel says, stepped in to rescue physical astronomy from its reproach, by pointing out the real cause of the phenomenon. Laplace accounted for the apparent acceleration by showing that the motion of the earth in her orbit was disturbed by the other planets, in a manner before insufficiently appreciated, and the explanation was accepted for many years as complete and satisfactory. The acceleration was calculated to the utmost point of precision attainable in mathematics by MM. Damoiseau and Plana. Using the formulæ of Laplace, and the numbers deduced from them, it was found that the circumstances and places of ancient eclipses, as recorded by historians, were brought into strict accordance with the times and circumstances as they ought to have been if the theory were true. Laplace's explanation rests upon the fact, that for many thousands of years past the orbit of the earth has been tending more and more to a perfect circle: that is, the minor axis is increasing while the major axis remains unchanged. The result is, that the average distance of the moon from the sun is greater than it was in past ages. But in proportion as the moon is released from the sun's influence she revolves faster round the earth.

When it was seen how completely the difficulties in ancient observations were explained away by the calculations of Laplace, all doubt was considered to be at an end, and astronomers supposed that the whole truth was known. But in 1853 it occurred to Professor Adams to recalculate Laplace's investigations, and the result was the detection of a material error, which vitiated the whole series of observations. The results of Professor Adams's calculations were submitted to the Royal Society\* in a paper, the explanatory part of which is very short indeed, occupying but a couple of pages of the 'Proceedings.' The brief statement is followed by a corroborative sea of high mathematics, into which we have no intention of asking the reader to plunge. The result, roughly stated, was to halve the amount of acceleration calculated by Laplace, and thus to leave half the acceleration of the moon necessary for his explanation of ancient eclipses to be found in some other way. Astronomers were now in a condition almost as bad as that from which they had been rescued by Laplace.

Adams communicated his final result to M. Delaunay, one of the

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\* June 16, 1853.

great French mathematicians ; and it seems to have been during the investigations which that astronomer undertook to verify the calculations of Adams, that it occurred to him to inquire whether our measure of Time itself remains unchanged ? in other words, whether the earth itself may not be rotating more slowly, instead of the moon more quickly, than in bygone ages ? It is plain that the moon will appear to be moving more quickly round the earth, if the earth itself—which is furnishing the standard by which the moon's revolution is to be measured—is rotating more and more slowly from age to age.

Newton laid it down in his first law of motion, that motion unresisted remains uniform for ever ; and he gave as an instance of constant motion, unaffected by any external causes, this very rotation of the earth about its axis. But M. Delaunay remembered that Kant had pointed out the resistance which the earth must incur from the tide-wave, and had even approximately calculated its amount. The tidal wave is lifted up towards the moon, and on the side of the earth opposite the moon ; so that as Professor Tait puts it, the earth has always to revolve within a friction-brake. Adams adopted this theory of tidal friction ; and in conjunction with Professor Tait and Sir William Thomson, assigned twenty-two seconds per century as the error by which the earth would in the course of a century get behind a thoroughly perfect clock (if such a machine were possible).

It may be asked, if the earth's movement be diminishing gradually in rapidity, will it eventually stop altogether ? No ; if ever the earth shall so far yield to the action of the tidal wave as to rotate not more rapidly than the moon, she will present to the moon always the same part of her surface. Then the liquid protuberance directed towards the moon will no longer be a cause of delay, and the retardation will cease. This cessation of effect, owing to the cause having ceased, appears to have actually happened with regard to the moon herself. At some time the moon's crust, and, indeed, her whole substance, was in a molten state. Enormous tides must have been produced by the attraction of the earth in this viscous mass of molten rock, and the time of the moon's rotation must have been quickly compelled, by the friction, to become identical with the time of its revolution round the earth, and now, as is well known, the moon always presents to the earth the same side of her sphere.

It being thus established that there is retardation of the earth's motion, and the amount of retardation being calculated, it remains only to inquire how the fact affects the question of the world's age. We know that the flattening at the poles and bulging at the equator is the result of rotation ; from the amount of retarda-

tion it can be calculated how fast the earth was rotating in bygone ages. Two thousand millions of years ago she would, according to such calculation, have been revolving twice as fast as at present, and the amount of centrifugal force at the equator would have been four times as great as now. If the earth, subjected to such strong centrifugal force, had been liquid or even pasty, when it began to rotate, the equatorial protuberance would have been much greater than it is. It therefore follows that she was rotating at about the same rapidity as now, when she became solid, and as the rate of rotation is certainly diminishing, the epoch of solidification cannot be more than ten or twelve millions of years ago.

A third argument for restricted periods is founded on an examination of the question, how long can the sun be supposed to have kept the earth, by its radiation, in a state fit to support animal and vegetable life? Here, as might be expected, a wider range of opinion exists.

It will be conceded at once that the age of organic life upon the earth must, of necessity, be more recent than the age of the sun. The several theories as to the way in which the sun may have derived his heat, may be put aside in favour of that of Helmholtz, viz., that the sun has been condensed from a nebulous mass, filling at least the entire space at present occupied by the whole solar system. The gravitation theory of Helmholtz is now generally admitted to be the only conceivable source of the sun's heat. The opinion that it can be obtained from combustion is not tenable for a moment. The amount of heat radiated is so enormous, that if the sun were a mass of burning coal, it would all be consumed bodily in 5000 years!\* On the other hand, a pound of coal falling on the surface of the sun from an infinite distance, would produce 6000 times more heat from concussion than it would generate by its combustion. An idea of the amount of energy exerted by one pound weight falling into the sun, will be conveyed by stating that it would be sufficient to hurl the 'Warrior,' with all its stores, guns, and ammunition, over the top of Ben Nevis!† But, if we accept

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\* To maintain the present rate of radiation, it would require the combustion of 1500 lbs. of coal on every square foot of the sun's surface, per hour.—*Croll*, 346.

† The velocity with which a body falling from an infinite distance would reach the sun would be equal to that which would be generated by a constant force equal to the weight of the body at the sun's surface operating through a space equal to the sun's radius. One pound would at the sun's surface weigh about 28 lbs. Taking the sun's radius at 441,000 miles, the energy of a pound of matter falling into the sun from infinite space would equal that of a 28-lb. weight descending upon the earth from an elevation of 441,000 miles, supposing the force of gravity to be as great at that elevation as it is at the earth's surface. It would amount to upwards of 65,000,000,000 foot-pounds.

gravitation as the source of energy, we accept a cause, the value of which can be mathematically determined with very considerable accuracy.

The amount of heat given off by radiation in a year,\* is known; the total amount of work performed by gravitation in condensing a nebulous mass to an orb of the sun's present size, is known. The result is, that the amount of heat thus produced by gravitation would suffice for about twenty millions and a quarter of years. This is on the assumption that the nebulous matter composing the sun was originally cold, and that heat was generated in it by the process of condensation only. It is, however, quite conceivable that the nebulous mass possessed a store of heat previous to condensation, and that the very reason why it existed in the gaseous condition was that its temperature was excessive. The particles composing it would have had a tendency, in virtue of gravitation, to approach one another if they had not been kept apart by the repulsive energy of heat; it is not then unreasonable to suppose that the attenuated and rarified mass was vaporous by reason of heat, and began to condense only when its particles began to cool. By the known laws under which heated gases condense, the amount of heat originally possessed by the gas bears a definite and known proportion to the amount of heat generated by condensation; and, on the assumption that the analogy holds good in the case of the sun, which holds in the condensation of other heated gases, nearly fifty millions of years' heat must have been stored up in the mass as original temperature. This, added to the twenty and a quarter millions which resulted from gravitation, gives rather more than seventy millions of years' sun-heat.

As, however, this quantity gives the total amount of heat given out by the mass since it began to condense; the earth could not have had an independent existence till long after that time. The sun must have had time to condense from its outer limits as a nebula, to within the limit of the earth's orbit, before that separate existence could begin; for before then the earth must have formed part of the fiery mass of the sun. This calculation, like the others, falls short by nearly two hundred millions of years of the period estimated by Sir Charles Lyell for the commencement of life upon the earth.

But it would not be satisfactory to see a theory upset, if with the theory the means of accounting for observed facts were also destroyed. One great reason which weighs with geologists in

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\* The total amount radiated from the whole surface of the sun per annum is  $8,340 \times 10^{30}$  foot-pounds.—*Croll*, 346.

assigning an almost incalculable age to the earth, is that among the fossils of the latest glacial epoch there are found the remains of tropical plants and animals, deposited in alternate strata with the remains of temperate climates, and this not once, but many times over. A hot climate prevailed at one time, and the earth became peopled with the flora and fauna appropriate to those conditions: after a lapse of many ages, the land subsided, and became the bed of the ocean; a vast period of upheaval then ensued, and dry land once more appeared: the climate gradually changed and ice set in: after ages more there was another slow subsidence, another equally slow upheaval, and another change of climate; and so on without end. Seeing the slow way in which the land sinks or is upheaved nowadays, it naturally appeared that no conceivable lapse of time could be enough to explain that which had obviously taken place.

Mr. Croll, however, has recently afforded an explanation at once beautiful, simple, and complete. About the facts to be accounted for there can be no doubt. The land has been many times under the sea, and the most violent changes of climate have succeeded one another. Mr. Croll's explanation is partly astronomical, and partly rests on geological dynamics. The heat of the sun is great in proportion to his distance from the earth. This distance is greater at one time of the year than another. The orbit of the earth is not quite circular, but its eccentricity varies slowly from century to century. It is just now very small, and the summer of the northern hemisphere happens when the earth is at its greatest distance from the sun. Both these circumstances tend to produce in Europe a moderate climate. But the longitude of the perihelion, as this state of things is called, is constantly changing, and the line joining the solstices moves round the orbit in about twenty-one thousand years. It follows that every ten thousand years, or thereabouts, the winter of the northern hemisphere will occur when the earth is at its farthest from the sun; and if at that time the earth's orbit is very eccentric, the two causes combined will produce a very severe climate. Eleven thousand years hence the northern hemisphere will be nearest to the sun in summer, and farthest from him in winter. Now if when that state of things occurred, the eccentricity of the earth's orbit happened to be very great—if the earth in winter-time was at a part of her orbit several millions of miles farther from, and in summer-time was very much nearer, the sun than she is now, the climate of the northern hemisphere would be very different from what it is.

One such period of great eccentricity occurred about two million five hundred thousand years ago. Fifty thousand years later there

there was another. Again, eight hundred and fifty thousand years ago there was a third, and two hundred thousand years ago a fourth. Those periods were characterised by cold such as we have no conception of. More than Arctic winter lingered far on into the spring, and unmelted ice of one year accumulated through the next, till from the pole to the south of Scotland the earth was covered with a vast ice-cap, probably several miles in thickness.

Now, in Europe and America, wherever in fact any records are left of the glacial epoch, it is remarked that a general subsidence of the land followed closely on the appearance of the ice. This fact led certain geologists to conclude that there was some physical connection between the two phenomena, and Mr. Jamieson suggested to the Geological Society that the crust of the earth might have yielded under the enormous weight of the ice. Mr. Croll, however, gives a different explanation; and the more it is understood the more it appears to gain ground with those capable of forming an opinion. He says that the surface of the ocean always adjusts itself in relation to the earth's centre of gravity, no matter what the form of the earth happens to be. If a large portion of the water of the ocean were formed into solid ice, and placed round the North Pole, its weight would naturally change the centre of gravity of the earth. The centre would be changed a little to the north of its former position. The water of the ocean would then forsake its old centre, and adjust itself with reference to the new. The surface of the ocean will therefore rise towards the North Pole, and fall towards the south. The land will not sink under the sea, but what amounts to the same thing, the sea will rise upon the land. The extent of submergence will be in proportion to the weight of the ice.

It is easy to see that glaciation would not be contemporaneous on both hemispheres. One hemisphere would be covered with ice and snow, while the other would be enjoying a perpetual spring. A glacial epoch resulting from the eccentricity of the earth's orbit would extend over a period of a hundred thousand years. But for the reason given above, the glaciation would be transferred from one hemisphere to another every ten thousand years. A glacial epoch extending over a hundred thousand years would therefore be broken up into several warm periods. The warm period in one hemisphere would coincide with the cold one in the other, and there would be elevation of the land during the warm period and subsidence during the cold.

This cause would be quite sufficient to effect the alternate upheaval and depression. During the successive ages that  
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each pole alternately was subjected to glaciation, the winter ice, unmelted by the brief summer, would accumulate till a cap many thousand feet thick formed at the pole, and would ultimately spread far down into what is now the temperate zone. If such an ice-cap were only equal in density to 1000 feet of earth, accumulated, say on the north side of the globe, the centre of gravity would be shifted 500 feet to the north; and as the ocean would accommodate itself to the centre there would be a subsidence at the North Pole equal to 500 feet. But this is not all, for at the time the ice-sheet was forming on the northern hemisphere, a sheet of equal size would be melting on the southern. This would double the effect, and produce a total submergence of 1000 feet at the North Pole and a total elevation of 1000 feet at the South Pole.

It is clear that all the upheavals and submergences of land which have so impressed geologists with the immensity of time required for their execution can thus be accounted for within periods, stupendous indeed if compared to historical time, or even to the duration of man on the earth, but still conceivable by human imagination. The nightmare of subsidence and emergence need no longer oppress the geologist. He has only to remark surface changes and see how far forces now at work are capable of effecting them, and if so, how long they would take. The discovery of Mr. Croll upsets the whole scale of geological time. Sir Charles Lyell was quite right in saying that the earth could not have subsided and emerged from the sea half-a-dozen times, in less than a million of years, if it sank or rose in the leisurely manner which has characterised it in recent times: consequently he could not accept as 'the glacial epoch' the most recent period of great eccentricity. He was obliged to go back to the next, which happened nearly a million years ago. Sir Charles Lyell's standard of measurement is the date of the age of ice. If, therefore, the age of ice is assigned to a period 200,000 years ago instead of a million years ago, the standard of Sir Charles Lyell is diminished by four-fifths; and adapting his conclusions to the altered premisses, we should have forty-eight millions of years instead of two hundred and forty millions for the age of the fossiliferous rocks.

This change of standard would agree very well with the fact that there are evidences in the eocene and miocene periods of ice ages antecedent to the last. These might well be referred to the former periods of high eccentricity.

Enormous as are the periods which have undoubtedly passed since the creation of the world, it need not startle us to be told that every succession of events of which we have any evidence  
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may well have occurred within a manageable number of millions of years. Could we stand, as Mr. Croll says, upon the edge of a gorge a mile and a half in depth, that had been cut out of the solid rock by a tiny stream scarcely visible at the bottom of this fearful abyss, and were we informed that the little streamlet was able in one year to wear off only one-tenth of an inch of its rocky bed, what would be our conception of the prodigious length of time that it must have taken to excavate the gorge? We should certainly feel startled when on making the necessary calculations we found that the stream had performed this enormous amount of work in something less than a million years.

The absolute settlement of the question must ever be above our powers. For a few centuries only we have the comparative daylight of historical times, thence backward lies the rapidly-gathering twilight of tradition; beyond that, geological periods the duration of which can be only vaguely guessed at, and beyond all these, far back in past eternity, the epoch when Time began. The old belief which limited the existence of the earth to less than seven thousand years, gave way once for all, almost within living memory. All men are now agreed that the six days of creation were periods of indefinite extent. They are not solar days—for evening happened and morning happened, three times over before the sun was created. Not being days measured by the sun, we know not how many thousands of years they may have endured. The reaction was sudden and complete. Geology jumped to the conclusion that the past history of the world was without any limits that human imagination could conceive. But in quite recent years, as we have tried to show, the calm light of science has proved that the practical eternity of matter is not more tenable than the arbitrary limitation by which thought was formerly confined.

‘I dare say,’ says Professor Tait, ‘that many of you are acquainted with the speculations of Lyell and others, especially of Darwin, who tell us that even for a comparatively brief portion of recent geological history three hundred millions of years will not suffice! We say—so much the worse for geology as at present understood by its chief authorities, for . . . physical considerations render it impossible that more than ten or fifteen millions of years can be granted.’

Sir William Thomson is not so sweeping in his assertion: but then the nature of the problem before him did not require any such opinion at his hands. His argument aimed at disproving Playfair’s assertion, that neither the heavenly bodies nor the earth offered any evidence of a beginning, or any advance towards an end. If, therefore, Sir William Thomson was able to show that there was good evidence both of a beginning and  
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an end, he was not concerned to speculate how long past time had existed, or when the end would come. His summing up is this :—

‘ We must admit *some* limit. . . . Dynamical theory of the sun's heat renders it almost impossible that the earth's surface has been illuminated by the sun many times ten million years. And when finally we consider underground temperature we find ourselves driven to the conclusion that the existing state of things on the earth, life on the earth, and all geological history showing continuity of life, must be limited within some such period of past time as one hundred million years.’

We have passed in rapid review the evidence upon which guesses, more or less plausible, as to the age of the world, have been founded. Whatever may be the opinion at which men will ultimately arrive, it cannot but be satisfactory to note from how many quarters and in how many ways Natural Science has in latter days cast light on the inquirer's path.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*. By the Rev. W. W. Gill, B.A., of the London Missionary Society. With a Preface by F. Max Müller, M.A. London, 1876.
2. *Polynesian Mythology, and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race*. By Sir George Grey, late Governor-in-Chief of New Zealand. London, 1855.
3. *Te Ika a Maui; or New Zealand and its Inhabitants*. By the Rev. Richard Taylor, M.A., F.G.S. Second edition. London, 1870.
4. *Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders*. By Edward Shortland, M.A. Second edition. London, 1856.
5. *Die Wandersagen der Neuseeländer und der Maunymyths*. Von G. Schirren. Riga, 1856.

**I**MMEDIATELY south-west of the Society Islands is a group known as the Hervey Islands, geographically insignificant, but full of interest to the philanthropist and to the ethnologist. To this group belongs Mangaia, an island about as large as Jersey, whose native religion and poetry form the principal subject of the following pages. It was discovered by Captain Cook on his way from New Zealand to Tahiti on his third and last voyage; but as the surrounding coral-reef reaches to the shore he could get no anchorage, nor even land without staving in his boats. From what he saw of the natives, it was clear that they led a secluded life, and had little intercourse with their

their kinsfolk in the Society Islands. They had never seen a pig or a dog, though these had long been naturalised in Tahiti; and when one of the chiefs who came on board the 'Resolution' stumbled over a goat on deck, he enquired with much curiosity what kind of *bird* that was. After their discovery the Hervey Islands were scarcely noticed for half a century, when the missionary John Williams arrived among them and set about their conversion to Christianity. It was high time for such an intervention, for the two worst tendencies of the Polynesian character, ferocity in war and licentiousness in peace, were fast breaking up society, and proving to political economists that it was possible for an intelligent and active population, in a luxurious climate, with a plentiful supply of food, to be ruined and actually extirpated through want of moral control. On Hervey Island, from which the whole group takes its name. Mr. Williams expected when he landed in 1823 to find a considerable population, but it proved that since Cook's time they had by frequent exterminating wars reduced themselves to about sixty in number. Six or seven years after, he found that this miserable remnant had fought so desperately that the only survivors were five men, three women, and a few children, and among these there was a contention as to which should be king. As time went on, the populations of the islands yielded to the efforts of the missionaries. There is no need to suppose, as these good men were rather prone to do, that Providence altered the natural course of the winds and waves to facilitate their work. They carried with them a power quite adequate to account for the results they produced. Not only did they bring their message of peace and good-will to men whose lives were torn by incessant wars and embittered by undying revenge, but Christianity came with all the prestige of a conquering race, who held in their hands the keys of prosperity and power. Motives of the most various order worked together, from the highest devotion which led the native converts to lay down their lives for their new faith, down to the desire of a certain chief's wife to become a Christian, 'because when she compared herself with the Christian females she was much ashamed, for they had bonnets, and beautiful white garments, while she was dressed in "Satan's clothes."' Even the native religions of the South Sea Islanders had brought about a state of mind favourable, when once the tide of belief had turned, to the reception not only of the religion but of the authority of the 'wise men' (*orometua*) as they called the missionaries. The natives had a well-marked theology, and their minds were pervaded by a belief in the ever-present influence of their divinities. Accustomed to the  
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stringent prohibitions of the tabu, they took quite kindly to the observance of Sunday as a day of tabu against work. Their doctrine of the fate of the soul after death, which sent the slain in battle to the warrior's paradise above the sky, while the ignoble crowd of souls were cooked and eaten by the grim Death-goddess, opened the way for a doctrine in which goodness and wickedness receive after death their endless reward or punishment. Especially the Polynesians were already prepared to give to the ministers of the new faith an almost boundless authority over their social and political life. For they had been brought up under a theocracy where even the power of the chief was secondary and subservient to that of the priest. A trivial custom in Mangaia may serve to illustrate this state of things as well as a whole page of description. Ordinary people, and even chiefs, when thirsty would suck the milk of their cocoa-nuts, as our school-boys do, through a hole in the soft spot. But priests always had the ends of their cocoa-nuts struck off, in token of their power to cut off the heads of anybody or anything. 'Chiefs and warriors were merely instruments of their vengeance.' No wonder that the missionaries, stepping into the place of a caste with such power, were able to remodel the whole tone of life among the islanders. On the whole, some narrowness apart, they used their great influence with praiseworthy kindness and discretion; and where the white sailors, traders, and kidnappers, have not undone their work, the islands under their charge present a picture of prosperity and mild happiness.

It need hardly be said, however, that this improved life of the South Sea Islanders, while pleasing to the philanthropist, has destroyed much of their interest to the student of human nature. The new generation of Mangaians, for instance, brought up to live after the respectable and somewhat prosaic pattern of our 'orthodox dissenters,' are no longer objects so instructive as in the unregenerate days when they still propitiated their fierce gods with human sacrifices, believed in the real existence of a firmament, and thought that the figures they saw in dreams were spirits. Long ago, but in times which have left their plain traces in history, the ancestors of the now most cultured nations of Europe were at this level, and thus it is that such modern races as the Polynesians can give many a valuable suggestion as to the ancient history of our ideas and arts. But as barbarians cannot be left in their barbarism to serve as interesting specimens for the instruction of anthropologists, all that can be done is to preserve a faithful portrait of their old life before it passes away. The policy of the early missionaries

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was too often not only to convert the world from heathendom, but to stamp out every vestige of the accursed thing. Yet even in ancient times there were brilliant exceptions, and now-a-days the missionaries work as hearty allies of science in collecting the last dwindling relics of savage thoughts and ways. Mr. Gill's volume of native tales and beliefs from Mangaia is such a collection, made with minute care during his twenty years' stay on the island. Lest readers should miss the scientific value of these materials, and think it little worth while to print stories of heroes being pulled up into the sky in baskets, or childish fancies about the world being like a monstrous cocoa-nut, Mr. Gill has wisely sought the help of Professor Max Müller, who introduces the work with a preface—one of those brief, thoughtful discourses on a great subject which the world is always ready to listen to from him. His remark on the real importance of the collection touches the key-note of the whole subject:—

‘I confess it seemed strange to me that its importance should be questioned. If new minerals, plants, or animals are discovered, if strange petrifications are brought to light, if flints or other stone weapons are dredged up, or works of art disinterred, even if a hitherto unknown language is rendered accessible for the first time, no one, I think, who is acquainted with the scientific problems of our age, would ask what their importance consists in, or what they are good for. Whether they are products of nature or works of man, if only there is no doubt as to their genuineness, they claim and most readily receive the attention, not only of the learned, but also of the intelligent public at large. Now, what are these myths and songs which Mr. W. W. Gill has brought home from Mangaia, but antiquities, preserved for hundreds, it may be for thousands, of years, showing us, far better than any stone weapons or stone idols, the growth of the human mind during a period which, as yet, is full of the most perplexing problems to the psychologist, the historian, and the theologian? The only hope of our ever unravelling the perplexities of that mythological period, or that mythopœic phase of the human intellect, lies in our gaining access to every kind of collateral evidence. We know that mythopœic period among the Aryan and Semitic races, but we know it from a distance only, and where are we to look now for living myths and legends, except among those who still think and speak mythologically, who are, in fact, at the present moment what the Hindus were before the collection of their sacred hymns, and the Greeks long before the days of Homer? To find ourselves among a people who really believe in gods and heroes and ancestral spirits, who still offer human sacrifices, who in some cases devour their human victims, or, at all events, burn the flesh of animals on their altars, trusting that the scent will be sweet to the nostrils of their gods, is as if the zoologist could spend a few days among the Megatheria,

theria, or the botanist among the waving ferns of the forests, buried beneath our feet.'

It will make Professor Max Müller's preface more acceptable to some readers, and less to others, that while insisting on the need of gathering up such evidence, he lifts up his voice against drawing over-hasty inferences from it. He protests in a tone more cautious and conservative than is usual among the new school of the science of culture, against attempts to re-settle on an ethnological basis the origin of religion, or even mythology :—

'With all these uncertainties before us, with the ground shaking under our feet, who would venture to erect at present complete systematic theories of mythology or religion? Let any one who thinks that all religion begins with fetichism, all worship with ancestor-worship, or that the whole of mythology everywhere can be explained as a disease of language, try his hand on this short account of the beliefs and traditions of Mangaia; and if he finds that he fails to bring even so small a segment of the world's religion and mythology into the narrow circle of his own system, let him pause before he ventures to lay down rules as to how man, on ascending from a lower or descending from a higher state, must have spoken, must have believed, must have worshipped. If Mr. Gill's book were to produce no other effect but this, it would have proved one of the most useful works at the present moment.'

The caution is a salutary one, and will not fail of its effect. Yet, after all, the world's practical interest in ethnology lies more in what it does prove than in what it does not, and we may here best turn our attention to points where South Sea Island mythology shows distinctly some of the stages through which the modern world seems to have arisen out of the pre-historic world. As will have been seen from the titles at the head of this article, the materials for such an inquiry already form a whole literature, beginning with Sir George Grey's attractive little volume of 'Polynesian Mythology.' Macaulay's famous traveller from New Zealand (who, by the way, belongs, if we all had our own, to Mrs. Barbauld) will not, at any rate, reproach the mother-country with neglecting the historian's duty to the new lands she colonised. The world now knows far more about the traditions of the Maoris than about those of the ancient Britons. What would we not give for a description by Cæsar of the inmost recesses of the Druidical religion, such as we have of the esoteric doctrines of the priests in Mangaia? It is a melancholy reflection that we know less exactly what the ancient Romans believed as to the nature of the soul and its fate after death than we now know the not altogether dissimilar theories of the South Sea Islanders. Mr. Gill's present book, then, by  
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no means brings into notice a hitherto unknown subject. He does not tell the world for the first time the story of Rangi and Papa, Heaven and Earth, the father and mother of all things; or how Maui fished up the land from the depths of ocean, and went down to Hades to bring up fire for man. All this belongs to the traditions of the South Seas, told only in varying versions in different islands. Mr. Gill's claim to notice lies in his having studied the traditions of an out-of-the-way island, which has kept itself singularly free from foreign influences, and in his having gained his information from recently converted priests, with heathen beliefs fresh in their minds. Thus by mere intimacy of knowledge he is able to settle, once for all, points which former writers in his district have been obliged to leave obscure, as witness the following examples.

Almost every reader will remember how sometime, happening to sneeze, he has been saluted with a 'God bless you!' from some old woman who had not the least notion why she did so, beyond its being a time-honoured custom. Not only is such a custom known all over Europe, but something like it is met with among various barbarian nations in other quarters of the globe.\* On De Soto's famous expedition into Florida, the retinue of a native chief burst out, on his sneezing, into a chorus of blessings, whereupon the Spanish leader said, not unreasonably, to his men, 'Do you not see that all the world is one!' The key to this curious practice was first distinctly given by Dr. Callaway, now Bishop of Independent Kaffraria, who ascertained by inquiry from the Zulus that their habit of saluting a sneezer has a perfectly rational meaning, inasmuch as they believe that it is caused by a spirit, one of the ancestral ghosts whom they suppose to be often hovering around them, appearing to them in dreams, and causing or curing sickness. The natives said, 'When a Zulu sneezes, he will say, "I am now blessed. The Idhlozi (ancestral spirit) is with me; it has come to me. Let me hasten and praise it, for it is it which causes me to sneeze!" . . . If a child sneezes, they say to it, "Grow!" It is a sign of health. So then, it is said, sneezing among black men gives a man strength to remember that the Itongo has entered into him and abides with him.' This explanation accounts for such cases as when Colonel Macpherson among the Khonds, in the hills of Orissa, describes the priest in the act of becoming possessed by his goddess; he sneezes, is filled with the deity, and speaks wildly in her name. But what one wants to know is precisely why all these uncivilised men should fancy that a sneeze has to

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\* Tylor, 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 99.



do with the entrance of a spirit. This is what Mr. Gill is able to tell :—

‘The philosophy of sneezing is, that the spirit having gone travelling about—perchance on a visit to the homes or burying-places of its ancestors—its return to the body is naturally attended with some difficulty and excitement, occasioning a tingling and enlivening sensation all over the body. Hence the various customary remarks addressed to the returned spirit in different islands. At Rarotonga, when a person sneezes, the bystanders exclaim, as though addressing a spirit, “A, kua oki mai koe,”—Ha! you have come back. At Manihiki and Rakaanga (colonised from Rarotonga) they say to the spirit, “Aere koe ki Rarotonga,”—Go to Rarotonga. At Mangaia the customary address is, “Ua nanave koe,”—Thou art delighted.’—p. 177.

Here, then, is proof that the notions of savages as to sneezing are simple consequences of their rude physiology, according to which disease, pain, excitement, with all manner of other abnormal actions of mind and body, are simply accounted for by spirits entering in and affecting their bodies. One might perhaps have guessed that people with such a notion in their minds, when they felt the peculiar twinge of a sneeze, would naturally say that it was a spirit going in or out. But civilised men are too far removed from the savage state of mind to guess with any safety how savages would reason under given circumstances, and it is altogether more prudent to wait for an opportunity of hearing the savage state his own reasoning, as he does here.

The Mangaian legend of Echo is told by Mr. Gill (p. 114). When Rangi, the first man, had dragged up the land from the shades below, he set out to explore every nook and corner of it, to see whether there were any other inhabitants in his territory. After awhile, approaching a pile of cavernous rocks overhanging a tremendous gorge, he shouted, as was his wont, ‘Ōō!’ To his surprise, a voice from the rocks distinctly replied, ‘Ōō!’ and when he asked, ‘What is your name?’ he only received his own question back. At last Rangi could bear such insults no longer, and made his way, leaping from rock to rock, up the dark gorge, till entering a cave whose stalactite pillars above and below were like the teeth in a pair of monstrous jaws, he found the laughing cave-fairy, whose name is Tumuteanoa, the cave-speaking sprite. Not to go further with the story, the remarkable point about it is not that the Mangaians should tell it, but that they should really believe it, as appears from their discussions as to whether Rangi was to be considered the first inhabitant of the country, seeing that he found Echo already in possession of the rocks and caves.

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The reality of this conception in the Polynesian mind is further proved by Mr. Gill from the fact that even now in the Marquesas divine honours are paid to Echo, who is supposed to give them food, and who speaks to the worshippers out of the rocks. A fit pendant to this is Lander's story of his boatmen on the Niger, who threw a glass of rum and a bit of yam for the fetish which answered their shouts. As no one can deny that people who worship and offer sacrifice to a being must believe in that being's reality, it is sufficiently evident that the original myth of Echo is a real inference of savage science, accounting for a mysterious phenomenon by the usual and accepted theory that it is the act of a spirit. How changed from the reality of mythology into the mere fancy of poetry has the old idea become in Ovid's time, when he tells how babbling Echo kept Juno in talk when she might have caught her Jove toying with the Nymphs; and how Echo sought Narcissus, answering in his words, and at last, rejected by him, pined till her rocky bones and voice alone remained :—

*'Vox tantum atque ossa supersunt.*

*Vox manet. Ossa ferunt lapidis traxisse figuram.*

*Inde latet silvis, nulloque in monte videtur :*

*Omnibus auditur. Sonus est, qui vivit in illa.'*

Encouraged by such proofs that South Sea Island beliefs can throw light on the fancies and superstitions of the civilised world, let us put ourselves into the place of Mr. Gill's Manganians, so as to understand further what they mean by their system of the universe and their tales of gods and heroes. In doing this, of course the first thing is to set aside the teachings of physical science, and to look at the universe as it must appear to men in a state of intellectual childhood. The second thing is to throw ourselves back into the myth-making stage of thought, when every analogy of nature, real or fanciful, may be worked up into a reason and become the subject of a tale. We have little difficulty in doing this, being indeed quite used to it in poetry, though poets carry it on with a conscious playful make-believe very unlike the serious distinctness that in us accompanies actual belief. But the barbarian's mind is not cultivated far enough to feel, as we do, the difference between poetry and prose. Imagine then, ages ago, a native Manganian philosopher sitting on the top of the high hill in the middle of his island, to him evidently the centre of the round, flat ocean-world. To his uncritical sight the blue sky is a solid dome or firmament, such as we should still think it, had it not been for the Greek astronomers and their successors. But how can the sun get in  
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and out, morning and evening? Clearly through openings, so there must be a dawn-hole and a sunset-hole. As the wind, too, comes from different quarters, there must be a number of wind-holes all round the horizon; and when one is open, the wind comes from there. The barbarian simply and straightforwardly reasons about the winds as he would about draughts coming through chinks in his own hut. The foreigners, whose ships appear to have burst into his world from outside, he naturally considers to be, as the native term calls them, *paparangi*, 'heaven-breakers.' Next, where does the sun go when he sets? Obviously down into a region below the horizon, whose day-time is our night, as the native proverb says, 'Day here; night in Avaiki.' All this is plainly not so much myth as science in its childhood. But myth hangs on to its skirts. The question how the sky got up there, and how it came to be so beautifully smooth, is answered by an invented tale in which the gods are brought in as actors. If men wanted to put up a great roof they would have to lift it up, and so the Mंगाians say that those great ancient beings, Maui and Ru, pushed the sky up with enormous efforts. As the blue stones it was made of were still rough, they took each an adze, and did not cease to chip at the blue vault till it was faultlessly smooth and beautiful. One thinks of the somewhat similar story in the 'Kalewala,' the great epic poem of Finland, where it is told how Ilmarinen, the master-smith, forged the sky, the roof of the winds, so deftly that no hammer-dint nor mark of the tongs can be seen upon its smooth face. The Mंगाian story, however, does not end with the mere setting-up of the firmament, but another version goes on to tell how Maui put his head between the legs of his old father Ru, and heaved up him and the half-raised sky together, so that Ru was caught by the shoulders among the stars, where he hung till his body fell to pieces, and his bones were scattered over the land below. A curious story, but which was found to be not so senseless as it looked at first; for the natives, to confirm its truth, brought the missionaries bits of Ru's bones, and these proved to be morsels of pumice-stone, so like bits of dry bone in appearance, and which, lying broadcast over that particular district, had suggested the myth.

It is not to be expected that the whole series of Polynesian myths should yield thus readily to interpretation. Any one-sided student, devoted to some special theory—such as that mythic heroes are all personifications of the sun, or that all myths have arisen out of misunderstandings of words by a 'disease of language,'—is likely to go hopelessly astray.

Warning

Warning may be taken from Professor Schirren, whose ingenious work is mostly devoted to explaining the legends of Maui, the Hercules of the Pacific. Of late years the mania for finding myths of the sun in every story or history has been very prevalent among mythologists; but perhaps few have been more severely sun-struck than this learned Livonian. To give an example: Among the favourite tales of New Zealand are the stories of the first coming of their ancestors to the land, in the famous canoes named the 'Arawa,' the 'Tainui,' and others. As there is no reason to think that the Maoris had been on New Zealand from any extreme antiquity, and as their pedigrees are kept with extraordinary care on account of the native law of tribe-lands, it is not unlikely that there may be more or less of historical truth in these migration-legends, only mixed with marvellous episodes. But Professor Schirren boldly undertakes to explain the stories as principally mythical descriptions of the sun. On the voyage of the 'Arawa,' the story says that the chief Ngatoro climbed on to the top of the deck-house to see how fast she was sailing, having previously taken the precaution of tying a long string to his wife's hair and holding the other end in his hand, but while he was aloft, the rival chief untied the end of the cord below and fastened it to a beam. All this Professor Schirren gravely turns into sun-myth. The chief on the roof is the sun climbing into the sky, but all the while keeping his wife, the earth, bound to him by his rays. But the other chief below is a cloud, and he unfastens the rays from the earth till all at once the sun breaks through again from above, &c. The remarkable thing is that the book containing this fanciful nonsense is really a valuable collection of Polynesian stories, among which there are a certain number which are on the face of them real sun-myths. The lesson to be learned from such books is this, never to force explanations of stories. When a number of versions of a myth are found current, it often happens that some of the story-tellers have not lost the original meaning, or, if they have, at least they are able to tell the tale with names and particulars which explain its real sense. For instance, there is a simple little Polynesian story which is really a myth of the clouds. The South Sea Islanders fancy they see in the moon the figure of a woman. In Samoa they call her Sina, and say that she was caught up by the moon while she was beating out bark-cloth, and there she is still to be seen with her board and mallet. If now a mythologist had to guess what the woman in the moon had to do with paper-cloth, he would be likely to guess wrong. But the Mangaian happens to know; for in the version in their island, Ina, who is the moon's wife, 'is indefatigable

in the preparation of resplendent cloth, i.e. *white clouds*.' And this childish notion of the clouds being like shining white cloth is worked out into details about Ina stretching her cloth out to dry and bleach on the blue sky, great stones being put to hold the edges down; when the work is done, these stones are thrown aside, and their crash is what mortals call thunder (p. 45).

The exploits of the god Maui, whom we have called the Hercules of the Pacific, form a whole cycle of wonder-tales current over the immense ocean-district from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand. One of Maui's greatest feats was fishing up the land from the depths of ocean. Sir George Grey tells the Maori version how Maui went out in the canoe with his brothers, and with his enchanted fishhook, pointed with part of the jawbone of his great ancestress in the realms below, hauled up the North Island of New Zealand, which is still called 'Te Ika a Maui'—the Fish of Maui. The fishhook is still to be seen in the form of a curved cape south of Hawke's Bay. The huge island-fish would have lain flat and smooth had not Maui's brothers greedily begun to cut it up before the proper prayers and sacrifices had been offered, whereupon the fish began to flap about, and so New Zealand is all uneven hill and dale to this day. In other parts of the Pacific it is, of course, other islands that are heaved up from the deep. But what does the story mean anywhere? This may not seem a problem of much importance, but, after all, it is one of the religious beliefs of a race, and the origin of a belief is always worth looking for. Looking over the versions in the different islands, it is found that Maui is not the only personage to whom the feat of drawing up the land is attributed. In Samoa, they say that it was Tangaloa, the Heaven-god, who did it. Still more to the purpose are the Mangaian versions (Gill, pp. 16, 48), of which one says that it was Vatea, the Noon-day, who fished up the island of Tongareva (his fishhook is to be seen in the sky, and we call it the tail of the constellation Scorpio), while another version states yet more simply that Rangi, the Day, drew up their island, Mangaia, from Avaiki, the shades below, into the daylight. This childish, simple statement of what Day still does every day, that he brings the world to light, is apparently the germ which, in the pictorial fancy of the myth-maker, has grown into the whole circumstantial wonder-tale of the fishing up of the island. In another episode Maui appears in the character of the Sun-catcher. He thought the sun went down too soon, and gave men too short days for their work, so he and his brother plaited ropes to catch him in a snare, and they went eastward to the very edge of the place where the sun rises, and there they set their nooses. At last the sun came rising up till  
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his head and forepaws got fairly into the snare, and the brothers pulled the ropes tight, while Maui rushed forward armed with his enchanted jawbone and beat the sun till he nearly killed him, and since then the luminary has crept slowly along his course. It is remarkable that the North-American Indians have a story of the sun being caught in the same way by a hero who goes to the place where the sun comes up, and plants his noose there. There are other tales of the sun being bound, in the folklore of various parts of the world. What do they mean? The answer which the South Sea Islanders themselves give seems the right one. In Tahiti, so long ago as Captain Cook's time, they said that it was by his rays that Maui tied the sun to a tree when he wanted daylight to build the great marae; and now Mr. Gill is able to explain more fully (p. 63) that 'the extravagant myth refers to what English children call "the sun drawing up water," or, as these islanders still say, "Tena te taura a Maui!"—behold the ropes of Maui!' The likeness of these rays to stretched cords holding the sun is obvious; and when we take into account the sun's slow apparent motion when near the horizon, as if he were restrained or bound, we are able to make sense of the whole myth, or at least such approach to sense as myths contain, by reading the last lines of Mr. Gill's version (p. 62) of the story, as told in Mangaia: 'The Sun-god Rā was now allowed to proceed on his way; but Maui wisely declined to take off these ropes, wishing to keep Rā in constant fear. These ropes may still be seen hanging from the sun at dawn, and when he descends into the ocean at night. By the assistance of these ropes he is gently let down into Avaiki, and in the morning is raised up out of the shades.' It only remains to add, for its quaintness, the mention of a custom of setting sun-nooses among the Fijians, no doubt connected in some way with this sun-catching myth: 'An innocent conceit is entertained by the Lakembans. Some distance from the chief town is a small hill, having a plot of short reeds on the top. Whenever I passed, many of these reeds were tied together at the top, which I found was done by travellers in order to prevent the sun from setting before they reached their journey's end' (Williams' 'Fiji and the Fijians,' p. 250).

How Maui went down to Avaiki to bring up fire for men from the old Fire-god, and learnt the secret of the fire-sticks, by which fire is made by friction, is told at length in Mangaia, but with little that happens to throw light on its origin. This is unfortunate, inasmuch as the story takes in two episodes most interesting to classical mythologists—the descents of heroes like Ulysses or Hercules into Hades, and the tale of Prometheus.

However, some New Zealand versions of Maui's descents into the realms of night are quite explicit stories of the sunset, especially the last and fatal time when, at evening, at the moment that the tiwakawaka, the sunset-bird, is singing, he plunges into the body of his ancestress 'Hine-nui-te-po,' or Great-Woman-Night, 'whom you may see flashing, and as it were opening and shutting there where the horizon meets the sky.' Another story describes Maui as taking fire in his hands and springing with it into the sea, and when he sank in the waters the sun for the first time set and darkness covered the earth, so he pursued the sun and brought him back in the morning. When also it is related in the Tonga Islands that the Fire-god in the under-world, to whom Maui goes to get fire for men, is also the Earthquake-god, this seems to mean, in a very natural way, that fire and earthquake belong to the depths of the earth, as the inhabitants of these volcanic islands have good reason to know they do. Are mythologists, then, on the strength of such interpretations, to follow Professor Schirren in concluding that Maui is a personification of the sun? Clearly not. As well might they, on classic ground, try to bring the exploits of Hercules under one consistent personality. Maui, like Hercules, is not, properly speaking, a Sun-god. As the Greeks have a definite Sun-god, Helios, so the Polynesians have a Sun-god, whom they simply call 'Ra,' or 'Tama-nui-te-Ra,' that is, Sun, or Great-Man-Sun. Maui, like Hercules, is one of those mythic heroes-of-all-work to whom all wonder-tales, even such as belong properly to very different beings, attach themselves in the course of ages. It is true that Maui does go down into night in an unmistakably sun-like way, and the feat of bringing the land to light is as well suited to the sun as to the day, who is also described as doing it; but in another tale he appears not as the sun, but the sun-catcher; while again elsewhere he acts the part of Æolus imprisoning the winds in caves, with great stones rolled to their mouths; and he even is known in Tonga as the great earth-supporting god, who causes the ground to rock when he turns his prostrate body from side to side, so that when there is an earthquake the people used to beat the ground with sticks to make him lie still. To increase the confusion, there are several Maui's, old and young, so that the impossibility is manifest of reducing the whole to any consistent or primitive idea. Looked at from this point of view, the study of these mythic creations of the South Sea Islanders may save the learned world volumes of speculative theorising. Evidently while single incidents of nature-myth are often plain enough, especially when the savage himself is there to tell their meaning, the systematic analysis of the attributes of national gods and heroes, and the

the stories they figure in, is not a hopeful undertaking; for such personages, even in so early a stage as the myths of these islanders represent, were wanting in the consistency which alone can make analysis feasible.

The religion of the South Sea Islanders was based on remarkably well-defined ideas of the nature of soul and spirit, interesting as showing us the exact working of those half-materialistic half-spiritualistic conceptions on such subjects which have usually prevailed among the lower races. How at once phantasmal and material a being a spirit seems to them, is well shown in the story of Vatea, who in his dreams several times saw a beautiful woman, till on one happy occasion he succeeded in clutching her in his sleep and made her his wife, and she lived with him for years (Gill, p. 7). What thorough physical agents such spiritual beings were held to be is shown by the accounts of the native divinities, who made known their will by getting for a time inside the bodies of their priests, who delivered their oracles when in a state of frenzy brought on by a bowl of intoxicating kawa (*Piper methysticum*). These priests were significantly known as 'pia atua,' or god-boxes, and their enormous gluttony gave rise to the native phrase 'kai atua'—to eat like a god. The world, to the minds of the Manganians, was swarming with spirits, and they carried perhaps further than any uncivilised philosophers the idea that earthly objects are but, as it were, the material bodies of spiritual originals. The visible world is but a gross copy of what exists in spirit-land. If fire burns, it is because latent flame was hidden in the wood by the Fire-god in Hades. If the axe cleaves, or the iron-wood club kills its victim, this is because demons are invisibly present in them. They actually declared that their islands were only the bodies or outward forms of spirit islands down in the under-world or Avaiki. The Mangaian system of the universe, as represented in figures by Mr. Gill (pp. 2 and 153), imagines a vast cocoa-nut-shell, with this earth at the broad end, uppermost, the interior occupied by Avaiki or Hades, while at the bottom the stem tapers to a point which is a formless spirit or demon, whose name is 'Root-of-all-Existence.' Above him is the being, called 'Breathing,' or 'Life;' and above him again 'The Long-lived,' the third and last of 'the primary, ever-stationary, sentient spirits who themselves constitute the foundation and insure the permanence and well-being of the rest of the universe.' It is most curious to find among these islanders such conceptions as these—abstractions of mythical metaphysics such as we are more accustomed to associate with the philosophic dreams of the Phœnician cosmogony of Sanchoniathon, that begins with  
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primæval beings, called 'First-born,' and his children 'Birth' and 'Race.' In the inside of the cosmic cocoa-nut are the various regions which make up the under-world, or Avaiki. At the lowest part, where it comes almost to a point, lives a female demon, crouched so close in her narrow space that her knees and chin meet; her name is 'The very-beginning,' and above her region come others which need not be here particularised. The remarkable thing about the Mangaian accounts of Avaiki is that, with all this fancifulness, there is something to be learned by close examination of them. They throw light on a question of the early history of the South Sea Islanders themselves, and they help to explain the origin of a remarkable ancient belief peculiarly connected with the British Isles.

Avaiki, or Hawaiki, or Hawaii, or Savai, as it is called in various Polynesian dialects, means the West, or Sunset, or Night, or the under-world, Hades. It has been already explained by what simple reasoning this under-world is made out to be the region where the sun descends at night. A more difficult question is why races like the Polynesians consider the home of departed souls to be there? In Mangaia, Mr. Gill is ready with an answer. This rocky island is honeycombed with caves, and rent with deep chasms, to cast the corpses down which is the native mode of burial. Therefore, he thinks, the people naturally imagined the earth to be hollow, and the dark nether-world to be accessible down these pits. One cavern-opening, especially, over which the mission-house at Oneroa is built, leads down so far towards the shore, that the beating of the surf can be distinctly heard; the opening of this subterranean region used to be the great burial-place of the island, and bore the significant name of *Auraka*, that is to say, 'Don't.' Doubtless, says Mr. Gill (p. 154), this is the true origin of their idea of the whereabouts of the spirit-world. A story which he tells elsewhere (p. 210) of the fate of a native chief, named Murua, the same who came on board Captain Cook's ship, and was so puzzled by the goats, favours this view of the subject. Murua was set upon and slain by his enemies; but his friends carried off his body, and eventually cast it down the deep and gloomy chasm of Raupa. A night or two afterwards Murua appeared in a dream to one of his sons, and reproached him with having thrown him down into a place where he had in his time cast so many victims; for these had risen up, and set on him as soon as he reached the bottom, and pummelled him till he was sore. Mr. Gill is by no means the first to start the theory that barbarous people who buried their dead in caves were led thence to think that the inside of the earth was a huge cavern, where the

dead or their shades continued to live. But it must be remembered that many races have held the same view of a cavernous under-world who did not bury their dead in caverns, nay, who even put them on scaffolds like certain American Indians, or burnt them like the Hindoos. Reading the wonderful description in the 'Odyssey' of the shades of the heroes leading their phantom life in the gloomy land of Hades—or looking at the pictures in the Egyptian 'Book of the Dead,' blazoned on the mummy-cases, where one sees the departed soul travelling with the sun through the regions of Amenti, reached by the sunset-gate in the far West—we may well ask, can all this have come of the fact that ancient people, when they buried their dead at all, sometimes buried them in caves? And besides, the belief is about as general among uncultured races that the land of the dead is away far in the West, in some happy hunting-ground or lovely island. This thought lasted on into the belief of the Greeks in the Islands of the Blest, far away in the Western Ocean, where dwell swift-footed Achilles and noble Diomedé; and where steadfast souls of the just have their golden-flowered home amid the breezes of ocean. Evidently it is because Britain is a western island, that the idea of the island of souls became attached to it, so that Procopius had his weird tale to tell of the ghosts being shipped off to Britain from the mainland of Europe, invisible, but lading almost gunwale under the fishermen's boats that carried them in crowds. It is this legend of our own country that brings the South Sea Island mythology so closely into connection with our own. To continue; not only are the under-world and the Far West both accepted as the region of departed souls, but the combination of the two is as common as it is natural; the cavernous land of the departed, or the approach to these dread realms, is itself thought to be out in the far region of the sunset. The mere fact of cavern-burial by itself fails to explain all this. For some reason or other, savages and nations above the savage state are agreed that the souls of the departed go into the region either of the night or the sunset. Is this, after all, a simple inference from the fact (or what seems to them the fact) that ghosts belong to the night, coming up in the darkness to appear to the living in dreams, and returning at daybreak to their subterranean home? We do not venture to pronounce certainly with certainty on this curious question of early philosophy, which is made more difficult by the notions of the subterranean burial-cavern and of the sunset under-world being quite compatible together, and probably having both helped to bring about such a general theory of the soul's fate after death as that held by the islanders  
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of Mangaia, of which some further particulars may now be given.

On the shores of the islands looking towards the setting sun, the souls of the newly-dead wander over the sharp rocks that cut their feet, or bleach the ghostly network they are dressed in, or dance to pass away the time, or go back to wander among the trees near their homes, and sometimes peep inside to see how their wives and children are faring. They have to wait, often for months, till some chief dies of rank high enough to lead a band of followers to the shores below. Then at last the stray ghosts are gathered together, and following the course of the sun all day across the island, they flit across the ocean in the train of the Sun-god, plunging into Avaiki with him, but not like him to reappear on the morrow among men. Each island has on its western coast its 'reinga vaerua,' or leaping-place-of-souls, where they start across the ocean toward the sunset. The esoteric doctrine of the priests, however, differs from this as to the mode of access to Hades. We may begin the narrative before death. A man is sick, his god is bad, disease is wasting his body, as it were a demon squatting on his shoulders. The soul-doctor has been sent for already, and his procession of men piping with the nose-flute, and women whistling, have done their best to lead back the truant spirit and settle it in the body it was forsaking. But in vain; the time has come when, quitting the body before breath quite ceases, the soul must set out on its journey to the edge of the cliff Araia, looking out over the western sea. There is one chance more; if a friendly spirit should meet him there and say, 'Go back and live!' the now joyful ghost would return home and re-enter the forsaken corpse. This, indeed, is the native scientific theory to account for a fainting-fit or coma, just as an Ojibway Indian would say that the soul had travelled away from the body as far as the river of death, but had been sent back thence. But if no friendly spirit intervene, the gigantic tree of death rises at the edge of the cliff, the soul climbs upon his proper branch, and tree and all go down to the nether-world. There, half-drowned in the lake of death, the trembling spirit comes into the presence of the maimed, hideous Miru, the Death-goddess, whose face glows ruddy from the glare of her ever-burning oven. She feeds the wretched guest with the food of the dead—crawling earthworms and blackbeetles, emblematic of night and death. Then Miru's daughters prepare the bowl of intoxicating kava, and the soul, stupefied with the draught, is carried to the oven and cooked to be eaten. Such is the inevitable fate of all who die a natural death—that is, women, cowards, and children. They are annihilated.

hilated. There are, indeed, stories of heroes who have gone down alive into Hades and come up to tell the tale; or rather, there are several versions of one such story in the islands of the Hervey Group. Tekae looks into the bowl that Miru offers, and sees that it is full of living centipedes; but he drops them out slyly as he holds the bowl to his lips, and the baffled Death-goddess lets him return to life. Myths of heroes who have gone down to Hades and returned alive, like *Odysseus* or this Polynesian warrior, are to be found everywhere in the world, the common property of the tale-teller. But there is a singularity of likeness here to the adventure of *Wainamoinen*, the hero of the Finnish epic already here mentioned, which calls for remark. In the sixteenth rune of the '*Kalewala*' it is told how old *Wainamoinen* came down living, ferried across the stream by *Tuoni* the Death-god's daughter, into the dark realm of *Manala*. There *Tuonetar*, the Death-goddess, brought him beer in jugs, in two-eared cans, and bade him drink; but he looked within and saw loathly frogs and worms. So he refused to drink of the jug of *Manala*, and escaped to tell men of the awful region whither many go, but whence so few return.

For Mangaian warriors slain in battle, however, there is a quite different fate. They, too, wander for a while on the western coast; but soon the first who fell collects his brother warriors. Linger till June, their chilly ghosts are seen as the dark clouds of that gloomiest season of the year. But in August the light fleecy clouds are seen to pass over the heavens till they are left cloudless, and now men know that the spirits of the brave dead have taken flight. They have climbed up the celestial mountain, up the road over the spears and clubs they were killed by, and arrived at the sunset; have leaped out into the blue sky and reached the warrior's paradise in the ten concentric heavens, there to live deathless, crowned with garlands, dancing their old war-dances, and laughing as they look down on the filth-besmeared wretches struggling below in *Avaiki*. Little as the religion of Polynesia was concerned with precepts of moral life, it had here the same influence in fostering a warlike temper as the belief in *Odin's Valhalla* had among the old Norsemen; so that in both countries even aged warriors, scarce able to hold a spear, were led into battle to meet the warrior's death and gain the warrior's heaven.

The ten heavens of the warrior's paradise are shown in the Mangaian sketch of the universe. They are overarching domes, fitting over one another like the rounded lids of a nest of Indian boxes, the innermost being, of course, our visible sky with its sun and moon. Looking at this drawing, the question arises

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why these islanders should have fancied these concentric spheres or domes? Such a theory is not obvious to the savage mind, like the notion of a flat earth, with a firmament above. Is it, perhaps, an idea borrowed from some more civilised race, with whom the Polynesians have been in contact? The cosmogony of the ancient Hindu theologians has found its way into the Malay Islands, and thus the doctrine of the spheres of heaven may have reached the Polynesian branch of the Malay race. When we talk of being 'in the seventh heaven,' we are keeping up the remembrance of the old-world doctrine of concentric planetary spheres surrounding the earth—a doctrine which is the outcome of a comparatively advanced astronomy. It may be safely guessed that no South-Sea Islander ever had science enough to strike out such an idea; but whereas it has been known for thousands of years in Eastern Asia, it adds to the already strong evidence that we must look thither for the origin of the Polynesians, their language, and their civilisation.

As a question of ethnology, it is hardly disputed that the connection of the Polynesian languages with the Malay dialects of Sumatra, Java, and the Malay Peninsula, proves that the Malays and Polynesians are in part at least of the same stock. It is true that a Tahitian or a New Zealander is not exactly like a Malay of Singapore, but they are not very different either in complexion, hair, or features; and allowing for the change of appearance and effect of intermarriage with the darker race of Melanesia, there is little to object to in the theory of a common Malay-Polynesian race, which separated long ago into its two great branches. Nor is it imprudent, when we find the South-Sea Islanders possessed of Asiatic ideas which seem beyond their own reach, to suppose these to have been carried across the canoe-frequented Pacific, perhaps a long while ago, perhaps quite lately. Care has to be taken, indeed, in such arguments. Mr. Gill, who believes that Polynesia was peopled from Asia, does not seem to strengthen his opinion by his reasoning on the fact that the Hervey Islanders divide the horizon into sixty-four points or 'wind-holes,' corresponding exactly with the card of our mariner's compass. As the magnetic compass was invented in China, Mr. Gill argues, may not the Polynesians have brought it with them, and though they dropped the needle in consequence of the scarcity of iron, have kept the points of the compass? It was unlucky that he did not notice the fact of the Chinese compass being divided not into thirty-two points but into twenty-four. It seems more likely that some English whaler may have occupied his leisure moments on Mangia in teaching the natives to 'box the compass' after the manner of his country.

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More importance may be attached to the remarkable agreement in the legends of so many island groups as to whence their ancestors came. The first man, the Mangaïans said, came from Avaiki, which means not only the Under-world but the West. We have seen that other forms of this word (of which the original form was probably Savaiki) are Savaii, Hawaiki, Hawaii. Two of these are well-known names of Pacific Islands, and they are so called because they are western islands. As moreover, in the Polynesian idiom, taken plainly from the sun's course, 'down' means 'west' and 'up' means 'east,' any islander who wished to say that his ancestors came from Savaii would say that they came 'up' from Savaii. Entangled somehow in this confusion of terms lie the Polynesian myths of ancestors who came up from Avaiki. To their notions it was as reasonable that they should have come up out of Hades as that they should have come from the West. Our notions of the possibilities of nature are, however, different; and where there is alternative of meaning, we may reasonably choose for ourselves. Totally declining to believe that the first Mangaian came up out of the under-world, we may admit at least a possibility of real historical tradition in the idea that the voyages of the first migrating Polynesians started from the sunset-land of Asia, till, by gradual drifting, colonies of bold seamen had colonised island after island, at last reaching Easter Island, with nought but bare ocean between them and the American coast.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *The American Genealogist; being a Catalogue of Family Histories and Publications containing Genealogical Information issued in the United States.* Arranged chronologically by William H. Whitmore. Third edition. Albany, 1875.
2. *Biographical Sketches of Loyalists of the American Revolution,* with an Historical Essay. By Lorenzo Sabine. 2 vols. Boston, 1864.
3. *The Old Streets of New York under the Dutch.* A Paper read before the New York Historical Society by J. W. Gerard. New York, 1875.
4. *Puritan Politics in England and New England.* A Lecture delivered before the Lowell Institution by Edward E. Hale. Boston, 1869.
5. *The Rise of the Republic of the United States.* By Richard Frothingham. Boston, 1873.

IT is hardly egotistical, when the lapse of time and the mutations of men and things are considered, to refer to the article

article on 'Works on England' in the fifteenth volume of this 'Review' (1816), where 'A Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland in the years 1805-6,' by Benjamin Silliman, an American gentleman who visited Europe with a commission to purchase philosophical and chemical apparatus and books for Yale College, in Connecticut, is analysed with much commendation. It is in these pages that occurs the oft-cited passage, that, for Americans of education and reflection England is 'what Italy and Greece are to the classical scholar—what Rome is to the Catholic—and Jerusalem to the Christian world;'—words, no doubt, of high pretension, but written by one the early dream of whose life was to become himself a pilgrim to the New World in search of a higher and freer social existence. How this poetic and philosophic venture, with which the names of Southey and Coleridge are associated, failed on the eve of its accomplishment is recorded—not, perhaps, with historical accuracy—in a stanza of 'Don Juan,' and the lapse of these young enthusiasts into a very different, and even contradictory, order of opinion is no new phenomenon in literary psychology.

But the sentiment thus expressed sixty years ago, when the communications between the United States and Europe were comparatively rare and difficult—when on one side the complete surrender of a British squadron, and on the other the conflagration of the American Capitol were rankling in the minds of men—when England, at what future historians may well regard as the apogee of her European greatness, was establishing what her statesmen believed to be the permanent pacification of the Continent, and which did last nearly fifteen years—is still well worth consideration, and we propose to examine its present reason and its applicability to current events.

The American Government and people have this year invited the various nations of the world to a competitive festival of Industry and Art, organised with a magnificence and completeness unparalleled by any one of the great Exhibitions, of which our 'domes of glass' in Hyde Park, now commemorated by the Albert Monument, were the origin and material ensample. In all these enterprises the powers and possibilities of human skill have been abundantly illustrated, and the consequent development of Commerce largely advanced. But it is the avowed purpose of the United States to combine the demonstration of wealth and genius with historical interests and with a certain demand on the admiration and gratitude of mankind. The millions of delighted visitors will not only unite pleasure and instruction, but will assist in a centenary celebration of the foundation of

of the American Republic; and of the foreign guests, the most numerous, and not the least honoured, will be the parent-people of the revolted Colony. Such is the irony of History!

The very site of the Exhibition recalls the contradiction. It stands where the old Bingham mansion and pleasure-grounds overlooked the deep banks of the Schuylkill River; and the family of that name, no longer American, is mingled with the British peerage. To an American intent on the more modern history, the vicinage will recall the military vicissitudes that some hundred years ago threatened to nullify the freshly-issued Declaration of Independence—the defeat of Washington on the Delaware, with his associates, Lord Stirling, Count Pulaski, and the young Lafayette—a strange combination of European names—followed by the apparently important, but in the end profitless, capture of Philadelphia itself; while the mind of the English visitor will revert to a former century, when, by an improbable concurrence of events, the son of a distinguished British admiral won, out of the very despotism that threatened the religious liberties of his own country, the means of establishing the freest and most continuously prosperous of American colonies.\*

Nor is the present aspect of the adjacent city less suggestive of mixed associations. Its decorous and handsome uniformity is the model of unostentatious wealth and of all such comfort as unimaginative and restrained desire may command; while the numberless small tenements will remind our countrymen of the persistent individuality of the English artisan, with the addition of white marble steps to his red-brick homestead, and Mr.

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\* The following letter is, we believe, unpublished :

*‘To Major-General Lord Stirling.*

‘MY LORD,—The principal reason for halting the army here to-night is, that the enemy, from every information I have received this day, have not advanced towards Philadelphia. It follows, I think, evidently (especially if it be true that part of them are at Bonner’s House, where we dined) that this army, and not the city, is their object; and of course that we should not be too far advanced towards them till our strength is collected. I have only to add, therefore, that my wish is that your Lordship would, if possible, have their present position watched, to see if any movement this way or towards Philadelphia takes place, that I may be early advised thereof; and that you will take every necessary precaution for the security of the whole troops in that quarter—Ireland’s, Maxwell’s, and Potter’s. Should I advance with this army, and the enemy turn upon us and oblige us to retire, the consequences would be bad; to avoid which it is that I halt here this night.

‘Count Pulaski goes to you with the Horse, and is instructed to send out parties for observation.

‘I am, your Lordship’s most obedient servant,

‘G. WASHINGTON.

‘Endorsed “From Gen. Washington,  
‘Sept. 24, 1777.”’

Child’s



Child's 'Daily Ledger' bringing him, every morning, the news of the world.

If, then, the ordinary English traveller in the United States is continually amazed and perplexed by the large similarities of principles and character and the comparatively small diversities of manners and institutions, feeling himself generally so much at home that even insignificant differences strike him the more as unexpected exceptions, it is probable that, in the presence of the many nationalities that this great celebration will bring together, he will find the sense of brotherhood with his hosts stronger than when they meet individually as man to man. He will hear the language which, in comparison with what would be the variety and confusion of expression, tone, and pronunciation in an assembly where the inhabitants of the English Counties, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, were brought together, may truly be called identical with his own; he will have about him an abundant literature, only too imitative of that with which he is familiar, and to a great extent dependent on the appreciation and approval of the English public for its success at home; and, whatever be his religious denomination, he will be seated the Sunday after his arrival in some commodious edifice, among men with whom he can exchange serious sympathies and discuss common opinions, with no sectarian detraction or possibility of social inferiority.

But it is to the hospitality of the American people that the visitor will justly look for his main enjoyment, and how large that will be to all its guests they have already shown. Why the 'ancient enemy' may fairly expect to be received with special cordiality is a question we shall be glad to illustrate by some considerations of the more recent intellectual and moral influences that have been brought to bear on our cognate nature.

Among the later literary developments of the Americans there is none more suggestive than the increased interest in genealogical researches. Of this the work we have placed at the head of this article is at once a proof and a result. It is a *catalogue raisonné* of six hundred and nine family-histories and genealogical writings published in the United States, chronologically arranged, and it is executed with much skill and an elaborate industry. The author is able to indicate only one such record written before the period of Independence—it is 'A Genealogy of the Family of Mr. Samuel Stebbings from the year 1707 to 1771,' printed at Hartford at the later date—a bibliomaniac curiosity, indeed, if still in existence—not seen by Mr. Whitmore, but referred to in an article by Mr. Daniel Stebbings in the fifth volume of the 'New England Historical and Genealogical Register.' There is only one other

other notice of any production of the last century, the descent of the Chauncy Family from the Roll of Battle Abbey, through the Rev. Charles Chauncy, President of Harvard College, compiled by Nathaniel Chauncy, his great-grandson, in 1787. The first local record of this nature is the 'East Haven Register,' including the names, marriages, births, and deaths of the families settled there from 1644 to the time of the publication, 1824; and this was followed in 1829 by Farmer's 'Genealogical Register of the First Settlers of New England,' an elaborate work, which remained for many years the chief authority in the family history of the Northern States. Among the many succeeding notices of general interest are Elisha Thayer's 'Family Memorial' (Dedham, Mass., 1835); Hodge's 'Record of the Families of New England' (Cincinnati, 1837), containing a letter from Mr. Noah Woodward, who, in 1833, remembered seeing two sons of William Hodges of Taunton, the first settler in 1638; Mitchell's 'History of the Early Settlement of Bridgewater in Plymouth co., Mass., one of the chief colonising towns (Boston, 1840), recording the descents of numerous families, with the dates and circumstances of their emigration, chiefly into Maine and the western parts of the State; the first memoranda respecting the families of Quincey and Adams, now historical names, written and published for the amusement of the author and a few private friends in Havana in 1841, by a Mr. Grace of Baltimore, illustrated with the emblazoned shields of Robert de Quincey and Roger de Quincey, Earls of Winchester; and the register of the name and family of Herrick, from the settlement of Heneri Hericke in Salem, Mass. (Bangor, 1846), connecting them with the Herricks of Leicestershire, and deriving direct descent from Henry, fifth son of Sir M. Herrick, Ambassador to Turkey, knighted in 1684.

These British relationships have been frequently accompanied by claims on property, some of which have been followed up with much trouble and expense. Two, especially, became notorious; one on the estate of John and Ralph Houghton, emigrants in 1850, for the recovery of which a company was formed, and an agent, Mr. J. M. Rice, sent to England; and the other, that of the Gibbs, which was prosecuted by the Acting Gibbs' Association of Vermont (1847-48), under the management of a Mr. Columbus Smith, who seems to have made a profession of the discovery of American heirs to English fortunes, but in no case, we believe, with a successful issue. A more recent excitement, and which we believe has not yet altogether subsided, was raised by the descendants of Timothy Ingraham, whose right to 'the great Ingraham estate in the kingdom of Great Britain,'

was

was set forth by a Mr. G. R. Gladding, in a pamphlet printed at Providence, R. I., in 1859, and investigated at considerable cost. This property was supposed to be inherited from a certain Joseph Wilson, of Yorkshire, through an only daughter, married to Edward Cowell, who emigrated, and whose only daughter again married the said Ingraham, of Bristol, R. I. We never heard of this claim coming before our Courts, though the Ingram family of Temple Newsome (as we now spell it) have some American connections through the second brother of Lord Irwin—among others, the excellent Bishop Ingraham Kip, of California, of 'Vigilance Committee' notoriety, who came over to this country some years ago to claim the relationship, which was duly recognised. The family of Holt have also made a formal agreement to prosecute their claim on the property of Chief Justice Sir John Holt, who died in 1719; and the Lawrences, of Buffalo, promise a similar attempt on an estate, derived from a Mary Townley, who emigrated in 1716.

On the other hand, English estates have occasionally been disputed on account of the difficulties of tracing branches of the family who have emigrated to America; and the claim to at least one English peerage—that of Scrope of Masham, by the Mynill family—depends on the discovery of the extinction of a line of the family which has passed over to the United States.

It might seem that such works as 'Savage's Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England,' to which the learned and conscientious author has devoted fifteen years of life, and in which he has embodied the results of an immense correspondence, supplemented by the 'New England Historical and Genealogical Register' (published quarterly since 1847), which has been the channel of numberless communications, corrections, and suppositions on the subject, would have sufficed to gratify the appetite for these investigations. But so little is this the case, that from 1850 to the present time curiosity in this direction seems to have increased in geometrical progression, till there is hardly a family in the Northern States that has not its own monograph, in most instances handsomely printed, and in many illustrated with engravings and coats of arms; recalling such English works as the 'Stemmata Botfieldiana,' or the still more elaborate Scotch collections of the Stirlings, the Maxwells, the Lennoxes, and the Carnegies. The 'Historical and Genealogical Essay upon the family and surname of Buchanan,' by William Buchanan of Auchmar, out of print in Scotland, has been reproduced at Cincinnati in 1849.

Some of these registers have been compiled to commemorate domestic gatherings, silver-weddings, or centenaries, where, from  
various

various and widely-distant homes, oftentimes on that Thanksgiving Day which in Puritan times superseded, and still in many homes supersedes, the English Christmas, progenies of all occupations and ranks of life meet, if not under an ancestral roof-tree, yet in a locality familiar in name and hallowed by tradition. Fortunate then is the household which is able to blend its name with men who have illustrated their generation in their own country; still more so that which can trace its blood up to the brave wanderers who sought a refuge and founded a nation; but perhaps most so, that which can connect itself in an unbroken chain with a well-known British race, whose ancestor's home they may some day visit, and whose heraldic bearings they can point to and exhibit as historic testimonies. It would be pragmatical, and, indeed, unphilosophical, to object in the abstract to this desire as inconsistent with republican principles, with the republics of old Rome, of Venice, and of Florence in our memory; and it would be both unnatural and impolitic not to welcome this return to national kinship with interest and affection. Thus in this book the records of the Brewsters, the Bradfords, and the Mathers, are intermixed with those of the Temples of Stowe, now represented by the grandson of Sir John Temple, the Hon. Thomas Winthrop, of Boston; with the Montgomerys, of which Sir James T. Montgomery of Philadelphia and Eglinton, is the present lineal male representative (the earldom in England being held by a younger branch); the Pierreponts, to whom the present American Minister in this country belongs, tracing a common ancestry with the Manvers from the Dukes of Kingston, and equally proud of a grandfather the pastor of the first church in New Haven; and the Fairfaxes, of whom Dr. John Fairfax is the eleventh baron. In the two notices here given of the Moody family, we may remark that no mention occurs of the baronet, Sir Henry, who, according to the amusing picture of New York in 1645, as drawn by Mr. Gerard, the present State-Senator of New York State, in his tract, 'The Old Streets of New York under the Dutch,' while a young man, accompanied his mother, Lady Moody, to New Amsterdam, when driven out of Massachusetts and Detroit on account of her opinions on Infant Baptism; nor have we any account of the Tildens, who now boast a probable future President, who in a late visit to England renewed his connexion with his relatives the Tyldens of Kent. Sometimes, indeed, the American and English distinctions come together, as in the pedigree of the Eliot family (New Haven, Connecticut, 1854), where the descendants of the Rev. John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, can connect themselves both

with the English patriot and with the house of St. Germain; and in that of the Vassalls of Massachusetts, who come direct from the Puritan who first refused to submit to the tax of tonnage and poundage, and who might have claimed cousinship with the historic lady of Holland House.

The last notable discovery is the American descent of the present Earl of Rosebery, who has personally acquired much popularity in the United States, which connects him with the Shermans of New England; one of whom migrated to Madras in the middle of the seventeenth century, and had a daughter married to Sir Henry Vincent, who became through the Howards of Effingham the progenitrix of Lord Rosebery, who would thus own relationship with Mr. Evarts, the head of the American Bar and the chosen Orator of the Centenary.

Mr. Winthrop, in the exercise of his critical duty, is occasionally compelled to throw doubts on the veracity of some of these pedigrees, and brings forwards one crucial instance to justify his demand for a greater care in such investigations. In Baker's 'History of Northamptonshire,' the descent of George Washington from Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave, in that county, is given at length, and has been hitherto accepted without hesitation. So completely were these facts assumed, that the late Lord Spencer sent Mr. Charles Sumner facsimiles of the tombstones in Brington churchyard, which were presented by the American statesman to the State, and placed, by a vote of Congress, in the Doric Hall of the State-House, where they now perpetuate a genealogical error. For whatever may have been the relation of the First President to the families of Sulgrave and Brington, it is conclusively shown by Colonel Chester—whose zeal for these inquiries is equally directed to English and American sources—that the two sons of Lawrence—the elder, knighted in 1622, and the younger, the ejected minister of Purleigh in Essex—never emigrated. In George Washington's own time the tradition was that his branch of the family came from the North of England.

It must be noted that, with few exceptions, this summary is confined to the one district of the Union; and it is singular that few similar interests seem to have existed in the South, although the satisfaction of good descent is there proverbial, without reference to wealth or even decent rank in life. In Pennsylvania the Historic Genealogy of the Kirk family (Lancaster, 1872) may be cited as a rare instance of a continuance of this taste outside of New England. Even in New York, since Holgate's 'American Genealogy' (Albany, 1848), there has been comparatively little study of the connection with  
Holland,

Holland, although in that city the old Dutch families claim a more distinct and exclusive social position than any other class elsewhere. There is, no doubt, much difficulty in eliciting accurate information from the records of the early settlers, as Mr. Berger's '*Monograph of the Long-Island Families*' (New York, 1866) sufficiently proves. The few French descents—such as that of the Gaylords or Gaillards—seem difficult to determine, but the Abbé Tanguay's '*Dictionnaire des Familles Canadiennes*' (Quebec, 1871) and the '*Grandes Familles*' of Canada, also published by M. Seneril, supply much collateral information. We miss, however, any notice of the Bayards—the, so to say, hereditary Senators of the State of Delaware—a family which has offered (though with few apparent chances of success) to the country a candidate for the Presidency at the forthcoming election, who, apart from political considerations, would be very acceptable both at home and abroad, from his personal qualities and unblemished reputation.

The comparative novelty of this ambition for European kinship is very intelligible when we consider the circumstances of America even before its political rupture from England. Most rare in these family records is the notice of the return or visit of any settler, or a matrimonial connection with the country of his origin. The distance, the rarity of the habit of travel, the necessity of regular labour and close attention to business in a frugal society, all kept the peoples apart, and the bonds of literature and common culture must have been of the slightest. The first printing-press, indeed, had been set up in a building that bears the appropriate name of Cambridge, as early as 1639, but it seems to have been confined to public documents, of which one of the earliest and most memorable was the '*Freeman's Oath*,' which, in accordance with the political change in England, omitted the King's name, and swore fidelity to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay, and raised its own flag, but, as is recorded, 'in deference to some English sea-captains,' kept the royal standard floating over the fort till the news of the King's death arrived. The personal interest felt in the American settlements by the leaders of the Great Rebellion is illustrated by the circumstance of Sir John Eliot in the Tower transcribing Winthrop's '*Nine Reasons*,' justifying the New Plantations, and sending it to Hampden for his study. The increasing closeness of the connection, founded on Puritan sympathies, is well put by Mr. Hale, a descendant from Adrian Scrope, who voted for the King's death and lost his head for having done so, in his interesting essay, giving a fresh colour to the old supposition of what would have happened if Oliver Cromwell had emigrated to America.

'Had Cromwell come, he would have arrived here just before the first commencement of Harvard College; he would have arrived just as the General Court was striking the name of King Charles off the oath; he would have arrived just as the short-lived standing Council was disarmed; he would have arrived just as the position of the Lower House first came into discussion; he would have arrived just as the free colonies were arranging their confederation. At the election-day of that year, John Winthrop was chosen Governor for the first year of his third term. Would he have yielded his seat the next year to Oliver Cromwell? Would Oliver Cromwell have been the sixth Governor of Massachusetts? or would he have led a company to Strawberry-Bank, to the Connecticut, or to the Mohawk, and become himself the Protector of an infant Commonwealth?'—p. 15.

It was this union of the Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven colonies that had its mighty reverberation one hundred and twenty years after in the United States of America. So intimate, indeed, was the religious connection, that the Independence party in the Westminster Assembly strongly urged the attendance of Cotton, Hooker, and Davenport, the chief ministers of Boston, Hartford, and New Haven, to support them against the Presbyterians; and it is from this association that comes the peculiar word 'Independent,' in its relation to the American States—a word not found in the Bible or in Shakespeare, but in the religious politics of England alone. Mr. Hale is very urgent that a statue should be raised in Boston, face to face with Chantrey's statue of Washington, to Oliver Cromwell, 'sovereign of England for ten years, and the friend of New England through his life,' reminding his countrymen that Newbury and Worcester Streets in that city recall those great English battles, and that in the memory of man the Protector's head was a common tavern-sign.\*

There is a passage in a pamphlet, or rather speech, of a certain William Hooker (1641), entitled 'New England's Teares for Old England's Teares,' cited by Mr. Frothingham, which touchingly illustrates the relations of the countries at the time. It seems to have been spoken in America, though printed in London:—

'We are distinguished from all the nations in the world by the

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\* Mr. Hale mentions as an earlier link that King James the First, on his journey from Scotland to London, had rested at the Scrooby Manor-house, where Brewster, the Plymouth elder, resided, and held his private services, and was so taken with the place, that in his first letter to the Archbishop of York, he wishes him to sell it him for his hunting in Sherwood Forest. This picturesque incident is perhaps not altogether accurate. The King would have naturally lodged in the Archbishop's palace, or hunting-box, at Scrooby (where Wolsey passed his last night on his way to Leicester) Brewster being then the post-master of the district, residing in the adjacent Manor-house, and not improbably coming into contact with his new Sovereign.

name English. There is no nation that calls us countrymen but the English. Did not that land first bear us, even that pleasant island—but for sin, I would say that Garden of the Lord—that Paradise! And how here they always looked after our welfare, ebbing and flowing in their affections with us! And when sometimes a New England man returns thither, he is waited upon, looked after, received, entertained; the ground he walks upon beloved for his sake, and the household the better where he is. How are his words listened to, treasured up, and related frequently when he is gone!

But although the Long Parliament in 1642 declared in an Act freeing New England from certain duties, &c., on merchandise entering its ports, 'that the plantations in New England, by the blessing of the Almighty, had good and prosperous success, without any charge to the State, and are soon likely to prove very happy for the propagation of the Gospel in those parts, and very beneficial and commodious for this kingdom and nation,' the 'Commission of the Lords of Trade and Plantations,' created in 1643, of which Vane, Pym, and Cromwell were members, assumed powers just as plenary as the 'Board' of Charles I., which they superseded, and received petitions from aggrieved persons, charging the Colonies with aiming at independent sovereignty, and asking for the nomination of an English Governor over all the States. The Governor and Company of Massachusetts were officially summoned in May, 1646, to answer complaints of this nature. How Governor Winslow reasoned against and disallowed these appeals is an important episode of American history; but the claim itself shows that the favour shown to the then local self-government of the Colonies was due to other than political sympathies, and perhaps chiefly to the neglect incidental to a new and dubious government.

The Restoration necessarily brought some change in the spirit of the Colonial policy. New England became the refuge of the Regicides, and Whalley and Goffe are still legendary personages of New Haven romance. Nothing, however, occurred to justify any suspicions of disaffection towards England; the Navigation Act was rigorously executed; Eliot's tract, 'The Christian Commonwealth,' was condemned by the Court of Massachusetts; Connecticut, in one petition, implores the King to accept that colony as 'his own colony'—'a little branch of his mighty empire.' But the American historian may perhaps forgive this lapse in the liberties of his country in consideration of the original enterprise of William Penn, whom Lord Macaulay could never bring himself to forgive for the favour of the Stuarts, and of the capture of Manhattan during peace from the Dutch, then a friendly power. Thus America gained, from the worst period of British politics, the



the second commercial city of the world and the theatre of the Philadelphia Centennial.

The growth of independent government in the new as well as in the older colonies during the latter portion of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth centuries is shown by the great variety of their institutions, and their action during the Revolution of 1688 showed how far this could go without any apparent inclination to sever their connection with the mother-country. They not only made a defensive federation against the Indians, but levied war against the French and their Indian allies, capturing Acadia and Port Royal, and only failing in their designs on Quebec by a military blunder; and local faction raged so freely that Jacob Leisler, the enthusiastic proclaimer of William and Mary, and chief of the Protestant cause, was put to death by the opposite party, after a trial which the British Parliament pronounced a legal murder. Yet, curiously enough, the speculation of the possible independence of America was continually floating on the other side of the water, showing itself in political suspicion and literary imaginations: as early as 1684 Sir Thomas Browne had foreshadowed the time

‘When America shall cease to send out its treasure,  
But enjoy it at home in American pleasure;  
When the New World shall the Old invade,  
Nor count them their lords, but their fellows in trade.’

It is also noticeable that the smaller colonies were most signally independent. In 1704 Montpessan, the Chief Justice of New York, wrote to Lord Nottingham that, ‘when he was at Rhode Island they did in all things as if they were out of the dominions of the Crown;’ and Lord Cornbury, son of Lord Clarendon, writing to the Board of Trade, about the same time, of the state of opinion in Connecticut and Rhode Island, says ‘that they hate anybody who owns any subjection to the Queen.’ The words of this eccentric Governor may, however, be taken with some qualification when we remember that he received the official word at Albany on the Queen’s birthday, dressed in female attire, imitated from the robes of his royal mistress, and was so pleased with the notion that he had himself painted in that costume.\*

This ‘Law of Diversity,’ as it is accurately named by Mr. Frothingham in his well-argued but partial work, may be said to have been prominent for some seventy years. During that time the population had increased to a million and a half,—French, Dutch, Germans, and Swedes, mixing freely with the

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\* The picture is at present in the possession of Lord Hampton, and has been photographed by him for the Philadelphia Exhibition.

British; the most notable emigration, and that which has had the most intellectual and religious significance, being that of the Scotch-Irish in the reigns of Anne and George I. Various schemes were suggested to procure more unity of administration, from that of Robert Livingstone, of New York, in 1701, dividing the existing colonies into three distinct governments, to that of Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, in 1752, which recommended the formation of two great political divisions, north and south, connecting it with a scheme to incorporate all the Indians under the British Government. In the same year Archibald Kennedy, Receiver-General of New York, proposed that commissioners from all the colonies should meet annually to determine on the quotas each should contribute to the general defence, and that they should be exacted by Acts of Parliament. These and several other combinations were regarded as quite practicable, without in any degree impairing the Imperial connection. The question of an hereditary nobility was also much agitated, but met with little favour.

Some acts of arbitrary power were exercised by the mother-country which require more explanation than they have hitherto received. Why did the writ of *habeas corpus* not run in America as in England? Why should the Press have been under such strict censorship that all matter was required to be submitted to the Colonial Secretary, and that there should be extant an order, signed by Addison himself, directing the governors in America to allow of no publication or printing without licence? This did not, indeed (and American publishers may rejoice in this antiquity of their craft), prevent entirely the reproduction of English works, but retaining the English imprint.

The vicinage of Canada was a cause of continual trouble. Three colonial wars had so wasted American blood and money, that the declaration of hostility between France and England, in 1756, was the signal for an outburst of gratitude and patriotism. Never had the connection between the countries been more cordial and affectionate. 'Let us,' said Colonel Washington at Winchester, in carrying out the Governor's orders to make the proclamation, 'show our willing obedience to the best of kings, and by a strict attachment to his royal commands, demonstrate the love and loyalty we bear to his sacred person; let us, by rules of unerring bravery, strive to merit his royal favour, and a better establishment as a reward for our services;' thus implying his belief that the expulsion of the French by British arms was a necessity for the safety and comfort of the colonies.

When the conquest was secured, the Massachusetts Assembly (August, 1760), dwelling on 'the inexpressible joy of the present time,'

time,' said of the British Constitution 'that it exceeds itself; it raises new ideas for which no language has provided words, because never known before. Contradictions are become almost consistent, clamorous faction is silent, morose good-natured, by the Divine blessing on the councils and arms of our dread Sovereign in every quarter of the world. He has become the scourge of tyrants, the hope of the oppressed; yet in the midst of victories prophesying peace.'

Another practical reason for believing in the benefits of the Imperial rule at that period is to be found in the political, commercial, and even religious antagonism of the separate colonies. Franklin loudly lamented that 'such was their mutual jealousy that they would not even unite for purposes of common defence;' and a sensible traveller in 1759-60 does not scruple to write that, 'were they left to themselves, there would soon be a civil war from one end of the continent to the other'—a prophecy of which the fulfilment lay deep in the womb of time, and which was accomplished under far other conditions, and with far other results, than could have passed through the imagination of the writer. In another and more immediate sense the prediction was entirely justified in the very contest that ended in the rupture with England. For in truth the war with the mother country was not only a civil war; as being between two peoples of the same race and speech, but in the complete divergencies of opinion and hostilities of action that it provoked among the inhabitants of the colonies themselves. Mr. Sabine's two carefully-compiled and most interesting volumes on the subject of the American Loyalists are a memorial of the patriotic devotion of a very large number, if not a majority, of our then fellow-subjects to the Imperial cause. They were written on the eastern frontier of the Union, where the writer had around him in every direction the graves and the children of the Loyalists, and thus obtained access to family records that else would have remained unexplored; and while he regrets that entire correctness and fulness of detail in tracing the course and in ascertaining the fate of the adherents of the Crown are not even within the power of the most careful and industrious historian, he is fully justified in believing that he has added a very valuable chapter to the annals of the Revolution. Here are not only stories of individual courage and suffering for a cause, as honourable and as pathetic as ever made romance out of human violence and gave virtue to passion among the Cavaliers of England, the Jacobites of Scotland, or the Royalists of La Vendée, but, what is more important for the judgment of posterity, here is irrefragable proof that the motive power of the Revolution was not the sense of  
English

English oppression, or of disgust at Colonial dependence, or even the development of local liberties into national patriotism, but the incompatibility of the material interests of the Colonies with those of the mother-country according to the political knowledge and ideas of the time.

It has been so much the fashion of English historians to speak of the conduct of England to America in the last century as a national disgrace that it would be only consistent with the attitude we have assumed to have sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition a statue of Britannia clothed in sackcloth and ashes. In the second volume of our 'Review' (1809) the contest is described as 'that unhappy war for which we have cause to feel shame,' 'but they (the Americans) perhaps will have most reason to feel sorrow;' and in the most recent publication of 'Epochs of Modern History' the writer 'thanks God that England should have failed in a task unworthy of herself, and which she should never have undertaken.'\* In this otherwise efficient compendium the war is described 'as a duel between Washington and George III.,' a statement so far true that to the individual persistence of the American General amidst, to use the words of his own letters, 'the distressed, ruinous, and deplorable condition of affairs,' 'the party disputes and personal quarrels that are the great business of the day,' 'the increasing rapacity of the times,' and 'the declining zeal of the people,' the ultimate success was due, to an extent that justifies the national idolatry; but it is equally certain that in all his action towards his American subjects, George III. represented the will and feelings of the British people in their determination to preserve the integrity of the Empire. As late as 1783 the Coalition coming into power shrunk from the unpopularity of peace with America, to which the King had ultimately consented, although glad enough to put a close to the Continental War. The present successful preservers of the Unity of the United States will not depreciate these sentiments.

The large landholders of Virginia, who resembled, as far as circumstances permitted, the feudal proprietors of Europe—the monarchists of the Carolinas, whose local institutions were moulded on the English model, and in many of whom the spirit of loyalty was so strong as to transfer to the Guelphs the very sentiments for which they had incurred loss and exile in the cause of the Stuarts—the aristocracy that had held for generations the soil of New York with tenures-at-will as dependent as in Great Britain—the proprietary governors of Pennsylvania,

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\* 'The War of American Independence, 1775-83.' By John Malcolm Ludlow.  
who

who numbered among them such men as John Buchanan, the eloquent and unwearied assertor of American rights from 1765 to 1774, but the zealous opponent of the Declaration of Independence—the majority of the professional classes in Massachusetts itself, as represented by the eleven hundred who retired with the Royal army at the evacuation of Boston and by the other emigrations, on the whole not less than ten thousand, that took refuge in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and England—these were the vindicators not only of the right, but of the duty of the British Parliament not to surrender the colonial dominion as long as it could be retained by policy or by arms.

To these large bodies of men the imposition of the Stamp-Duty, however unwelcome, could not have appeared anything strange or novel. Money had been freely voted by the Provincial Assemblies in assistance of British arms in America, and it would have seemed no anomaly that, as long as the colonies were defended from aggression by the Imperial power, they should contribute to its maintenance. The resistance of the British Parliament to the arbitrary imposition of taxes by the Crown had nothing to do with the resistance of a portion of the people—and such the colonies were considered—to taxes imposed by Parliament. The distinction drawn by Mr. Pitt in 1800, 'that Great Britain had no right to tax the colonies, notwithstanding that its authority is supreme in every circumstance of government and legislature whatever, because taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power, and the taxes a voluntary gift and grant of the Commons alone'—astonished the House of Commons as much as it delighted the Americans. When the condition of the representation of the people at that time is remembered, this theory must be taken at its own value, and was probably estimated at the time as one of the great orator's superb rhetorical assertions. It is, however, an example of what both English and American historians justly regard with indignant regret—the use that was made of American troubles in the disputes and intrigues of English politicians. Ingersoll, the delegate from Virginia, has recorded the scandal of 1767, when Grenville defied the Government to tax America. 'You are cowards! You are afraid of the Americans!' 'Cowards!' replied Charles Townshend; 'dare not tax America? I dare tax America.' And Grenville, again, after a pause, 'Dare you tax America? I wish to God I could see it!' And Townshend crying, 'I will, I will!' No wonder, when such affairs were debated in such a temper, that on both sides the voice of reason was silenced, and every calamity made possible. It is little consolation to cast the eye down the stream of history and to find

find in 1812 the parallel of these political misdeeds, when the sagacious Randolph called on Congress not to let their own party-feelings guide their foreign politics, and remarked 'that there were two young men present (Clay and Calhoun) who thought they saw their way to the Presidency through a war with England.'

But if neither the Stamp-Tax nor the Tea-Duty, nor even the famous 'Preamble,' were sufficient provocation for a rebellion which aimed at what, in the political estimate of the time, seemed the degradation of Great Britain in the rank of nations, it would be unjust to forget what were the restrictions on the industry, that is to say, on the public wealth, and on the private comfort of the American people; not, in truth, the work of kings or Parliaments, but the inevitable consequence of the colonial system as then understood throughout the world. The colonies, indeed, without representation, were very little worse off than the industrious classes of Great Britain itself, with such representation as they had. But the grievance was, no doubt, more severely felt from the distance and invisibility of the power that inflicted it. We cannot state it more forcibly than in Mr. Sabine's summary of the laws that affected especially the mercantile and maritime interests of the Northern colonies.

'They forbade the use of waterfalls, the erecting of looms and spindles, and the working of wood and iron; they set the King's arrow upon trees that rotted in the forest; they shut out markets for boards and fish; they seized sugar and molasses, and the vessels in which those articles were carried; and they defined the limitless ocean as but a narrow pathway to such of the lands that it embosoms as wore the British flag.'—vol. i. p. 4.

Again—

10. 'The commercial code was so stern and cruel that an American merchant was compelled to evade a law of the realm, in order to give a sick neighbour an orange or cordial of European origin, or else obtain them legally, loaded with the time, risk, and expense of a voyage from the place of growth or manufacture to England, and thence to his own warehouse. An American ship-owner or ship-master, when wrecked on the coast of Ireland, was not allowed to unlade his cargo on the shore where his vessel was stranded, but was required to send his merchandise to England, when, if originally destined for, or wanted in, the Irish market, an English vessel might convey it thither.'—p. 11.

There was no want indeed of the natural concomitant of, and ultimate remedy for, such restriction—the smuggler. Nine-tenths of all the tea, wine, fruit, and sugar consumed in the colonies were smuggled, and if the final revolt was due to any one cause, it

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was to the determination of the English Government to use all the force in their power to put down the illicit traffic. The revenue-officers, largely increased in efficiency, and aided by ships of war, carried consternation into every fireside in the North; the commanders on the stations were commissioned as officers of customs, and had a right to a large share of the confiscations; the courts were presided over by single judges, paid by fees on their own condemnations, and every inducement was given to the governors and magistrates to enforce the law to the utmost. Thus it came about that at one moment there were twelve ships of war stationed in Boston harbour for revenue purposes, and on the fronting shore stood a populace, seething with indignation at this interference with the traffic and profits and interests of their daily life, and among them fourteen resolute men, bred to trade, in command of ships, who, in association with the covert hero and statesman then—‘the upstart tobacco-planter of Mount Vernon’—afterwards formed a fourth of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Now this position forced certain conclusions on the serious minds that looked beyond the hour. Acts of Parliament might be repealed; the will of a Sovereign might be conciliated; the interests of America might be completely identified with those of England, but it was this very identification which was at the root of the evil. American ships could never trade freely with the rest of the world while English ships could not do the same. America could not dispose as she would of the produce of her own soil while it was but an extension of the soil of Great Britain. America could not enter into reciprocal commercial engagements with other powers as long as her supposed national interests were those of Great Britain; there were practical benefits which apparently nothing but independence could secure. And yet, supposing that by some divine foresight America could have anticipated the present condition of our English colonies, who not only trade freely, but restrict freely the very productions of the mother-country, would they have made the venture? Separation brought with it not only the loss of the prestige of British power, but an isolation from European civilisation such as no transatlantic people had attempted; as yet no part of America settled and inhabited by the white man had stood by itself; the new world consisted wholly of outlying provinces of one or other European dominion. It was, besides, no pleasant prospect to have to resist and finally subdue the then numerous and powerful native races, exacerbated by war, and in all probability protected and assisted by England in Canada.

‘The Whigs,’ writes Mr. Frothingham, ‘traced by the lineage  
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of principles, had an ancestry in Buchanan and Languet, in Milton, Lisle, and Sidney, but the students of such doctrine were a few political scribes, not the working local politicians.' It was not till after Colonel Barre's famous tirade that the phrase of the 'Sons of Liberty' came into existence, and the term 'patriot,' though largely used, carried with it no conception of an independent country. The sentimental humanity which was beginning to impregnate France had little hold on any section of the people, and it was not till Thomas Paine (an Englishman), had thrown the theory into a hard, logical form, that the small party of Independence derived strength from the generalisation of the Rights of Man. And in the first draft of the Declaration Jefferson had written, 'We might have remained great together.'

There can be no advantage in recalling the mutual inhumanities of the Revolutionary War, nor even the fierce and pitiless measures of repression and penalty for which the Whigs or Patriots may claim the urgency of the situation. The employment of the Indians in military service had been habitual in American warfare, and was one of the chief resources of the French. But that such a Statute as the Conspiracy Act of 1779 should have been deemed necessary, carrying with it the wholesale confiscations of estates, and followed by the uprooting, transportation, and extinction of many of the wealthiest and worthiest families, is a painful reminiscence, and it is difficult to imagine any desire of familiar intercourse, much less of any sense of kinship, for a considerable time after such events.

In the terms of peace we threw our unhappy allies on the mercy of their opponents, and they found little or none. In both Houses of Parliament the expression of sympathetic indignation was unbounded. Mr. Sheridan 'execrated the treatment of these unfortunate men, who, without the least notice taken of their civil and religious rights, were handed over as subjects to a power that would not fail to take vengeance on them for their zeal and attachment to the religion and Government of the mother-country.' Lord Loughborough said, 'that neither in ancient nor modern history had there been so shameful a desertion of men who had sacrificed all to their duty and to their reliance upon British faith.' It was not calculated to soften the feelings on either side when Lord Shelburne replied, 'I have but one answer to give the House: it is the answer I give my own bleeding heart. A part must be wounded, that the whole of the empire may not perish. If better terms could be had, think you, my Lords, that I would not have embraced them?' I had  
but



but the alternative either to accept the terms proposed, or continue the war.' The ultimate issue of this affair was very sad. It may be that the determination of so many claims was necessarily a long affair; but it was not till 1790 that the indemnity awarded by Government was distributed. It amounted to about three millions three hundred thousand pounds, against losses reckoned above eight millions, distributed among some four thousand sufferers, over a thousand claimants having perished from privation and misery. The greater part of the exiles fled to our American possessions, but there were enough distributed about England to keep up the national animosity. Besides those who might fairly be considered victims of the Revolution, there were many men of letters and of various professions settled in America who would in due time have added to its intellectual, legal, or military distinction. Thus England gained and the colonists lost such men as George Chalmers, Clerk of the Privy Council, memorable for writings which range from his 'Political Annals,' published in 1780, to his 'Life of Mary Queen of Scots,' published in 1822, and especially for his 'History of the Revolt of the British Colonies,' issued in Boston in 1845, after having been suppressed from some unknown cause in England, and which opens with the words, 'Whether the famous achievements of Columbus introduced the greatest good or evil by discovering a New World to the Old, has in every succeeding age offered a subject for disputation:' as Lindley Murray, the legendary English grammarian, who left New York with an ample fortune, wrote his Grammar (published 1795) at Holdgate, near our York, and died there in 1826: as Colonel John Chandler, grandfather of Mr. Bancroft, the historian, who, from the conspicuous moderation of his claims for compensation, was spoken of as 'the honest refugee,' and died in London in 1800: as William Franklin, last Royal Governor of New Jersey, illegitimate son of Benjamin, who, having been treated with such severity that he was not allowed to visit his dying wife (as is recorded over her monument in St. Paul's Church, New York), was released by exchange, and is, with Sir William Pepperell, the leading figure in West's picture of the 'Reception of the American Loyalists by Great Britain in 1783:' and Sir William himself, who, when Colonel Pepperell, had captured Louisburg, 'the Dunkirk of the New World,' in 1745, and was created a baronet in the following year, the only New Englander who had received that honour. There were ladies, too, conspicuous by their courage and their persecution: notably Mrs. Morris, who, with her sisters, was attainted of high-treason, having had the strange destiny, as Miss Mary Phillips,  
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so have attracted the love of Colonel Washington in New York in 1796, and who has left in her family, from the force of her character, the tradition that had she accepted him, the current of history might have been changed. There are, indeed, some rare instances of the return of the refugees after residing in the English possessions: such as Judge Ogden, who had so little belief in the permanence of American independence, that in his exile he devised the probable constitution of America after her submission to Great Britain 'which he deemed certain to happen if proper measures were not neglected:' a scheme which established 'a Lord-Lieutenant, and Lords and Commons of the British Colonies in North America,' as is now realised in the Dominion of Canada.

The mention of this our great loyal colony brings strongly before the imagination the possible condition of the British Empire, if the American revolt had been avoided or subdued. The latter contingency is hardly within the range of conjecture. America once aroused, once united, once victorious, subsequent disasters would have only had the effect of indefinitely prolonging a contest that would have become odious to humanity. But that the war might have been prevented in 1775, and could have been terminated with honour to both parties in 1776, is the opinion of the judicious historian; and the concessions required were exactly of that nature which would have tended towards the same material progress which took place under Independence. Indeed, in one point of view, it would have been greater; for the estrangement which lasted till the close of the century excluded all systematic emigration from any part of Great Britain, and the conditions of trade were as restricted as ever. Had terms been arranged, the commercial liberty, which would necessarily have been conceded, must have reacted in the mother-country, and Adam Smith might almost have seen the realisation of his principles in his lifetime. The peopling and introduction to civilisation of the territory that became the States of Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio, was a physical consequence of the insufficiency of profitable land in the older provinces, and the colonisation might have been conducted with more system and future advantage. Nothing now strikes a traveller more than the poverty of the land almost in the neighbourhood of large towns, which careful industry could easily have relieved, had it not been tempted away to distant richer soils. This evil has been increased by the facility of railway-communication with the West, so that large tracts of country within easy access of the chief cities are uncleared, their mineral wealth undeveloped, and their sparse population cut off

off from the benefits of civilisation. On the other hand, it was a certain advantage for America not to be mixed up, as she might have been, with the affairs of Europe during the Napoleonic wars, and to have been enabled during the early part of this century to have pursued a policy of peace, with the single exception of the very unnecessary brush with England in 1812.

What would have been the effect on the mother-country of the gigantic offspring is another and more difficult supposition. Our only factors in this calculation are the relations we hold with the large, diverse, and distant communities still under the English flag. Our nearest way to many of them is across America, and our last acquisition is much nearer America than England. The theory of colonial independence of forty years ago, on which Charles Buller and Sir W. Molesworth mainly rose into political repute, has been gradually passing from the minds of men, till no one thinks any more of the separation of Canada than of that of India, and the cession of the Ionian Islands is generally felt to have been a political blunder, which has brought no advantage to their inhabitants, and to us the loss of commercial and naval stations that might be very useful in the coming complications of Eastern affairs. On the part of the colonists themselves, with the exception of the small parties headed in Canada by Mr. Goldwin Smith, and in New Zealand by Sir George Grey, both Englishmen, there is not a symptom of desire to abandon the connection with the English Crown, and in the more practical question of the union of adjacent or neighbouring colonies, for legislative and commercial purposes, that of the Dominion has been accomplished quite as much by the influence and advice of the mother-country as by internal organisation or native zeal. The confederation of the Cape is still a laborious project of the future, under the inspection and direction of the Colonial Office, and that of Australia is for the present almost without an advocate in the Southern hemisphere. There must, indeed, always be some difficulties in the details of an Imperial connection, but with good-will on both sides, they afford no ground for serious apprehension. Some of our colonies have passed laws in relation to marriage, to which, as being matters of manners rather than of principle, the home government has not thought it right to object; and in consequence, a man married to his deceased wife's sister in South Australia would commit bigamy in England without being subject to penalty; and on the other hand, certain conditions of the new Merchant Shipping Bill may impose penalties for new offences binding on colonial ships, though not sanctioned

sanctioned by colonial legislation. But it is to matters of such small gravity that the possible grievances of our fellow-subjects across the seas are now happily limited.

To revert to the condition of affairs after the independence of America was established, there was yet one connection between the alienated countries which must not be overlooked, and which showed itself prominently in those still hostile times. Among the classes which had most valued the imperial rule, and on whom therefore persecution had fallen the heaviest, were the episcopal clergy—with many of whom loyalty was a religious duty, binding them, according to their own expression, 'perpetually to the King,' and with the majority of whom the relations they had so long and so continuously held with the English clergy made the political separation very painful. They resolved, however, that whatever might be the secular division, they would maintain the sacerdotal relation as far as possible. But, under the new state of things, this was not easy. By the English law no person could be consecrated to the office of Bishop without the King's licence for his election to that office, and the Royal Mandate under the Great Seal for his confirmation and consecration. How, then, was the succession to be kept up? There were probably American bishops enough to have complied with any canonical regulation; but it was with the English Church—the indivisible Church and State—that they desired to remain in full community. We do not know what was the process of negotiation, but the result was the Act of 1786 (26 Geo. III. c. 84), empowering the Archbishops of Canterbury and York for the time being to consecrate to the office of a Bishop persons being subjects or citizens of another State out of his Majesty's dominions. The introduction of the word 'citizen' is curious for its novelty and for its anticipation of the *citoyen* of the coming Revolution in France. But the King's constitutional rights were safe-guarded by the proviso that the name of every such person, the country to which he belonged, and the church to which he was to be consecrated, together with a certificate of his sufficiency in good learning, the soundness of his faith, and the purity of his morals, should be presented to him before the licence for his consecration was granted.

Now, indeed, that by the constitution of the American Episcopal Church this legislation is no longer necessary, nor, indeed, applicable, the prelates who so frequently receive and enjoy the hospitalities of Lambeth and Bishopthorpe do not forget this consideration for the feelings and associations of their spiritual forefathers, and can combine a filial reverence for the great Establishment of the Reformation with a just pride in their own efficient

and useful organisation. They have, too, adopted, as a means of spreading their influence in foreign countries, what is commonly called the 'Jerusalem Bishopric Act,' that gave so much offence to the High Church party, that Dr. Newman states it as the Erastian climax that forced him to secede from our communion, and thus have lately established episcopates *in partibus*, among others, a Bishopric of Africa. It may not be out of place here to express the satisfaction of all moderate English Churchmen at the few and judicious alterations they have thought right to make in the English Liturgy and ministrations.

The simultaneousness of the political action of America and France in the establishment of free institutions is remarkable; and it should never be forgotten how the English tradition of the combination of liberty and order had the effect of giving to the American Constitution a character of stability that has proved positively inconvenient in practice; while, in France, one Constitution denounced another, till freedom itself was lost in the mêlée. The Constitution of 1787 has been an object of lover-like attachment and filial reverence of which any monarch might have been proud; nor does the democratic spirit itself appear to have gone farther than in some degree to have altered the relation of government to manners and coarsened the general tone of society. There is an evidence of this in the disuse of the decent pomp that surrounded the Presidencies of Washington and Adams, which is gracefully transmitted (though perhaps with some artistic embellishment) in Mr. Huntingdon's picture of the Court of Lady Washington—a title given to her in popular parlance, evidently in remembrance of that borne by Lady Cromwell. The full-dress of all the personages introduced is in the English fashion of the time, and she, not the President, is the main figure in the reception. Singular indeed is the lot of this lady in history. She is the one woman continually associated with her husband in all representations of heroic reverence, and while the very physiognomy of Lady Cromwell is unfamiliar, and neither Josephine nor Marie Louise have their habitual places on the wall by the side of the French demigod, it is rare to see his picture unaccompanied by hers, and this, as far as we know, without any striking individuality about her to have captivated the popular imagination. Jefferson, who was by tone and temperament more distinctly under the earlier influences of the French Revolution, affected the greater simplicity of life, which has since remained, with little alteration, the rule of the White House. There is, of course, no *à priori* reason why the public state of the President of the United States should not be analogous to that of Maréchal MacMahon. Indeed, while the natural proceeding

proceeding would be to adapt the life and surroundings of the Head of the Executive to that of the best order of society, the stranger is at present rather shocked than gratified by the careful avoidance, in the surroundings of the President, of any of the accustomed decorations and graces which he sees in profusion, not only in the habits of the larger cities but in the higher circles of Washington itself. He is inclined to connect with this disregard of form to some extent the disrespect too often exhibited to the office and its holder, which is in fact a condemnation of the popular choice, and a censure on democratic institutions. The President, knowing himself more powerful than an English sovereign, probably cares little about the external difference, but the contrast strikes an Englishman as something more than a matter of ceremony.

The 'American Annals' of Mr. Holmes, of Cambridge—a name that still illustrates New England—reviewed in our fourth number, in 1809, recall the singular proposal to adopt the name of 'Freden,' to be raised into 'Fredonia' for poetic use, not less sonorous, as the author suggests, than that of 'Britannia,' instead of America, which, however, did not meet with much acceptance. The animus of the article is to insist on the dissimilarity between Americans and Englishmen, but the facts asserted lead to an opposite conclusion. The writer, Robert Southey again, admits that the English race has there preserved its entire individuality, apart from Indian contamination, and even from German settlements, and thus, while asserting that the family likeness has been lost, simply because an American is usually distinguishable from an Englishman, he adds, 'God forbid that the family feeling should be lost also!' and closes with the words, 'Nations are too ready to admit that they have natural enemies, why should they be less willing to believe that they have natural friends?' It is remarkable that so world-wide an observer of human nature and historian of the earlier times of nations should speak of the 'trace of savage character' in the Americans as being anything else but the inevitable adjunct of the continuous emigration to the West, and the accretion of extensive territory, then forest or prairie, and now abounding in all the comforts of civilised life. Somewhat later (vol. xix. p. 58) Mr. Birkbeck, an intelligent traveller, observes that Old America is breaking up; and a correspondent from Cambridge (Mass.) 'expresses his regret that our towns and cities on the salt sea shores are not improving so fast as our interior. During the revolutionary war the physical and intellectual power of these colonies might be compared to a wedge, the broadest end of which was then in New England and the thinnest in Georgia; but

but now, alas! the wedge is turned end forward, and the thickest is in the south-west.' If this was the prognostication of seventy years ago, no wonder that now, when the whole breadth of the Continent has been grasped, California and Nevada should think and speak of the eastern cities as portions of Europe, and place the America of the future beyond the Rocky Mountains. We on our side wish for nothing better than to look on Boston, New York, and Philadelphia as differing little more from our own cities than they do from each other.

The Peace of Europe brought some travellers to Europe, and an example of how well and readily they were received is given in another article in this number of our Review. Mr. Ticknor was then a young man of good talents and education, but of no political importance, and yet he was at once admitted to the choicest society England had to offer. Mr. Rush's interesting volume, 'The Courts of London from 1819 to 1825,' is full of demonstrations of reciprocal good-will. Speaking of Mr. Monroe's congratulations on our Royal marriages, he writes, 'England's prosperity flows over upon us as ours upon England; and thus international courtesy, while assuming this form, embodies international wisdom.' 'The continuance of these feelings is expressed with much pathos in the dedication of the new edition of this work by Mr. Rush's worthy son to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, to whom both countries owe a deep sense of gratitude for the judgment with which he conducted their relations during a time of unprecedented difficulty.

The matrimonial connections between English and American families at this period were uncommon, though the young Mr. Baring, then employed to transact the monetary arrangements of the sale of Louisiana, brought back the wealthy Miss Bingham (a descendant, through the Willings, of the regicides Harrison and Mayne), who, as Lady Ashburton, dispensed for so long the hospitalities of Bath House with a most friendly courtesy. Mr. Jeffrey took Miss Wilkes of New York to reign over the writers of the 'Edinburgh Review,' and the three daughters of Mr. Caton, of Baltimore, were associated in the English peerage with the high names of Leeds, Wellesley, and Stafford. In later times the alliances of English and American blood have been frequent and welcome, and within the last few weeks an English ducal house has received a beautiful American bride.

But while the stream of American travel directed itself rather to Paris than to London, a more serious intercommunication took place in the growth of American literature. Washington Irving came to us as the reviver, in a novel and appropriate form of the great age of Queen Anne: a second 'Spectator,'  
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from the banks of the Hudson, extending his pleasant and educated vision over the Atlantic with a friendliness that familiarised both countries with the elder manners of each. Fenimore Cooper found in the 'Neutral Ground' as much food for romance as Walter Scott in the Jacobite Highlands, and threw over the Indian race a glamour that has not yet wholly faded away. Bryant, who still from the Chair of the Century Club, surrounded by two later poetical generations, or from his beautiful retreat on Long Island, holds out his patriarchal hand to the English man-of-letters, Longfellow, so thoroughly acclimated in English homes that his very nationality is doubted, and Whittier, whose venerable voice has been heard above the tumult of the present Centenary—these arose simultaneously (as literary generations are counted), with that interesting outgrowth of tender, pious, and philosophic verse, that has had such an enduring effect on the English heart and mind. And from that time downwards to this day, the common influences of letters have been in action till the English railway-stalls contain more American than native productions—Bret Harte and Mark Twain shouldering Thackeray and Dickens, and Miss Wetherall and Miss Alcot making our different classes more intimate with American domestic life than they are with that of any class among their countrymen beyond their own.

That during the last half-century harsh and unkind words have been spoken, and unjust and one-sided books written about America is only too true, but the serious occasional ill-will they have excited comes mainly from the assumed solidarity of all classes in America as towards the foreigner, while there are no people more critical—it may be said more sarcastic—than they are among themselves. That the chief theatres of New York have this last year been crowded to see the abuse of Trial by Jury, and the lobbyings of the Washington Legislature handled with savage ridicule, is more creditable to the good temper than to the political delicacy of the citizens; but it is only an example, among many, of the readiness of one class to take advantage of the vices or follies of another, without regard to the effect on the national reputation. But while in this free censure of political defects and of social extravagancies there is an excuse for a similar liberty of judgment on the part of the foreign critic, there was no doubt a period in which the English traveller and novelist made much and profitable capital out of the differences and apparent eccentricities of American society. When a spirit of caricature is once allowed to prevail it passes very readily into libel and calumny, and the real key to this inclination in most 'Travels in the United States' seems to us to be found  
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in the facility afforded to the English observer by the identity of language and the general similarity of habits and conditions of life. To report, or even to ridicule, the peculiarities of any continental nation with any success, implies a knowledge of their speech and a perception of national distinctions. But the English visitor, though probably not seeing about him half as many discrepancies and oddities as he would have done if he had travelled with the same intentions of noting and writing down what he saw in any portion of Great Britain and Ireland that has preserved its provincial peculiarities of diction and usage, is naturally impelled, by the abundance of what is like to exaggerate what is unlike, and thus to repeat in the relative position of England and America the very error that Americans now commit in their hard judgment of themselves. Try by this test the writings of literary pioneers of the rank of Mrs. Trollope, of Captain Marryat, of Charles Dickens, even of such well-informed and friendly travellers as Sir Charles Murray, and it is clear that they are describing rather another England than a foreign nation. We may take some credit to ourselves in having consistently held this view, notwithstanding the deeper differences of opinion incidental to the *raison d'être* of our literary existence, as early as 1832, when we asked one of these writers if it was intended to present the vulgarities produced 'as a serious delineation of the society of America, or only a laughable lampoon? If the latter, it might be successful enough; if the former, it simply differed altogether from all our experience of American men and women.' In 1839, again, we congratulated the upper classes of the two countries on becoming better acquainted with each other than they had been since the gentry of our old colonies laid aside the custom of sending their young men to be educated in the schools and universities of England, and, writing of steam-communication, then in its infancy, we said:—

'Already we begin to gather the fruits of this mighty innovation. Americans of mature years and tastes, of high attainments, character, and honour mingle already among us, and will continue more and more to do so . . . In return America will be visited by abundance of English gentlemen and ladies also, who have no intention of turning a penny by a tour. The result will be that nobody on this side of the water will affect to doubt the existence of a refined class of society on the other, numerically as large in proportion to the rest, and as nearly on a par with the social aristocracy of Europe as any rational person could have looked for.'—Vol. lxiv. p. 316.

And in truth this is so, and if Americans have preferred the social intercourse of the Continent to anything we had to offer them,

them, assuredly the fault is not ours. We are not so selfish in our nationality as to desire that Americans should content themselves with the society of England alone, but we might have been fairly affronted at the immense preference accorded to Paris where not one, but half-a-dozen, American colonies established themselves, rivalling one another in splendour of existence, and emulating the French themselves in their gayest and most prosperous times. It has been the good fortune of all the world to connect the names of Power and Story and Hawthorne with Italy, and the later fictions—Mr. James's 'Roderick Hudson,' and Joaquin Miller's 'One Fair Woman'—continue to exhibit the profound impression which classic Europe makes on the cultivated minds of the New World. It is something different from, and naturally more intense than, the effect even on the most scholarly European. Though in America the study of Greek has become the privilege of the lettered class—numbering among them, indeed, many ladies—the knowledge of Latin, from the common-school system, is more widely spread than in England with all its time-honoured establishments. So one sees that, to an American, Italy is a fairy-land of Art and Nature, undimmed by the later historical and ecclesiastical associations that beset it among ourselves. An odd republican may rave of Garibaldi, and a pious Catholic may lament the imprisoned Pope, but to the mass of Americans the one is little more than Walker of Nicaragua, and the other the Great Lama over the sea. Thus they enter the Gardens of the Hesperides with the delight of the discovery of a glorious yet familiar home of thought and sight, and their verse and prose and sculpture give us the happy results. Nevertheless we have heard an American own that the locality that made on him the strongest impression in the world was the, to us, familiar town of Chester: it was the first 'walled city' he had seen, and that peculiarity brought on him at once all the associations of his Old Testament education, and the Roman *Castrum* became to him as Jerusalem. A similar connection of the chief scenes of British History with what he has read in a literature which he regards as his own, must be to such a man a continual realisation of ideas, which under no other circumstances it can be given to an inhabitant of this globe to experience, because no other country but England has had such an outgrowth as the United States, and no other out-planted people has had such a parent-tree as England.

On the other hand, the number of English travellers in America has not increased proportionately with that of the Americans in Europe. It was some time ago the fashion for any

any young members of either House of Parliament, who aspired to political distinction, to make an American journey, very much as their grandfathers made the *grand tour* on the Continent. But there are now many of our public men, past, present, and future, who have not crossed the Atlantic. Nor, indeed, in any time can we boast of such serious political students of American institutions and manners as the foreign statesman and publicists, at the head of whom still stands the fine analyst of human nature and charming writer, Alexis de Tocqueville. Indeed, there will be no more interesting historic retrospect than a well-considered comparison of the truth and error of his foresight as to the future of the American Republic, as seen in the great catastrophes of later years.

It is fair to say that till the great extension of railway communication the transit over the large cultivated or barren districts of the West was sufficiently monotonous, nor is there much variety in the construction or position of the lesser towns. In a continental town the language, dress and habits of the people of the country afford amusement, even without natural attractions, but the continual resemblances to his own life, of which we have often spoken, give to the ordinary traveller a discouraging impression. In this respect, indeed, the amount of interest is not increased. The very peculiarities which diversified the daily journey are fast diminishing; Americans are growing more like one another, and all more like Europeans. The late terrible events have had a palpable effect in sobering down the vivacity, in checking the familiarity, in dignifying the demeanour of the community. You hardly meet with a man of mature life who has not been under arms on one side or the other, and the general military bearing is conspicuous. There is none of the very natural garrulity of the olden time, which sprang from a good-natured curiosity as to the conditions of existence in what was almost another planet, but which is now familiar to thousands. The general commodiousness also affords no opening for the small comments and discussions incidental to the discomforts and chances of travel in a less civilised country. The railway carriages are supplied with conveniences to which ours are strangers; indeed, iced water is not a luxury but a necessity, which the Americans most sadly miss in a European summer;\* the unexampled cleanliness of the masses (in Philadelphia alone the town supplies water for forty thousand baths, most of them in what we should call artisans' dwellings) carries with it a

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\* At Cincinnati there is the finest fountain in America, raised by the benevolence of a wealthy citizen, and so endowed as to pour out iced water through four great mouths for the use of the people for ever.

physical self-respect that preserves a general decorum, and the offensive habit, of which so much has been said, but which was in the United States just the same and no more than in Germany and in other tobacco-smoking populations, is now kept under due restraint, and there is nothing to remind us of the American traveller of some twenty years ago who was so indignant at the affectation and prudery of English men and women in this respect, that though, as he stated, his medical adviser had desired him to abstain from it in consequence of his consumptive tendency, he never lost an opportunity of practising it in England to show his contempt for our aristocratic insolence. The traveller has nothing to grumble about except the expense of the hack-carriages, which he will compare with our cabs, whereas they really correspond to the *remises*.

When, indeed, on the other hand there still remains any novelty that especially amuses or surprises him, the Englishman will do well to look for its meaning and origin, and he will find that the speech, the manners and the general demeanour of the Americans are just as much matters of social development as our own have been, and that to subject them to the arbitrary judgment of time, and to condemn them because at any one particular moment they do not exactly agree with our own, is as stupid as unjust. Where would our grandfathers and grandmothers have been in a 'Spelling Bee' a hundred years ago? They had not the advantage of any such competition, which originated in a chance custom of rural life. The profit of bees depends on the judgment with which a swarm is collected, and when emigrant families were settled at accessible distances, it struck some one that it would be well to give to their occasional bee-meetings an educational purpose, and orthography, in truth a very factitious standard, was adopted as the readiest. We have seen reports to our charitable bodies from the Dominion of Canada in which young emigrants recount their victories at a Spelling Bee as guarantees for their social and literary status. And thus the custom spread till it became a favourite diversion first in America and thence in English cities, till Cabinet Ministers joined, and, it is rumoured, were distanced in this innocent contest. Another analogous custom arose in the scantily-peopled districts of the West, and has passed to the highest centres of American civilisation. The farmers at some market meeting agree that they would have a social gathering at the house of one of their friends, and one morning the pioneer of the prairie in his lonely labour is astonished by the sudden and almost simultaneous arrival of waggons from different points of the

the compass, filled with joyous friends, and each bringing their due share of provisions and liquors for a collective feast. This rare adventure in the lonely and austere existence of the settler, translated to the artificial life of the sister cities, becomes the 'surprise' which is in New York one of the customary forms of social gallantry. It is there mysteriously intimated to some popular heroine of fashion that she must not be surprised if on a certain evening her abode is 'surprised.' In fact it is violently taken possession of by the upholsterer, the *restaurateur*, the musician, and any other caterer for public amusement. No regard is paid to the inmates of the house, parents, or domestics. Furniture is removed, the ball-room is constituted, the kitchen is transmuted, and at a certain hour a party arrive, generally masked, pay their homage to the young lady, who, somehow or other, happens to be dressed at her best, and a delightful entertainment takes place, of which the cost is defrayed by unknown (though sufficiently familiar) donors, and the next morning the invaded domicile is by the same agencies restored to its normal order and tranquillity.

But the presence which above all others affects an Englishman in America, as indicative of the still-enduring influence of the mother-country, is that of English law throughout that immense and composite people. From the Supreme Courts of the United States, the most powerful tribunal that any Government has ever constituted, for it is above the Legislature itself, to the police-court of the smallest town, the principles of our judicature, and the procedure of our courts, are in most cases authoritatively adopted, and everywhere respectfully regarded; still further, we are inclined to believe that Judge Lynch disposes of the border horse-stealer or inveterate gambler with forms that an Old Bailey practitioner would recognise, and that a well-organised 'Vigilance Committee' has many resemblances with Quarter-Sessions. The changes and development of our civil and criminal legislature are followed with deep interest, and often imitated in practice; the dicta of our judges are not only appealed to as legitimate exponents of opinion, but are generally decisive of the merits of the case; and on the other hand, the judgments of Story and of Wheaton have with us the weight and character of our own authorities. When the readiness with which the French code and its accompanying procedure has been adopted in various States is remembered, remaining, as it does, the one cosmopolitan memorial of the Great Revolution, it is most noteworthy that all the natural attraction that it would have had for the American Republic, both from its revolutionary origin and its appearance of completeness,

pleteness, failed to supersede the traditionary common 'law of England, broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent,' and the long procession of Statutes that represent the chequered course, but constant progress of British justice and liberty.

There could be no more interesting illustration of this phenomenon than the liberty of testamentary disposition that exists throughout the United States, contradicting all experience as to the correlation of manners and legislation. We have seen the advance of not only democratic but constitutional institutions in Europe so uniformly accompanied by the introduction of the compulsory distribution of property after death, even against the wish of the large landed proprietors—as most recently in Italy—that the power of such capitalists as the late Mr. Astor and Mr. A. T. Stewart to devise their wealth in any manner they pleased would seem not only contradictory to the fundamental ideas of democratic quality, but dangerous to the republic itself. So far from this being the case, the former of the two millionaires made it his profession to administer the family estate in such a manner as to increase it to the utmost by frugality and judicious investments, and this without incurring popular jealousy or private ill-will. 'Real Estate,' the ordinary American phrase for freehold property, is accumulating in individual hands to an unprecedented extent, but the forcible division of it by legal process on the demise of the owner seems to form no part of the programme of any serious party of radical reformers in the States any more than amongst ourselves. This retention of private rights in the two countries assuredly lies deep in some common sense of personal liberty which other free peoples have not been able to combine with their conception of duty to the public good, but in America no doubt it requires to be so administered as to be in conformity with the habits and feelings of the masses. This public opinion is strong enough to check any considerable difference of inheritance among children from caprice or pride, and in one direction it secures the family from an injustice which in this country has grown up to an extent that shocks not only the foreign observer, but the Englishman, who is impressed with the later notions of civilisation. The disproportion of the fortunes allotted to the daughters of an English household, especially in noble and wealthy families, strikes an American not only as ungenerous in itself, but as injurious to the best interests of society. The women of the United States not only share equally with their brothers, but there is a strong disposition to regard the sons as the more able to provide for themselves

themselves when once fairly educated and started in life; and it is by no means unfrequent to find the daughters enjoying a larger share of the patrimonial estate. It is a great social good that early marriages may be contracted without imprudence, and professional men may have in the incomes of their wives a security from destitution and sickness or ill-fortune. On the other hand, an American father is usually unwilling to withdraw any large portion of his capital from advantageous, or it may be perilous, investments during his lifetime, for the purpose of settlement; and thus the son-in-law is often implicated in the commercial troubles of his wife's family, while he is pretty sure to be a gainer by its prosperity. An indirect advantage has come from this greater independence in fortune of the women of America that has not resulted from their participation in this forced distribution of property on the Continent. They have succeeded in establishing a code of manners for young persons of both sexes, which makes their country the paradise of girls, as much as England is the paradise of wives, or France the paradise of mothers. The entire safety of the free intercourse of young men and women with nothing but mutual advantage is not only a highly moral result of liberal institutions, but adds largely to the comforts of life in a country often requiring the adaptation of personal convenience to general exigencies. That a young woman can travel alone from one end of the Union to another without a possibility either of insult or neglect; that she can join in all amusements with any male friend without a shadow of suspicion, and with a certainty of delicate perception and arrangement if any deeper feelings come into play on either side, is a triumph of manners due to the honesty of social opinion, and to an education combining the habit of personal independence with a knowledge of the value of self-restraint.

And as with social customs, so with language in the United States. We, with many other exponents of English literature, have called attention to the survival of many English words across the Atlantic which have here fallen into disuse. It has been the same with the French in Canada to a still greater extent, so that M. de Tocqueville has remarked that when there he thought himself in the France of Louis Quatorze. Some American has suggested that the English-speaking race will some day have circled the world, and will meet at Greenwich 'meridian-point one;' and, in a more modest spirit, an English verse-writer, in an 'Envoy to an American Lady' has expressed what we all feel in this wonderful continuance of our speech over that immense range of humanity.

'Beyond

'Beyond the vague Atlantic deep,  
Far as the farthest prairies sweep,  
Where forest-glooms the nerve appal,  
Where burns the radiant Western fall,  
One duty lies on old and young,—  
With filial piety to guard,  
As on its greenest native sward  
The glory of the English tongue.  
That ample speech! That subtle speech!  
Apt for the need of all and each:  
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend  
Wherever human feelings tend.  
Preserve its force—expand its powers;  
And through the maze of civic life,  
In Letters, Commerce, even in Strife,  
Forget not it is yours and ours.'

There is a word here used which has, perhaps, been always latent in British literature, but which is at present vernacular only in the United States, the expressive and pathetic designation for the year's decline. We are glad to cite a recent poem of Mr. Swinburne, to show by its melodious use the advantage of its adaptation and recovery:—

'AUTUMN RONDEL.

'From spring to *fall* the year makes merry  
With days to days that chant and call:  
With hopes to crown and fears to bury,  
With crowns of flowers and flowers for pall,  
With bloom and song, and bird and berry,  
That fill the months with festival  
From spring to fall.

'Who knows if ever skies were dreary  
With shower and cloud and waterfall?  
While yet the world's good heart is cheery,  
Who knows if rains will ever brawl?  
The storm thinks long, the winds wax weary,  
The winter comes to wind up all  
From spring to fall.'

An educated Englishman in America has often been told that he spoke so well that he would not be taken for a native of the old country. But when it is remembered how many emigrants bring with them their peculiar dialects and their misuse of the aspirate (unknown to any one there born and educated), there is a sound meaning in the compliment. The linguistic character of Americanisms has been of late so much discussed that it is soon understood that when not old English



English they are the accidental outcoming of civil or class requirements, generally very curt and expressive, or the adaptation of some academic *argot* to existing events, as in the ironic translation of *σκεδάω* into 'skedaddle,' after the disaster of Bull's Run. Even these are becoming gradually rarer, and the phrases that strike the British ear as novelties will soon either have passed into common usage or disappeared altogether. The visitor may, perhaps, be asked 'if he has had a good time?' a question he will decidedly answer in the affirmative; and he may be called 'bright' or 'lovely' if he has any pretensions to cleverness or sensibility. There are certain other epithets that have a different sense from what we now give them, but they will all probably be found in good English authors.

It requires no great ingenuity to deduce from these pages the feelings with which we regard the present celebration of the American Centenary. Generally speaking the practice of anniversaries belongs to young communities as to individuals. We seldom keep our birthdays in later life: the present lies too heavily on us, and we do not relish the contrasts of the past. The stranger in America hears much of the youth of the country, and it is brought forward in the double capacity of an explanation of its energy and an excuse for its defects. Now we would rather adopt for the United States the analogy of that pleasant age when the first freshness of youth has passed into the maturer charm and more intelligent expression of which the delightful fiction of M. de Balzac is the memorable portraiture. Therefore while we willingly admit and admire the energy, we do not allow the apology. No one would wish to fasten on a nation the individual errors of political men or even political parties that have lately shocked and angered the American people as much as the European world, and which we willingly believe to have been the result of that social disorganisation which many writers, from Thucydides downwards, have designated as the natural consequence of civil disaster. But beyond this the condonation of mankind will not go. America is the heir of European experience, and it becomes her rather to profit by the faults and mistakes of the Old World, than to accept the plea that she only imitates them. The standard of morality she has raised is very high, and she must expect to be judged by it.

We must expect a repetition of these festivals on a smaller scale till the year 1883 brings about the Centennial of the Peace with England. At that festival (if it takes place) we will most willingly assist. But the revival of the memories of local conflicts is of doubtful utility. A touching incident took place  
lately

lately at Concord, the pleasant student-residence of Emerson, of Alcott, and of Hawthorne. At the end of an avenue just out of the town is a brook and a bridge which the English troops marching on Lexington had to pass, and where the first resistance was made. The opponents were the agricultural working men of the vicinity, who armed themselves as they could, and fired on the King's troops. This event is commemorated by a spirited statue, executed by Mr. French, a native sculptor, representing a young rustic with one hand on the plough, and the other with sword upraised. It is an image that recalls the beautiful words of Pliny, 'gaudente terra, laureato aratro, triumphali aratore.' On the near side of the bridge, along the path to the village, is a simple stone plinth, erected to the memory of two English soldiers who fell there, and whose remains were recognised by their English buttons—a pious work of some English manufacturing artisans employed in the neighbourhood. They, too, had died for their fatherland.

It is very difficult for such celebrations to have a true issue, for there are few events in history of which something is not to be said on both sides of the question. The resistance to an unprovoked invasion might seem an exception, and yet there will hardly an hundred years hence be a celebration of the battles of Wörth or Gravelotte. We no longer colour with religious solemnities the death of King Charles or the preservation from the Gunpowder Plot. Waterloo Day died with The Duke; and in the later victories of British arms there was a certain public repugnance to the distribution of the captured Russian cannon among the chief English cities, from the feeling that it tended to keep up natural resentments that had better be forgotten. And this just and honourable sentiment has found its best expression in the absence from the Centennial of any sign or symptom of the Northern victory, and in the solemn reconciliation over the hostile graves.

A few years ago the attention of an English officer who happened to be at Spithead on the 4th of July was attracted by the firing of a salute from a solitary ship, which bore upon her bows the still uneffaced letters G. R.; she was one of the prizes of 1812, and here, in British waters, she was celebrating her nation's separation from England. And now at this last commemoration the English commissioner to the great solemnity is the Minister of Great Britain. Pleasant anomalies, no doubt, but deriving their interest from their very historical contradiction, and by the possibility of their occurrence impugning the sincerity of the occasion. Surely it would be well for us, and no worse for America, if for the future, without any formal break  
with

with the past, these anniversaries could fall into gradual disuse, as already the Evacuation Day of New York has done.

Will you deprive us, then, of our only mythology? an American may ask; and the practical European will reply that customary beliefs or spontaneous festivals are different things from official celebrations. The tradition of a nation must take its course; a legendary haze has long collected round the name of Washington, and so fast does fable grow among a sensitive people that a controversy was lately heard between two coloured-men as to the person of President Lincoln. 'When I see Lincoln,' said one. 'You never see Lincoln,' interrupted the other; 'Lincoln walk with Jesus.' Such legitimate products of the popular imagination do not carry with them a serious falsification of history any more than the stories of King Arthur or William Tell, or encourage any really acrimonious feelings if left to themselves, and the Fourth of July may remain a universal holiday for the delectation of childhood, till its very foundation is forgotten. Some years ago, Captain Hall related that on a visit to a high American school he was entertained by the two head boys making him orations in abuse of England; and Mrs. Trollope, vindicating her own criticisms, cited a speech made on some such occasion by the venerable Mr. Rush, one of our best friends, recounting all our vices, and gloating over our certain decline. Such things continue to our day, for they are the natural and indeed inevitable consequences of the fancy of a nation being guided and supported by the State, in manifestations that flatter the patriotic sentiment at the expense of the judgment and love of truth.

In Mr. Bayard Taylor's spirited Ode, the main theme is the wide embrace within the lands of the American Republic of all the diverse nations of Europe; for the greater part of these the canonisation of those distant days must be totally unmeaning: they live in the present and the future, having found, each according to his faculties, a home and mart, such as no other portion of the world can offer, from the intensely busy cities of the Eastern coast, on, over the lofty plains of the Rocky Mountains, so pure of air that they say they have occasionally to shoot a man to establish a cemetery, to the young and venturous community that

'sits by the Golden Gate,  
Not demanding much, but inviting you all,  
Nor publishing loud, but daring to wait,  
And great in much that the days deem small.  
And the gate, it is God's, to Cathay—Japan,  
And who shall shut it in face of man?'

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\* Joaquin Miller, 'Songs of the Sunland.' Boston, 1873.

That there should be any check to this good promise ; that there should be a race which from its very industry and frugality makes itself obnoxious to more self-indulgent populations, and threatens to tempt the open-handed and free-harbouring American into accepting an inhospitable legislation, must impress the most buoyant mind with the sad sense of the ever-recurring problems that, under the most favourable circumstances, accompany the progress of mankind. These hundred years of independence have not taught the American Republic how to blend heterogeneous races into one common life, any more than the institutions of the older world. The aboriginal owners of the soil remain in sullen discontent, or burst into violences that now seem to approach the bitter end. Congress may decree civil rights to the coloured race, but sentiment and manners will not ratify the Act, even among those who have made the largest sacrifices in the cause of free humanity. It is not for us, with the West Indian outbreak in our memory and the East Indian enigma before us, to indulge in any invidious comparisons : perhaps we should be the humbler of the two.

Again : although it was believed, and with much truth, that in the complete education of the people America had made a decided advance on Europe, yet the reconciliation of intellectual development with the religious requirements of different sects, and especially with the demands of the Roman Catholic Church, is becoming so critical a question, that it may turn the Presidential election. So also with the intimate relations of Capital and Labour : while the space of the United States gives, as it were, a means of escape from the difficulty that is existing in our crowded and depressed population, the maintenance of human freedom against collective tyranny will require there, and here, as much sagacity and courage as was ever shown by our forefathers in their contests against monarchical or aristocratic despotism. It is difficult, indeed, to say in which of the political, financial, or moral elements of the future we have not a common interest, and may not exchange our experiments and experiences, until by combined intelligence, benevolence, and honesty of purpose, we may enable the next 'Centennial' to pass unobserved in the United History of England and America.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Navy Estimates, 1835–6 to 1876–7.*  
 2. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 1835 to 1876.*  
 3. *Report on Army, Navy, and Ordnance Estimates, 1848.*

A LATENT irritation at the increase in the public expenditure bubbles now and again to the surface, in motions of the nature of the resolution proposed by Mr. Rylands in reference to the Income Tax. This increase is felt most severely in naval expenditure; and, while it is felt there most plainly, it is perhaps least understood. The increase in the military estimates produces no serious discussion; the increase in the civil service expenditure, large though it is, is acquiesced in without a murmur; but a reference to the cost of the Navy never fails to enliven a financial debate, and any increase in it, while, possibly, the easiest for a minister to justify, is the hardest for him to popularise. Even now to produce a really telling effect in any discussion on the cost of the Navy, nothing is more serviceable than a reference to the estimates of forty years ago; when, surely, the dreams of the most ardent enthusiast for economy must have been realised; when the Navy was provided for at the modest rate of four millions and a half sterling; when the non-effective services, as they are called, that is, half-pay and pensions, absorbed nearly two millions of this sum; and, when the remaining two and a half were found ample for the maintenance of our fleets at home and abroad and for the provision of all the varied requirements of the naval service. In other words, in this model year, which economists fondly quote, and to which they look back with such eager longing and regret, wages, shipbuilding, food, and administration, were all found for this comparatively trifling sum. Now, the sum for the effective services amounts to more than nine millions sterling, as is shown by the Table on p. 291, which gives also in detail the difference at the two epochs.

It cannot be denied that this Table is striking. The increase, it will be seen, is not accidental nor due to some special cause—it is uniform for every vote of the estimates. No wonder that, during the past twenty years, questions have constantly been asked why this enormous increase exists, and why it is we cannot revert to the primitive simplicity of 1835. Critics of the stamp of the late Sir Charles Napier and Mr. Williams were never tired of denouncing the growing extravagance of naval expenditure, referring bitterly but wistfully to the halcyon days of 1835, and urging on the press and the House of Commons the necessity of insisting that, as we got a good Navy for four millions sterling then, there was no reason why, in whatever year of our Lord they happened to be talking, the Navy should cost more. In  
 Mr.

Mr. Williams's case there was some justification for his urgency. He firmly believed that fifty years' expenditure of two hundred and fifty millions sterling had brought nothing to the Navy nor the country but rotten ships, worthless sailors, dockyards worthy of having been built in the time of Noah, guns capable of nothing but bursting, and an administration whose special capacity was its bold production of the poorest and weakest Navy in the whole world, at the largest cost. From his point of view he was right.

VOTE.	1876-77.	1885-86.	Increase.
	£	£	£
Wages to Seamen .. .. .	2,634,904	933,054	1,701,850
Victuals for Seamen .. .. .	1,153,367	422,216	731,151
Admiralty .. .. .	189,820	131,027	58,793
Navy Pay Office .. .. .	210,230	..	210,230
Royal Naval Reserve, &c. .. .. .	109,194	24,590	84,604
Scientific .. .. .	1,486,033	517,585	968,448
Dockyards, Barracks, Hospitals, &c., at home and abroad .. .. .	2,614,920	383,130	2,231,790
Stores and Shipbuilding .. .. .	569,249	106,268	462,981
New Works .. .. .	76,230	23,000	53,230
Medicines .. .. .	15,114	..	15,114
Law .. .. .	135,547	49,450	86,097
Miscellaneous .. .. .			
Total .. .. .	9,194,608	2,590,320	6,604,288

Believing this, the only wonder is he drew the line at four millions sterling, and did not consider a much smaller sum amply sufficient. Yet these questions, these denunciations, and this irritable reference to the financial state of the Navy forty years ago, were not exaggerated; or, if they were exaggerations, they but exaggerated a feeling which many people were willing to hear expressed—a feeling, not based on facts nor on observation, but nevertheless existing and exercising a powerful influence. Where, however, these men did harm was in their failure to perceive that wholesale denunciation was powerless to affect the estimates—that proposals to cut off millions wholesale, without criticism, were equally ineffectual—and that the only economical efforts worth anything were those which were applied to the minutest criticism of detail. And even here, while it is certain that the criticism of the application of the taxes cannot be too searching nor minute, it may be mildly suggested that, to be worth anything, such criticisms should be accompanied by judgment, and a fairly intimate and accurate knowledge of the service under criticism. The fact is, the pursuit of economy is more arduous and difficult than is generally supposed; it requires exceptional

during the past forty years, several alterations have been introduced during the past seven of an economical character, which have materially lessened expense.

In turning to the increase on the next vote on account of the Admiralty, for administration, it will be seen how difficult it is to make any comparison between the estimates of any branch of the public service, unless some trouble is taken to go into detail. In this vote for the Admiralty the transfers to and from other votes have been so numerous as to baffle any attempt at correct comparison, without first carefully rectifying the amounts as given in the estimates. In 1835 the amount of the two votes for the Admiralty offices in their then half-reformed state was 131,027*l.* Considering the difference in the size of the Navy and the sums voted in 1835 and 1876, the difference between the cost of the Admiralty in the former year when it was 131,027*l.*, and in the latter when it was 189,820*l.*, namely, 58,793*l.*, seems small. Not only has business increased largely in this period, but administrative reforms, numerous and expensive, have been introduced. The real increase, however, was much greater than this sum; and its appearance in this diminished form is due simply to the transfer to other votes of sums which formerly were charged to the Admiralty. Thus, in 1849, the steam-packet branch was transferred to the Post Office; and though the Navy Estimates were reduced by the sum of 3210*l.* by this means, there was no reduction of actual expenditure. This sum must be added to the apparent increase of 58,793*l.* in the cost of the Admiralty. Similarly other transfers, of which the following are the most prominent, must be added.

£	
5,000	for repairs, transferred in 1851 to the votes for 'Works.'
12,000	for postage, transferred in 1856 to the votes for Miscellaneous Expenditure.
5,500	for advertisements, transferred in 1863 to the votes for Miscellaneous Expenditure.
10,700	for Law expenses, transferred in 1860 for a Special Vote.
3,210	for Steam-Packet Branch as explained above.
<hr/>	
36,410	to be added for the purpose of comparison.

From this sum, however, an abatement of 1965*l.* must be made, on account of a transfer from the vote for works in 1860 to the Admiralty vote. The result is, therefore, that the sum of 34,445*l.*, at least, has to be added to the apparent difference of 58,793*l.*, and the increased cost of the Admiralty will then be shown as having amounted instead to 93,238*l.* This large increase may be partly accounted for by the addition of the coast-guard, transport, and reserve departments; but the greater part

is.

is due to the general increase of the departments, caused both by the gradual increase of business and by the constant demands for more elaborate accounts and more vigilant supervision in every branch of the Navy.

In the scientific branch, the Naval College and the more liberal encouragement paid to scientific work and scientific investigation, account sufficiently for the increase without any detailed explanation.

As an evidence of the increased cost of ship-building, one of the most prominent facts is that the increase in the vote for stores and machinery, No. 10, in this period is above 2,231,790*l*. But this difference only accounts for materials and for ships built by contract: it takes no account of labour at the Royal Dockyards. A careful comparison, however, of the estimates for the two years shows that, while at the present time as many as 15,985 workmen are employed at the dockyards at home, only 5841 were provided for in 1835, and the difference in cost amounts to 746,190*l*. Thus, the whole increase in the cost of shipbuilding in this period amounts not to 2,231,790*l*., but to 2,977,980*l*., or, in round numbers, to the sum of three millions sterling. In face of the fact that the current rate of shipbuilding has not averaged more than 17,000 or 18,000 tons annually for a few years past (and this rate is acknowledged to be insufficient) some explanation beyond the general statement that prices have materially increased is necessary. In the first place the Navy is larger than in 1835; then it is entirely changed; and it is not only more powerful, but is better cared for, and its wants have increased. In 1835 it numbered 423 ships of all kinds, including forty under construction. At the present time there are 416 vessels, in commission and reserve, including 19 building. In looking closely into these figures it must be observed that, although the numerical strength is nearly equal, the number of large and powerful vessels is much larger in 1876 than in 1835, while the cost of construction is now incomparably greater. In fact, when it is seen that forty vessels were being built in 1835, and that the whole amount voted for stores was only 383,130*l*., we may well be surprised that, as this sum was intended to provide the dockyards with stores and equip the fleet, there was the smallest margin for the most insignificant amount of shipbuilding. The ships, however, cost much less to build, and their construction was extended over a much longer period than now. Ships did not then rapidly become obsolete, but designs which were accepted one year were accepted and acted on forty years later. So much a matter of course was it to spread the construction of the most important vessels over a long period, that, as instances,

we



the sum of three millions sterling is required now, annually, for the maintenance of our fleet and dockyards on their present modest footing.

The vote for 'New works,' No. 11, shows a large increase; but this is readily accounted for by the costly basins which are being constructed at Chatham and Portsmouth.

These, then, are broadly the causes of this large increase of six and a half millions sterling in the last forty years. It is a story of almost gradual and steady increase, which, though it may, no doubt, be accounted for, in some degree, by the natural tendency of military and naval estimates to increase, or by defective administration, or indifferent stewardship, must be attributed mainly to the substantial additions made to the Navy in this period, and to imperative reforms demanded by the nation. True though it is that our fleets were manned, forty years ago, by a force of 28,000 officers and men, all told, it is no less true that such a force was found, before it was too late, miserably inadequate to perform the duties required by the Navy, which, day by day, since 1835, have become more urgent and exacting.

In the interval which elapsed between 1835 and the Russian war in 1855-6, the force of men was gradually increased to 45,000 men; and, instead of the paltry and manifestly insufficient sum of 400,000*l.* for stores and shipbuilding, the vote in 1840 amounted to 1,094,564*l.*, in 1846 to 1,694,152*l.*, and in 1853 to 1,023,011*l.* Now this increase in the Navy Estimates from 2,590,320*l.* in 1835, to 4,813,400*l.* in 1853, before the Russian war, is not to be accounted for by violent changes, but by the determined efforts to place the Navy, both as regards its *personnel* and *matériel*, on a basis of security and efficiency, but without detriment to economy. From this year, however, the change from a moderate to a high rate of expenditure was violent; and a rate of expenditure, punctuating as it did, in a most forcible way, a vigorous policy, was not only unhesitatingly adopted, but has never to the present day been seriously abandoned.

The outbreak of the Russian war pierced the weak points of our Navy, and led to the deliberate adoption of a policy which no efforts, either on the part of economy or peace, have been able to disturb. The estimates, which were then suddenly raised to ten millions sterling, have, with exceptional variations, remained at that figure to the present day. Reviewing a little more closely the state of things which existed when war was declared against Russia, it will be found that a forty years' peace had led to larger reductions in the Navy, and to its establishment on a peace-footing; that these reductions were tempered

pered or modified by the introduction of reforms deliberately adopted, and of changes which, imperceptibly but unavoidably, helped to change the character of the Navy; and that these reforms included on the one hand an improvement in manning and construction, and, on the other, the introduction of steam and the screw. The effect of these changes was to increase both the cost and power of the Navy. So much was this the case that, while in the six years from 1842 to 1848, out of 655 vessels there were only one screw line-of-battle ship and 120 small steamers, from 1849 to 1854, out of 679 vessels 20 were screw line-of-battle ships, and 130 were small steamers. Then, as regards men, while in 1821 the whole force consisted of 24,000 only, in 1835 there were 28,000, and in 1854, 45,000, of whom 6000 had accepted the terms of the new continuous service system which had been introduced two years before. In fact, the more this period of peace between 1835 and 1854 is looked at, and the more closely its expenditure is analysed, the more convincing is the conclusion that in every branch progress and reform were steadily encouraged; and that this energetic spirit was due not to fear of war nor to political ambition, but to the firm conviction that evils requiring a remedy existed, and to the determination to provide remedies which should satisfy the country that the Navy was, not only in sentiment but in reality, a genuine power. The efforts of the Finance Committee of 1828, and the Committee of 1848, were applied in this direction, and had a large influence in securing the desired result. Sir James Graham, indeed, in bringing forward the estimates for 1853, and asking the House for an increase of 6500 sailors and marines, referred plainly to these reports, and urged forcibly the value of the declaration of the Finance Committee of 1828, to the effect that the military establishments of this country should be regulated, not with reference to the unusual circumstances of the late war, or to the probability that this country would again be engaged in war, but with reference to the policy which would rest its chief dependence on the Navy for protection. That is, he considered the country ought to be assured, without reference to the prospect of war, that our Navy was equal to a sudden emergency, and that its interests and welfare, as an instrument of attack or defence, should be regarded as paramount. Upon this opinion was our naval policy based up to the time of the Russian war. But while Sir James preached a policy of efficiency, he claimed for his naval administration a distinct regard for retrenchment: for he asserted that, although 4000 more men were wanted in 1853 than in 1847, they were maintained  
for

ERRATUM IN VOL. 141.—No. 282.

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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *A Description of the Villa of Mr. Horace Walpole, Youngest Son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, Middlesex. With an Inventory of the Furniture, Pictures, Curiosities, &c.* Strawberry Hill: printed by Thomas Kirkgate, MDCCLXXXIV.
2. *The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.* Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first Chronologically arranged. In Nine Volumes. London, MDCCCLXI.

**B**OTH of the historic houses, Holland House and Hatfield, which have been recently commemorated in our pages, were great and noble from the foundation, and can boast a far-ascending and richly-associated past. Holland House recalls a succession of statesmen and orators, interspersed and relieved by poets, historians and essayists, prominent among whom rises the honoured shade of Addison pacing up and down the library, in the act of composition, with a bottle of port at each end. Hatfield is redolent of royal reminiscences, and we can fancy the Virgin Queen seated under the traditional oak, with the grave Cecil in respectful attendance by her side. Strawberry Hill cannot bear a momentary comparison with either in antiquity, original splendour, or illustration. Its historic, artistic, and literary interest is the creation of one man. It stole obscurely into existence as a cottage under the name of 'Chopped Straw Hall,' having been built by a retired coachman (Lord Bradford's), who was supposed to have acquired the necessary funds by feeding his noble master's horses with a cheap substitute for oats. At a subsequent stage it had just so much connection with the drama as could be derived from being tenanted by Colley Cibber when he wrote 'The Refusal,' and just so much of the odour of sanctity or divinity as could be conferred by the residence of Talbot, Bishop of Durham, who rented it for eight years. It could boast of two noble occupants, the Marquis of Carnarvon and Lord John Sackville, prior to Walpole, but his

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immediate predecessor was Mrs. Chenevix, the celebrated toy-woman. The manner in which he came into possession is specified in his 'Short Notes of My Life':

'In May, 1747, I took a small house near Twickenham for seven years. I afterwards (1748) bought it by Act of Parliament, it belonging to minors; and have made great additions and improvements to it. In one of the deeds I found it was called Strawberry Hill.'

He hastens to announce his new possession in his most characteristic style to his friends. To Mr. (afterwards Sir Horace) Mann, June 5, 1747, he writes:—

'The house is so small, that I can send it you in a letter to look at: the prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town, and Richmond Park; and being situated on a hill descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows, where I have some Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colours for becoming the view. This little rural *bijou* was Mrs. Chenevix's, the toy-woman *à la mode*, who in every dry season is to furnish me with the best rain-water from Paris, and now and then with some Dresden-china cows, who are to figure like wooden classics in a library: so I shall grow as much a shepherd as any swain in the *Astræa*.'

*To the Hon. H. Seymour Conway.*

'Twickenham, June 8, 1747.

'You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little play-thing-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and it is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:—

'A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd  
And little finches wave their wings in gold.

'Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises: barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it out for themselves: up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without any glasses.

ed John Sackville *predeceased* me here, and instituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow.'

Limited

Limited as was the accommodation, he seems to have been perfectly satisfied with it at starting: indeed, more than satisfied: for in the May of the following year he advises his friend, George Montagu, to come there after his own place, Roel, in Gloucestershire, 'which you would not be able to bear after my paradise;' and June 7, 1748, he writes to Mann:—

'I am now returning to my villa, where I have been making some alterations: you shall hear from me from Strawberry Hill, which I have found out in my lease is the old name of my house: so pray never call it Twickenham again. I like to be there better than I have liked being anywhere since I came to England.'

These alterations were confined to the garden and the grounds. The bare notion of converting the cottage into a castle had not yet occurred to him; and it may be as well to show, by a short sketch of his early years, what manner of man he was when he planned the quaint, fanciful so-called Gothic structure, which, with its decorations and embellishments, was henceforth to form the main object of his life and largely co-operate in the establishment of his fame.

Horace (christened Horatio) Walpole, the third son of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine (*née*) Shorter, was born in Arlington Street on October 15, 1717. His mother was a beautiful woman, fond of admiration: scandal had been already busy with her name, and common rumour assigned the honour of his paternity to Carr, Lord Hervey, the elder brother of Pope's *Sporus*. Sir Robert was not remarkable for delicacy of sentiment or speech, and we see no reason to discredit a traditional story (told by Lord Wharnccliffe) of his remarking, after Horace had given decided proofs of ability at school, that, whether the lad had or had not the right to the name he went by, he was likely to do it honour.\* He was educated until his tenth year with his cousins, the four younger sons of Lord Townshend, under Mr. Weston, a son of the Bishop of Exeter. On April 26th, 1727, he went to Eton, where Mr. Bland, son of the Master, and afterwards Provost, was his tutor. Whilst still at Eton, May, 1731, he was entered at Lincoln's Inn, being intended for the law; but (he says) he never went there, not caring for the profession.† In his 'Reminiscences,' after mentioning that he was extremely weak and delicate, and extravagantly indulged by his mother on that account, he states that a longing to see the King suddenly took possession of him:—

'This childish caprice was so strong that my mother solicited the

\* 'Letters and Miscellaneous Works of Lady Wortley Montague,' vol. i. p. 33.

† 'Short Notes of my Life.' Eliot Warburton, quoting no authority, says he went to Eton in 1726.—'Memoirs of Horace Walpole,' vol. i. p. 61.



Duchess of Kendal to obtain for me the honour of kissing his Majesty's hand before he set out for Hanover. A favour so unusual to be asked for a boy of ten years old, was still too slight to be refused to the wife of the First Minister for her darling child; yet not being proper to be made a precedent, it was settled to be in private, and at night. Accordingly, the night but one before the King began his last journey, my mother carried me at ten at night to the apartment of the Countess of Walsingham on the ground-floor towards the garden at St. James's. Notice being given that the King was come down to supper, Lady Walsingham took me alone into the Duchess's anteroom, where we found alone the King and her. I knelt down, and kissed his hand. He said a few words to me, and my conductress led me back to my mother.'

We have here the courtier in embryo, the germ of that fondness for Courts and Court ceremonials which clung to him through life. His genius for forming friendships was another of the distinctive qualities which were developed in boyhood. The famous *partie quarrée* which met at Strawberry Hill was anticipated by the 'quadruple alliance' at Eton, consisting of Gray, West, Ashton, and himself. Like the three Mousquetaires of Dumas, they were known to each other by nicknames: Tydeus, Orosmanes, Almanzor, and Plato. Contemporaneous with these four, and very nearly on a par with them in his early affections, were George Montagu, Seymour Conway, George Selwyn, and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. In fact, the enduring friendships he formed with so many of his schoolfellows are a conclusive answer to the charges of selfishness and insensibility that have been heaped upon him. It was a favourable report of the Eton master that drew from Sir Robert the remark already quoted on his proficiency; but there are more decisive proofs of his having made good use of his time—of his having, at all events, acquired a taste for classical reading, one of the most enviable attainments which a public school can confer. Writing to West, at Oxford, from King's College, Cambridge, in December, 1735, a few months after leaving Eton, and referring to the paucity of topics of interest in the University, he says:—

'But why may not we hold a classical correspondence? I can never forget the agreeable hours we have passed in reading "Horace" and "Virgil," and I think they are topics which never grow stale. Let us extend the Roman empire, and cultivate two barbarous towns (Oxford and Cambridge) o'errun with rusticity and mathematics. The creatures are so used to a circle, that they plod on in the same eternal round, with their whole view confined to a *punctum cujus nulla est pars*.'

'That ever you should pitch upon me for a mechanic or geometric

metric commission'—is the commencement of a letter to Mann in 1759—'I will tell you an early anecdote in my own life, and you shall judge.' It is that when he first went to Cambridge he studied mathematics under the blind Professor Sanderson, who at the end of a fortnight's attendance said to him, 'Young man, it is cheating you to take your money; believe me, you never can learn these things—you have no capacity for them.' He was ready (he owns) to cry with mortification, and determined to confound the Professor. Conceiving that he had talents for anything in the world, he engaged a private tutor, who came to him once a day for a year. The result was, that he learnt just enough to confirm his distaste. He got on no better with logic:—

'I have been so used to the delicate food of Parnassus, that I can never condescend to apply to the grosser studies of Alma Mater. Sober cloth of syllogism suits me ill; or what's worse, I hate clothes that one must prove to be of no colour at all. . . . Great mathematicians have been of great use, but the generality of them are quite unconvertible. I tell you what I see, that, by living amongst them, I write of nothing else; my letters are all parallelograms, two sides equal to one side, and every paragraph an axiom that tells you nothing but what every mortal almost knows.'

His dislike to the studies of the University did not prevent him from cherishing the recollection of his residence at King's College:—

'Though I forget Alma Mater,' he writes in 1780, 'I have not forgot my Almæ Nutrices, wet or dry, I mean Eton and King's. I have laid aside for them, and left them in my will, as complete a set as I could of all I have printed.'

He sustained an irreparable loss in the second year of his residence by the death of his mother—an event rendered the more poignant by the second marriage of his father, with Maria Skerrett. This lady had borne a daughter to the Premier prior to wedlock, and her reputation fully justified the sarcasm that he took her to wife because he had tried all other ways of robbing the public and exhausted them. 'I continued at Cambridge,' we read in the 'Short Notes,' 'though with long intervals, till towards the end of 1738, and did not leave it in form till 1739, in which year, March 10th, I set out on my travels with my friend, Mr. Thomas Gray, and went to Paris.' From Paris they went with his cousin, Conway, to Rheims, where they stayed three months to learn French:—

'You must not wonder' (he writes from Rheims to West) 'if all my letters resemble dictionaries with French on one side and English on t'other.'

t'other. I deal in nothing else at present, and talk a couple of words of each language alternately from morning to night.'

On quitting Rheims they crossed the Alps at Mont Cenis, and proceeded to Genoa, Parma, Placentia, Modena, Bologna, and Florence, where they stayed three months, 'chiefly for the sake of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Horace Mann, the English Minister.' After visiting Rome and Naples he returned to Florence in June, 1740, where he resided in Mann's house till the following May, leaving no ground for the sarcasm (although they did not subsequently meet for forty years) that the solidity of their friendship was in an inverse ratio to their proximity. They got on equally well together from the commencement of their intimacy, and there is nothing extraordinary in their so doing. They were on a footing of social equality; they lived the same life with the same people; the diplomatist would naturally lay himself out to please the son of the Premier; and Walpole, had he been ever so disposed, could hardly have been captious or supercilious to one in the position of his host.

His relations with Gray were of a totally different character, and the wonder is not that they quarrelled and separated before the conclusion of the tour, but that they ever planned such an expedition in concert or kept together for a week. Gray was the son of a London money-scrivener, and his going to Eton was owing to the accident of his uncle being one of the assistant-masters of the school. His habits were studious, pensive, and recluse, and he had neither inclination nor aptitude for the amusements or society in which Walpole delighted and shone. The classic lore, the speculative philosophy, the polite literature, which were the sport, the pastime, the playthings, of the one, were the serious absorbing occupation of the other; and Walpole, we suspect, was not long in discovering that he had made the same mistake in choosing Gray for a travelling companion which Lord Byron made when he invited Leigh Hunt to be his guest in Italy.

'You would be as much amazed (he writes) at us as at anything you saw; instead of being deep in the liberal arts and being in the gallery every morning, as I thought of course I would be, we are in all the idleness and amusements of the town. . . .

'I have seen nothing but cards and dull pairs of Ciciiseos. have literally seen so much love and pharaoh since being here, tha I believe I shall never love either again as long as I live: Then I am got into a horrid lazy way of a morning. I don't think I should know seven o'clock in the morning again if I was to see it.'

This was written from Florence in October and November, 1740.

1740. Gray seems to have quietly taken his own line when they were stationary, but so soon as they resumed their travels, the incompatibility broke out. They parted company at Reggio, the first place they visited after leaving Florence; and Gray started for Venice with Whithed and Chute; whither Walpole also repaired soon afterwards with Lord Lincoln and Spence, but he did not rejoin Gray, who returned to England alone in the summer of 1741. It is highly honourable to Walpole that, on a calm review of the circumstances, he took the principal blame of the misunderstanding upon himself:—

‘I am conscious (he wrote to Mason after Gray’s death) that in the beginning of the difference between Gray and me the fault was mine. I was young, too fond of my own diversions, nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation as a Prime Minister’s son, not to have been inattentive to the feelings of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me. . . . I treated him insolently. He loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us, when he acted from the conviction that he was my superior. Forgive me if I say that his temper was not conciliating.’

We learn from Mason, who gives the same account of the disagreement, that ‘in the year 1744 a reconciliation was effected between them by a lady who wished well to both parties.’ That the reconciliation was complete in 1747 is shown by Gray’s letters to Walpole of that year, especially one of March 1, enclosing the ode ‘On the Death of a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.’ The cat came to this untimely end in Arlington Street; but the bowl or tub (of blue and white china) stood on a pedestal in the small cloister at Strawberry Hill, with a label containing the first stanza of the ode:—

‘’Twas on this lofty vase’s side,  
Where China’s gayest art has dy’d  
The azure flow’rs that blow:  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima reclin’d,  
Gaz’d on the lake below.’ \*

Walpole’s letters during his protracted tour, averaging hardly one a month, confirm the account of his idleness, but they are not deficient in lively observation or in thought:—

‘I have made,’ he writes, ‘no discoveries in ancient or modern arts. Mr. Addison travelled through the poets, and not through

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\* The bowl and pedestal were knocked down to the Earl of Derby at the sale in 1842 for 42*l*.

Italy; for all his ideas are borrowed from the descriptions and not from the reality. He saw places as they were, not as they are.'

Walpole saw them as they were, and his reflection at Rome was that before a great number of years was elapsed it might not be worth seeing, as from the combined ignorance and poverty of the Romans, everything was neglected and falling to decay; 'the villas are entirely out of repair, and the palaces so ill kept that half the pictures are spoiled by damp.' At the villa Ludovisi an oracular head of red marble, colossal, with vast holes for the eyes and mouth, was shown to him as *un ritratto della famiglia* (a family portrait). In a postscript to the letter mentioning this, Gray adds: '*Apropos du Colisée*, if you don't know what it is, the Prince Borghese will be very capable of giving you some account of it, who told an Englishman that asked what it was built for: "They say it was for Christians to fight tigers in."' At the same time Walpole was rapidly qualifying for a virtuoso, and his intermittent mania for collecting was at fever heat in Rome, when (April, 1740) he wrote: 'I am far gone in medals, lamps, idols, prints, &c., and all the small commodities to the purchase of which I can attain; I would buy the Coliseum if I could.'

From Florence, July 9, 1740, he writes to Conway, in Ireland:

'Let us see: you are come back to stand for some place, that will be about April. *'Tis the sort of thing I should do, too*, and then we should see one another, and that would be charming; but it is a sort of thing I have no mind to do, and then we shall not see one another.'

Here we have the tone of his set. George Selwyn was opposed at Gloucester by a timber merchant, whom Gilly Williams calls 'a d—d carpenter,' whilst Lord Carlisle asks: 'Why did you not set his timber-yard on fire? What can a man mean who has not an idea separated from the footsquare of a Norway deal plank by desiring to be in Parliament? But these beasts are monstrously obstinate, and about as well bred as the dogs they keep in their yards.'

Walpole was nominated for Callington, a Government borough, and chosen in his absence at the general election of June, 1741, when the tone of languid indifference with which he anticipated the event was speedily exchanged for one of ill-disguised anxiety. His father's fall was impending, and something more than tenure of office was at stake, when half-mockingly he writes (Dec. 10th) 1741:—

Look upon it now that the question is, Downing Street or the  
Will you come and see a body, if one should happen to lodge

lodge at the latter? There are a thousand pretty things to amuse you—the lions, the armoury, the crown, and the axe that beheaded Anna Bullen. I design to make interest for the room where the two princes were smothered. . . . If I die there, and have my body thrown into a wood, I am too old to be buried by robin-redbreasts, am I not?

A week later, Dec. 17th, to the same:—

‘Say a great deal for me to the Chutes. How I envy your snug suppers! I never have such suppers! Trust me, if we fall, all the grandeur, all the envied grandeur, of our house will not cost me a sigh; it has given me no pleasure while we had it, and will give me no pain when I part with it. My liberty, my ease, and choice of my own friends and company will sufficiently counterbalance the crowds of Downing Street. I am so sick of it all, that if we are victorious or not, I propose leaving England in the spring.’

We can readily believe that it was a positive relief to him when things came to a crisis. The first decisive defeat sustained by Sir Robert was on the question whether an election petition should be received. He was beaten by a majority of one, 236 to 235, and after a brief hesitation intimated his intention to resign so soon as the necessary arrangements could be completed. After recapitulating what had occurred, he writes, Feb. 4, 1742:—

‘For myself I am quite happy to be free from all the fatigue, envy, and uncertainty of our late situation. I go everywhere, indeed, to have the stare over, and to use myself to neglect, but I meet nothing but civilities.’

The uncertainty was not yet over, for impeachments were threatened, and motions for Committees of Inquiry were eagerly pressed. It was on one of these, March 23, 1742, that he made his maiden speech:—

‘I am now (he writes to Mann) going to tell you what you will not have expected—that a particular friend of yours opposed the motion, and it was the first time he ever spoke. As the speech was very favourably received and has done him service, I prevailed with him to give me a copy—here it is.’

The most remarkable thing about it is that he should have thought it calculated to do him credit as a composition. Poor and commonplace as it reads, the circumstances under which it was delivered secured it a favourable reception, and Pitt, the great commoner, highly commended him for making it, adding that, if it was becoming in him to remember that he was the child of the accused, the House ought to remember too that they are the children of their country.

In

In the 'Short Notes' he says that the speech was published in the magazines, but 'was entirely false, and had but one paragraph of the real speech in it.' Parliamentary reporting was then strictly prohibited by both Houses; and speeches were published in feigned names from rough notes or hearsay. The famous reply of Pitt to 'old' Horace Walpole was composed by Johnson, who was not even present at the debate.

With the exception of a copy of Latin verses at Cambridge, the earliest composition acknowledged in the 'Short Notes' was a squib, entitled 'The Lessons for the Day: being the First and Second Chapters of the Book of Preferment.' This was written in July, 1742, when Mr. Coke, coming in whilst he was writing it, 'took a copy and dispersed it till it got into print, but with many additions, and was the original of a great number of things of that sort.' There can be no reasonable doubt that it got into print (like Pope's letters) by the connivance of the writer, or that the additions were by him. About the same time he wrote a 'Sermon on Painting' for the amusement of his father, who had it preached by his chaplain. It was printed in the '*Ædes Walpolianæ*.' In 1743 he contributed a paper to a weekly journal, called '*Old England*,' a parody on some scenes in *Macbeth*, in ridicule of the new Ministry; and a squib in ridicule of Lord Bath.

His father died on March 28, 1745, and on the 29th he writes a letter of four closely-printed pages, in which, after disposing of the melancholy event in a sentence as 'only to be felt, never to be talked over, by those it touches,' he displays, if possible, more than ordinary spirit and vivacity in supplying his correspondent with the current news and gossip. Although he fully appreciated Sir Robert's best qualities, there was little congeniality or sympathy between the father and the son—the one delicate in constitution and refined to fastidiousness; the other, robust, rude, frank, hearty and coarse. From early manhood, moreover, Horace was in a great measure emancipated from paternal influence and control by pecuniary independence. When he was between eighteen and nineteen he obtained the place of Inspector of Imports and Exports, which he resigned in about a year on receiving the patent place of Usher of the Exchequer, then reckoned worth 900*l.* a year. It subsequently turned out worth a great deal more; the returns given in by his deputy for a single year being 4200*l.* This he protests was an exceptional year; but the proceeds certainly averaged more than half that sum, to which must be added those of two other patent places, Clerk of the Estreats and Comptroller of the Pipe, granted to him in boyhood. His  
father

father left him the house in Arlington Street,\* 5000*l.* in money, and shares in a patent place held for two lives, which raised his income to not far from 5000*l.* a year.

In 1746, besides two or three contributions to the 'Museum,' a magazine, he wrote 'The Beauties,' which (he says) 'was handed about till it got into print very incorrectly.' In 1747 he printed, to give away, 200 copies of 'Ædes Walpolianæ,' being an account of the collection at Houghton. In the same year he wrote 'Letters to the Whigs,' in answer to a 'Letter to the Tories,' written, he believed, by Mr. George Lyttelton. In connection with this controversy he mentions a quarrel he had with the Speaker (Onslow), who had ruled that he and his friends could only be heard on the amendments to a Bill.

'The Speaker supporting this, I said: "I had intended to second Mr. Potter, but should submit to his (the Speaker's) *oracular* decision, though I would not to the complaisant peevishness of anybody else."

'The Speaker was in a great rage and complained to the House. I said: "I begged his pardon, but had not thought that submitting to him was the way to offend him."'

All these things, he frankly owns, were only excusable by the lengths to which party had been carried against his father, 'or rather were not excusable at all.'

We have now brought him down to the point at which we left him, delighted, after a year's experience, with his recent acquisition. All his hopes, wishes, plans and prospects, all his objects of interest or affection, will henceforth be found centred in or clustering round it. The history of Strawberry Hill will be his history; which is tantamount to saying that it will be the history of the aristocratic and fashionable world—the only world he really cared about—with occasional glimpses of contemporary literature and politics, for half a century.

But there is another point of view from which he and his cherished creation must be contemplated. A far prouder position has been assigned to them than mere eminence in the social annals of England could confer. They stand confessedly in nearly the same relation to the Gothic Revival in which Brunelleschi and the Church of Santa Maria dei Fiori at Florence stood to the Renaissance. One writer of established and well-merited reputation writes thus:—

'The first person who, in England at least, seems to have conceived the idea of a Gothic Revival was the celebrated Horace Walpole. He purchased the property at Strawberry Hill in 1753, and seems shortly afterwards to have commenced rebuilding the small cottage which then stood there. The Lower Cloister was erected in 1760-61, the

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\* No. 18, now the property of Mr. Pender, M.P.



Beauclerc Tower, and Octagon Closet, and the North Bedchamber, in 1770. We now know that these are very indifferent specimens of the true Gothic Art, and are at a loss to understand how either their author or his contemporaries could ever fancy that these very queer carvings were actual reproductions of the details of York Minster or other equally celebrated buildings from which they were supposed to have been copied.

‘Whether correct or not, they seem to have created quite a *furor* of Mediævalism among the big-wigged gentry who strutted through the saloons, and were willing to believe the Middle Ages had been reproduced; which they were with as much correctness as in the once celebrated tale of the “Castle of Otranto.”’\*

This is clear enough as to the main point—the first conception of the Revival. But the account of the building is imperfect: the purchase is post-dated by six years: the other dates are inaccurate: neither Walpole nor his contemporaries lay under the delusion so contemptuously imputed to them, and we fail to recognise the familiar forms of his visitors under the description of ‘big-wigged gentry who strutted through the saloons.’†

The services rendered by Walpole to architecture and art are more precisely and less grudgingly stated by Mr. C. L. Eastlake:—

‘If in the history of British art there is one period more distinguished than another for its neglect of Gothic, it was certainly the middle of the eighteenth century. . . . The old antiquarians were dead or had ceased from their labour. Their successors had not yet begun to write. An interval occurred between the works of Dugdale and Dodsworth, of Herbert and Wood, on the one side, and those of Grose, Bentham, Hearn, and Gough, on the other—between the men who recorded the history of Mediæval buildings in England, and the men who attempted to illustrate them. In this interval one author (Walpole) appeared who did neither, but to whose writings and to whose influence as an admirer of Gothic art, we believe, may be ascribed one of the chief causes which induced its present revival. . . .

‘It is impossible to peruse either the letters or the romances of this extraordinary man without being struck by the unmistakeable evidence which they afford of his Mediæval predilections. His “Castle of Otranto” was, perhaps, the first modern work of fiction which depended for its interest on the incidents of a chivalrous age, and it thus became the prototype of that class of novel which was afterwards imitated by Mrs. Radcliffe, and perfected by Sir Walter Scott.

\* ‘History of the Modern Styles of Architecture,’ &c. By James Fergusson, Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. 1862, p. 313.

† ‘The library, and refectory or great parlour, were entirely new built in 1753; the gallery, the round tower, great cloyster, and cabinet, in 1760 and 1761; the great north bedchamber in 1770; and the Beauclerc Tower, with the hexagon closet, in 1776.’—*A Description of the Villa*, p. 2.

‘The

'The position which he occupies with regard to art resembles in many respects that in which he stands as a man of letters. His labours were not profound in either field. But their result was presented to the public in a form which gained him rapid popularity both as an author and a *dilettante*. . . .

'Walpole's Gothic, in short, though far from reflecting the beauties of a former age, or anticipating those which were destined to proceed from a redevelopment of the style, still holds a position in the history of English art which commands our respect, for it served to sustain a cause which had otherwise been wellnigh forsaken.' \*

Whether that cause was worth sustaining, whether the revival has done good upon the whole, is still a question; and a controversy has arisen strongly resembling that which arose some fifty years since between the Classicists and Romanticists in France. Mr. Fergusson evidently thinks that there would be small matter for regret if Strawberry Hill had never risen above the rank of a cockney villa, or had shared the fate of Fonthill Abbey, built upon the same principle but with far more grandeur and effect.

'The fashion (he remarks) set by so distinguished a person as Horace Walpole was not long in finding followers, not only in domestic but in religious buildings. Although London was spared the infliction, Liverpool and other towns in Lancashire which were then rising into importance were adorned with a class of churches which are a wonder and a warning to all future ages. . . . The idea at that time seems to have been that any window that was pointed, any parapet that was nicked, and any tower that had four strange looking obelisks at its angles, was essentially Gothic, and proceeding on this system, they produced a class of buildings which, if they are not Gothic, have at least the merit of being nothing else. The same system was carried into Domestic Architecture, and it is surprising what a number of castles were built which had nothing castellated about them except a nicked parapet and an occasional window in the form of a cross, with a round termination at the end of each branch. . . . Lambton, Lowther, Inverary, Eglinton, and fifty others, represent this class.'

Viewed with reference to the wants and requirements of modern life, a modern castle may be as much an anachronism as a tournament; and the Gothic style would hardly have become so popular for Protestant places of worship, had it not fallen in with the ritualistic tendency, with that fondness for Roman Catholic (mostly medieval) forms and ceremonies which distinguishes a section of the Anglican Church. But all the abuses

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\* 'A History of the Gothic Revival.' By Charles L. Eastlake, Architect, &c. Ch. iii. 1872.

His hope never to show his villa to Mann is explained in a letter referring to the possibility of that gentleman's recall :—

'You see my villa makes me a good correspondent; how happy I should be to show it you, if I could, with no mixture of disagreeable circumstances to you! I have made a vast plantation! Lord Leicester told me the other day that he heard I would not buy some old china, because I was laying out all my money in trees. "Yes," said I, "my Lord, I used to love *blue* trees, I now love *green* ones."'

He had a good deal of difficulty in completing his purchase, and so far on as May 18, 1749, Mrs. Chenevix brought him a deed to sign, and her sister Bertrand, the wife of the fashionable toyman of Bath, for a witness :

'I showed them my cabinet of enamels, instead of treating them with white wine. The Bertrand said, "Sir, I hope you don't trust all sorts of ladies with this cabinet." What an entertaining assumption of dignity!

The first we hear of the contemplated castle is (September 28, 1749) in describing a chapel at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire :—

'It is dropping down in several places without a roof, but in half the windows are beautiful arms in painted glass. As these are so totally neglected, I propose making a push and begging them of the Duke of Bedford. They would be magnificent for Strawberry Castle. Did I tell you that I had found a text in Deuteronomy to authorise my future battlements?—"When thou buildest a new house then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence."'

We need hardly say that this is a somewhat strained interpretation of the text; the battlements of a castle, with a high-peaked roof, having a different purpose from the battlements of a flat-roofed house in the East. In the following January the matured intention is distinctly announced in the postscript of a letter to Mann :—

'P.S. My dear Sir, I must trouble you with a commission which I don't know whether you can execute. I am going to build a little Gothic castle at Strawberry Hill. If you can pick me up any fragments of old painted glass, arms, or anything, I shall be exceedingly obliged to you. I can't say I remember any such things in Italy, but out of old châteaux I imagine one might get it cheap, if there is any.'

He was fully aware of the irregularity, incongruity, and departure from the recognised principles of architecture, of which he was about to set the example; but what he wanted was not an imposing structure or commodious house, but one in which his peculiar taste might be indulged, and his heterogeneous collection

collection be ranged without appearing very much out of place:—

‘I shall speak more gently to you, my dear child (he writes to Mann, February 25, 1750), though you don’t like Gothic architecture. The Grecian is only proper for magnificent and public buildings. Columns and all their beautiful ornaments look ridiculous when crowded into a closet or a cheese-cake house. The variety is little, and admits no charming irregularities. I am almost as fond of the *Sharawaggi*, or Chinese want of symmetry, in buildings, as in grounds or gardens. I am sure, whenever you come to England, you will be pleased with the liberty of taste into which we are struck, and of which you can have no idea.’

As his sole building fund consisted of savings out of income, much of which was frittered away in small purchases, the castle progressed slowly. We hear nothing more of it till March, 1753, when he writes:—

‘Mr. Chute and I are come hither for a day or two to inspect the progress of a Gothic staircase, which is so pretty and so small that I am inclined to wrap it up and send it you in my letter. As my castle is so diminutive, I give myself a Burlington air and say that, as Chiswick is a model of Grecian architecture, Strawberry Hill is to be so of Gothic.’

‘March 27, 1753.

‘Adieu! I am all bricks and mortar. The castle at Strawberry Hill grows so near a termination, that you must not be angry if I wish you to see it. Mr. Bentley is going to make a drawing of the best view, which I propose to have engraved, and then you shall have at least some idea of that sweet little spot—little enough, but very sweet.’

His correspondent, Mann, seems to have stood in need of a more precise idea of the castle than could be conveyed by letters, for on April 27, 1753, Walpole writes:—

‘I thank you a thousand times for thinking of procuring me some Gothic remains from Rome, but I believe there is no such thing there. I scarcely remember any morsel in the true taste of it in Italy. Indeed, my dear sir, kind as you are about it, I perceive you have no idea what Gothic is. You have lived too long amidst true taste to understand venerable barbarism. You say, “you suppose my garden is to be Gothic too.” That can’t be: Gothic is merely architecture; and as one has a satisfaction in imprinting the gloom of abbeys and cathedrals on one’s house, so one’s garden, on the contrary, is to be nothing but *riant*, and the gaiety of nature. . . . I was going to tell you that my house is so monastic, that I have a little hall decked with long saints in lean-arched windows and with taper columns, which we call the “Paraclete,” in memory of Eloisa’s cloister.’

He refers to Eloisa's cloister as described by Pope :—

‘Where awful arches make a noonday night,  
And the dim windows shade a solemn light.’

May 22, 1753. (To George Montagu.)

‘We emerge very fast out of shavings, and hammerings, and pastings; the painted glass is full blown in every window, and the gorgeous saints that were brought out for one day on the festival of St. George Montagu, are fixed for ever in the tabernacles they are to inhabit.’

The armoury never came to much, but it was seriously contemplated. In April, 1753, referring to the probable visit of an Italian Prince, he states that by next spring he hopes to have rusty armour, and arms with quarterings enough to qualify for Grand Master of Malta; in June, that the armoury bespeaks the ancient chivalry of the lords of the castle. In a detailed description of the house as it stood, June 12, 1753, beginning at the little parlour with the bow window, he says :—

‘From hence under two gloomy arches, you come to the hall and staircase, which it is impossible to describe to you, as it is the most particular and chief beauty of the castle. Imagine the walls covered with (I call it paper, but it is really paper painted in perspective to represent) Gothic fretwork; the lightest Gothic balustrade to the staircase, adorned with antelopes (our supporters) bearing shields; lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass, and a vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of old coats-of-mail, Indian shields made of rhinoceros' hides, broadswords, quivers, long bows, arrows, and spears, all *supposed* to be taken by Sir Terry Robsart (an ancestor) in the holy wars. . . . The bow-window room, one pair of stairs, is not yet finished, but in the tower beyond it is the charming closet where I now write to you. . . . I must tell you, by the way, that the castle, when finished, will have two-and-thirty windows enriched with painted glass.’

He goes on to say that the only two good chambers he shall have, an eating-room and a library, were not yet built. The gallery and round tower were not yet so much as meditated. Even in this unfinished state the castle began to attract attention, and on March 2, 1754, the hero of Culloden paid him a visit. We quote from a letter to Bentley :—

‘The weather grows fine, and I have resumed little flights to Strawberry. I carried George Montagu thither, who was in raptures, and screamed, and hooped, and hollaed, and danced, and crossed himself a thousand times over. But what will you say to greater honours which Strawberry has received? Nolkejumskoi\* has been to see it,

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\* Cant name for the Duke of Cumberland.

and liked the windows and staircase. I can't conceive how he entered it. I should have figured him, like Gulliver, cutting down some of the largest oaks in Windsor Forest to make joint-stools, in order to straddle over the battlements and peep in at the windows of Lilliput. I can't deny myself this reflection, even though he liked Strawberry, as he has not employed you as an architect.'

The Princess Emily was more difficult, or was at less pains to look pleased :

June 10, 1755.

'Princess Emily has been here. "Liked it?" "Oh, no!" I don't wonder, I never liked St. James's.'

This sounds like what Partridge would call a *non sequitur*. But her Royal Highness ought to have come prepared to like it, or not have come at all :—

'She (the princess) was so inquisitive and so curious in prying into the very offices and servants' rooms, that her [equerry] Captain Bateman was sensible of it, and begged Catherine not to mention it. He addressed himself well, if he hoped to meet with taciturnity! Catherine immediately ran down to the pond, and whispered to all the reeds, "Lord! that a princess should be such a gossip!" In short, Strawberry Hill is the puppet-show of the time.'

A great breakfast to the 'Bedford Court,' in the preceding month, is thus described :—

'There were the Duke and Duchess, Lord Tavistock and Lady Caroline, my Lord and Lady Gower, Lady Caroline Egerton, Lady Betty Waldegrave, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Pitt, Mr. Churchill, and Lady Mary, Mr. Bap. Leveson, and Colonel Sebright. The first thing I asked Harry' (his butler) 'was : "Does the sun shine?" It did ; and Strawberry was all gold, and all green. I am not apt to think people really like it, that is, understand it ; but I think the flattery of yesterday was sincere. I judge by the notice the Duchess took of your drawings. Oh! how you will think the shades of Strawberry extended! Do you observe the tone of satisfaction with which I say this as thinking it near?'

He was already growing into authority on ornamental building :

'Sir Charles Hanbury Williams told me that, on the Duke of Bedford's wanting a Chinese house at Woburn, he said, "Why don't your Grace speak to Mr. Walpole? He has the prettiest plan in the world for one." "Oh!" replied the Duke, "but then it would be too dear."

'I hope this was a very great economy, as I am sure ours would be a very great extravagance; only think of a plan for little Strawberry giving the alarm to thirty thousand a year! My dear Sir (to Bentley), it is time to retrench. Pray send me a slice of granite no bigger than a Naples biscuit.'

It was shortly after the entertainment to the Bedford Court that Strawberry Hill received a compliment a little in excess of its claims at that time:—

‘My Lord Bath, who was brought hither by my Lady Hervey’s and Billy Bristow’s reports of the charms of the place, has made the following stanzas, to the old tune which you remember of Rowe’s ballad on Dodington’s Mrs. Strawbridge:—

## I.

“Some talk of Gunnersbury,  
For Sion some declare;  
And some say that with Chiswick-house  
No villa can compare;  
But all the beaux of Middlesex,  
Who know the country well,  
Say, that Strawberry Hill, that Strawberry  
Doth bear away the bell.

## II.

“Though Surrey boasts its Oatlands,  
And Claremont kept so jim;  
And though they talk of Southcote’s,  
’Tis but a dainty whim;  
For ask the gallant Bristow,  
Who does in taste excel,  
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry  
Don’t bear away the bell.”

‘Can there be an odder revolution of things, than that the printer of the “Craftsman” should live in a house of mine, and that the author of the “Craftsman” should write a panegyric on a house of mine?’

The ‘Craftsman’ was the principal organ of the Opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. The coincidence is repeated in a note to the ‘Description of Strawberry Hill;’ but in a preceding letter, April, 1753, he writes:—

‘I am now assured by Franklyn, the old printer of the “Craftsman,” that Lord Bath never wrote a “Craftsman” himself, only gave hints for them. Yet great part of his reputation was built on those papers.’

Walpole’s mind, if we are to accept Lord Macaulay as a judge, was ‘a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations.’ His features were covered with mask within mask: when the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man.’ We entirely agree with Miss Berry that this is a complete misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the character. Artificial, fastidious, capricious,  
frivolous,

frivolous, finical, if you like: affected, not. He was what he appeared to be, what he showed himself. He never pretended to like things which he did not like, or to be capable of things of which he was incapable, or to know what he did not know, or to be in any respect better or worse than he was. The real man is constantly before our eyes. Mere change of mood or inconsistency is not affectation; and nothing can be more natural or more in keeping than the air of mock seriousness with which he blends the grave with the gay. What mask does he throw off when he writes thus to Mann?—

‘Forgive me, my dear child, you who are a Minister, for holding your important affairs so cheap. I amuse myself with Gothic and painted glass, and am as grave about my own trifles as I could be at Ratisbon. I shall tell you one or two events within my own small sphere, and you must call them a letter. I believe I mentioned having made a kind of *armoury*. My upper servant, who is as full as dull as his predecessor, whom you knew, Tom Barney, has had his head so filled with *arms*, that the other day, when a man brought home an old chimney-back, which I had bought for belonging to Harry VII., he came running in, and said, “Sir, sir! here is a man who has brought some more *armour*!”’

‘Serious business,’ it is objected, ‘was a trifle to him, and trifles were his serious business.’ Did he ever pretend that they were not? He was quite in earnest when he exclaimed: ‘How I have laughed when some of the Magazines have called me the learned gentleman. Pray, don’t be like the Magazines.’ His opinions of his literary contemporaries were mostly prejudiced and wrong, but they were his real opinions.

It was one of Johnson’s sagacious maxims never to tell a story or repeat anything against yourself, lest people should repeat it to your disadvantage without giving you credit for your frankness. If Walpole had acted on this maxim, he would have blunted the edge of many a sarcastic comment. When Lord Macaulay said he had ‘the soul of a gentleman usher,’ this was no more than what (according to Miss Berry) he had often said of himself: ‘that, from his knowledge of old ceremonials and etiquettes, he was sure that, in a former state of existence, he must have been a gentleman-usher about the time of Elizabeth.’ It was a current joke amongst his friends—

‘Who had he lived in the Third Richard’s reign,  
Had been Lord Steward or Lord Chamberlain.’\*

The style of his letters was not the less natural because it was

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\* Mason to Walpole.



playful and discursive: because, instead of saying what he had to say in plain direct language, he draws upon a fertile fancy and richly-stored memory for allusions and illustrations which arrest attention and invest the commonest incidents with a charm. If to be invariably read with pleasure be the object of style, Walpole's must be pronounced inimitable in its way. He has never been excelled in the art of making something out of nothing. Thus, on June 11th, 1755, he writes to Bentley:—

‘About four arrived such a flood that we could not see out of the windows; the whole lawn was a lake, though situated on so high an Ararat; presently it broke through the leads, drowned the pretty, blue bedchamber, passed through ceilings and floor into the little parlour, terrified Harry, and opened all Catherine's water-gates and speech-gates. I had just time to collect two dogs, a pair of bantams, and a brace of gold-fish, for, in the haste of my zeal to imitate my ancestor Noah, I forgot that fish would not easily be drowned. In short, if you chance to spy a little ark with pinnacles sailing towards Jersey, open the skylight, and you will find some of your acquaintance. You never saw such desolation! A pigeon brings word that Mabland (Lord Radnor's) has fared still worse; it never came into my head before that a rainbow office for insuring against water might be necessary.’

Fine gentleman as he was, he was far from exclusive in his company, and exults in the notabilities of his neighbourhood without reference to their rank:—

‘Nothing’ (he writes in 1755) ‘is equal to the fashion of this village. Mr. Muntz says we have more coaches than they have in half France. Mr. Pritchard has bought Ragman's castle, for which my Lord Lichfield could not agree. We shall be as celebrated as Baïæ or Tivoli; and if we have not such sonorous names as they boast, we have very famous people; Clive and Pritchard, actresses; Scott and Hudson, painters; my Lady Suffolk, famous in her time; Mr. H——, the impudent lawyer that Tom Hervey wrote against; Whitehead, the poet, and Cambridge, the everything.’

We learn from Boswell that Johnson had a very high opinion of Mrs. Clive's comic power, and conversed more with her than with any of the other players. He said, ‘Clive, sir, is a good thing to sit by; she always understands what you say.’ And she said of him, ‘I love to sit by Dr. Johnson, he always entertains me.’ The same congeniality existed between her and Walpole. Occupying ‘Little Strawberry,’ which he christened Cliveden, she was his nearest neighbour and the frequent subject of remark. His regret at her temporary absence (Nov. 1754) is elicited by a sarcastic allusion to her proximity:—

‘I never came up the stairs without reflecting how different it is  
from

from its primitive state, when my Lady Townshend all the way she came up the stairs, cried out, "Lord God! Jesus! what a house! It is just such a house as a parson's, where all the children lie at the foot of the bed." I can't say that to-day it puts me much in mind of another speech of my lady's, "That it would be a very pleasant place, if Mrs. Clive's face did not rise upon it and make it so hot." The sun and Mrs. Clive seem gone for the winter.'

Lady Townshend was the original of the Lady of Quality in 'Peregrine Pickle,' and Lady Bellaston in 'Tom Jones.' She was ill-conducted and coarse, but had a great deal of wit, which unluckily was of the same character as the late Lady Aldborough's. Many of her (Lady Townshend's) best *bons mots*, scattered over the Walpole MS. at Strawberry Hill, are hopelessly unfit for publication.

In illustration of Mrs. Pritchard's vulgarity Johnson told Boswell that she always said *gownd*; but we find her frequently one of Walpole's guests:—

'Our dinner passed off very well; the Clive was very good company; you know how much she admires Ashton's preaching. She says she is always vastly good for two or three days after his sermons; but by the time Thursday comes, all their effect is worn out. I never saw more decent behaviour than Mrs. Pritchard.'

Garrick rented a large house at Hampton, and in Aug. 1755 Walpole writes to Bentley:—

'I have contracted a sort of intimacy with Garrick, who is my neighbour. He affects to study my taste; I lay it all upon you; he admires you. He is building a grateful temple to Shakespeare; I offered him this motto: *Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est* (That I breathe and please, if I please, is yours). The truth is, I make the most of my acquaintance to protect my poor neighbour at *Cliveden*—you understand the conundrum, *Clive's den*.'

He forgot that the sound of this name was already poetically linked to other scenes and associations:—

'Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,  
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love.'

On Dec. 24, 1754, to Bentley:—

'I am here quite alone; Mr. Chute is setting out for his Vine; but in a day or two I expect Mr. (Gilly) Williams, George Selwyn, and Dick Edgecumbe. You will allow that, when I do admit anybody within my cloister, I choose them well. My present occupation is putting up my books; and thanks to arches, and pinnacles, and pierced columns, I shall not appear scantily provided.'

Portraits of this trio of friends (who, with himself, constituted

tuted the famous *partie quarrée* of Strawberry Hill) form the 'Conversation' by Reynolds, bought at the sale by the late Lord Taunton.

It was nearly five years after he was putting up his books in his completed library that he writes (July 8, 1759):—

'The weather is sultry; this country never looked prettier. I hope our enemies will not have the heart to spoil it! It would be a great disappointment to me, who am going to make great additions to my castle; a gallery, a round tower, and a cabinet, that is to have all the air of a Catholic chapel—bar consecration.'

In May, 1761, he begs his friend Montagu not to imagine that the Gallery will be *prance-about-in-able* by the beginning of June, as he does not propose to finish it till next year. In the following December:—

'My Gallery advances, and I push on the works there; for pictures, and baubles, and buildings look to me as if I realised something. I had rather have a bronze than a thousand pounds in the Stocks, for if Ireland or Jamaica are invaded, I shall still have my bronze; I would not answer, so much for the funds, nor will buy into the new loan of glory. . . .

'Crassus, the richest man on t'other side their (the Roman) Temple Bar, lost his army and his life, and yet their East India bonds did not fall an obolus under par. I like that system better than ours. . . .

'How Scipio would have stared if he had been told that he must not demolish Carthage, as it would ruin several aldermen who had money in the Punic *actions*!'

The Gallery was finished in the autumn of 1763, and on Oct. 3 he writes:—

'I have given my assembly to show my Gallery, and it was glorious; but happening to pitch upon the Feast of Tabernacles, none of my Jews would come, though Mrs. Clive proposed to them to change their religion; so I am forced to exhibit once more. For the incoming spectators, the crowd augments instead of diminishing. . . .

'My next assembly will be entertaining; there will be five countesses, two bishops, fourteen Jews, five papists, a doctor of physic, and an actress (Mrs. Clive); not to mention Scotch, Irish, East and West Indians!'

Some of the fine ladies pressed hard for a ball. Not for the universe! What! 'Turn a ball, and dust, and dirt, and a million of candles into my charming new Gallery.' They compounded for a dinner, which came off June 13, 1764. The French and Spanish ambassadors, four other foreigners of distinction, Lord March and George Selwyn were among the guests:—

'The refectory never was so crowded, nor have any foreigners  
been

been here before that comprehended Strawberry. . . . They really seemed quite pleased with the place and the day; but I must tell you, the treasury of the abbey will feel it, for without magnificence, all was handsomely done. I must keep *maigre*; at least till the interdict is taken off from my convent. I have kings and queens, I hear, in my neighbourhood, but this is no royal foundation. Adieu! your poor beadsman,

‘The Abbot of Strawberry.’

It was now no longer a castle but an abbey, or more correctly speaking, it partook in tolerably equal proportions of both—*templum in modo arcis*; although it was crowded with articles which would have harmonised equally well with a Grecian temple, a Turkish mosque, or a Chinese pagoda, and would have been hopelessly inappropriate in a regularly constructed medieval building of any kind. What would a baron or abbot of the olden time have said to the printing-press which was formally installed in the new building on its completion? Among the movements of the distinguished party that dined with him in June, 1764, he sets down: ‘Thence they went to the printing house and saw a new fashionable French song printed.’ In the ‘Short Notes’ he records:—

‘June 25 (1757).—I erected a printing-press at my house at Strawberry Hill.

‘August 8.—I published two Odes, by Mr. Gray, the first production of my press.’

In a letter to George Lord Lyttelton, Aug. 25, 1757, he goes fully into the merits and demerits of these Odes, ‘The Progress of Poesy’ and ‘The Bard,’ which were little relished or appreciated by the general public:—

‘Your Lordship sees that I am no enthusiast to Mr. Gray: his great lustre hath not dazzled me, as his obscurity seems to have blinded his contemporaries. Indeed, I do not think that they ever admired him, except in his Churchyard, though the Eton Ode was far its superior, and is certainly not obscure. The Eton Ode is perfect: those of more masterly execution have defects, yet not to admire them is total want of taste.’

Sir George Cornewall Lewis used also to maintain that the ‘Ode to Eton College’ was for its length the most perfect poem in the language since Pope, and decidedly superior to the ‘Elegy.’ This is an instance of the misleading tendency of subjective criticism. It was as old Etonians that he and Walpole felt and spoke, forgetting that individual gratification should never be made the unqualified test of excellence.

The dilettante style of publication by a private press exactly suited

suitied Walpole: it distinguished him from the common herd of authors, and enabled him to feel the pulse of a select circle of readers before definitively exposing himself to the risks of free criticism. But in resorting to it he necessarily laid aside the anonymous, and he shrank from doing this when he did not see his way clearly to a success. Neither the 'Castle of Otranto,' nor his 'Historic Doubts,' were printed at Strawberry Hill. The title of the first edition of his romance ran thus:—

'The "Castle of Otranto," a story translated by William Marshal, Gent., from the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto. Printed for Thomas Lowndes, in Fleet Street, 1765.'

Finding it take, he hastened to lay aside the anonymous. On sending a copy to the Rev. William Cole, he takes occasion to explain the circumstances under which it was composed:—

'Your partiality to me and Strawberry have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story. You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland, all in white, in my Gallery? Shall I even confess to you, what was the origin of this romance! I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which, all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of anything, rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening, I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness; but if I have amused you, by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please.'

Walpole was at daggers drawn with Warburton. In letters <sup>third</sup> persons, each, unconscious of the *tu quoque*, designates her as a coxcomb. Referring to an explanatory communication from the Bishop in Oct. 1762, Walpole writes:—

For this I would as soon have a controversy with a peacock, as an only daughter that her parents think handsome. The fowl, <sup>and</sup> the bishop, are alike incorrigible. The first struts naturally; the second is spoiled; reason itself has been of no use to <sup>the</sup> last.

Referring

Referring to the cause of the quarrel, an 'oblique fling' in the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' Warburton (Feb. 17, 1762) had written to Garrick:—

'It is about Gothic edifices, for which I shall be about *his pots*, as Bentley said to Lord Halifax of Rowe. But I say it better; I mean the galley-pots and washes of his toilet. I know he has a fribble-tutor at his elbow, as sicklied over with affectation as himself.'

This quarrel was smoothed over by Walpole's declaring, on his honour, that in the offending passage he had not Warburton in his thoughts. But Warburton was not really satisfied with this formal disavowal, and four years afterwards calls Walpole an insufferable coxcomb.\* We are puzzled, therefore, what to make of the exaggerated panegyric on the 'Castle of Otranto' in a note by Warburton on these lines of Pope:—

'The peers grew proud in horsemanship t'excel  
Newmarket's glory rose as Britain's fell;  
The soldiers breathed the gallantries of France,  
And every flow'ry courtier wrote romance.'

'Amid all this nonsense,' runs the note, 'when things were at the worst, we had been entertained with what I will venture to call a masterpiece in the Fable; and a new species likewise. The piece I mean is the "Castle of Otranto." The scene is laid in Gothic chivalry; where a beautiful imagination, supported by strength of judgment, has enabled the author to go beyond his subject and effect the full purpose of the ancient tragedy; that is, to purge the passions by pity and terror, in colouring as great and harmonious as in any of the best dramatic writers.'

Such a criticism from Warburton is little less surprising than the more discriminating one of Sir Walter Scott, who sums up the merits of the work in these words: 'This romance has been justly considered not only as the original and model of a peculiar species of composition attempted and successfully executed by a man of great genius, but as one of the standard works of our lighter literature.'

It is no longer read except as a curiosity, and commonly laid down with a feeling of disappointment. The characters excite

\* Letter to Hurd, Nov. 16, 1766. In a letter to the same correspondent (Feb. 7, 1757), Warburton, who was prone to strong language, writes: 'Expect to hear that the churches are all crowded next Friday, and that on Saturday they buy up Hume's new Essays, the first of which is the "Natural History of Religion;" for which I will trim the rogue's jacket' . . . 'a wicked heart, and more determined to do public mischief, I think I never knew.' Could this have been Lord Macaulay's precedent when, speaking of Mr. Croker, he said, 'See whether I do not dust that varlet's jacket for him,' and calls him 'a bad, a very bad, man'?

little interest: there is no local colouring; no lifelike representation of manners; and the machinery on which the whole plot turns—‘an enormous helmet, a hundred times more large than any casque made for a human being,’ with sword and gauntlet to match—is too material and palpable to inspire awe or terror. It is, moreover, out of keeping with the period. The superstitious credulity of the middle ages lent itself to any amount of the supernatural in the shape of haunted chambers, skeletons clanking chains, portraits stepping out of frames, statues descending from pedestals, or deceased barons taking their nightly walk in corridors; but a knight sixty or seventy feet high (and the wearer of the helmet could have been no less) must be relegated to the primitive age when Jack the Giant-killer flourished. At the same time there is no denying that the romance had the grand attraction of novelty, and originated the school of which ‘*The Mysteries of Udolpho*’ and ‘*The Romance of the Forest*’ were the pride. The rise and decline of this class of prose fiction are cleverly hit off in one of Haynes Bayley’s lyrics:—

‘Oh, Radcliffe, thou once wert the charmer  
 Of maids who sate reading all night,  
 Thy heroes were knights clad in armour,  
 Thy heroines damsels in white;  
 But gone are such terrible touches,  
 Our lips in derision we curl,  
 Unless we are told how a duchess  
 Conversed with her cousin the earl.’

But it was not the fashionable novel or silver-fork school which succeeded Mrs. Radcliffe’s or drove her and her imitators from the field. This good service had been most effectually performed already by Scott, who went to the fountain-head for his inspiration, whose mind was thoroughly saturated with that medieval lore with which Walpole’s was slightly and superficially tinged. Medievalism was only one, and not the most pronounced, of his innumerable tastes, fancies and pursuits. As for the warlike spirit of chivalry, he had not a spark of it. He would have regarded a combat or encounter in which hard knocks were interchanged, like the ‘certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,’ who angered Hotspur by talking so like a waiting gentlewoman of guns, and drums, and wounds. He preferred the silken barons to the iron barons. His forte lay in chronicling the gossip of Courts, or in transporting his readers behind the scenes when a political intrigue was in progress. He was more of a Saint-Simon than a Bayard. Although he hunted a suit of Francis I.’s armour amongst his choicest treasures,

treasures, he would have been more in his element handing Louis XIV. a shirt at Versailles than in helping Francis to a fresh horse at Pavia. It is a singular fact that in the whole nine volumes of letters there is only one allusion to Froissart, and that one a sneer at Lady Pomfret for translating the 'Chronicles.' His loyalty, considered as a sentiment, was on a par with his chivalry. 'On each side of my bed,' he writes in 1756, 'I have hung Magna Charta, and the warrant for King Charles' execution, on which I have written "Major Charta;" as, I believe, without the latter, the former by this time would be of small importance.' The degree of his patriotism may be inferred from his well-known remark: 'I should like my country well enough if it were not for my countrymen.' His lukewarmness towards the Church is betrayed by his readiness to desecrate her shrines, and the complacency with which he anticipates her fall:—

'Bishop Luda must not be offended at my converting his tomb into a gateway. Many a saint and confessor, I doubt, will be glad soon to be *passed through*, as it will, at least, secure his being *passed over*. When I was directing the east window at Ely, I recollected the lines of Pope:

"How capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nell!  
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell."

'Adorning cathedrals where the religion itself totters, is very like poor Nell's mishap.'

His 'Epistle in Verse' to West begins:—

'The greatest curses any age has known  
Have issued from the temple or the throne.'

Without attaching undue weight to a flash of cynicism or a pleasantry, it must be admitted that he was wanting in the exalted feelings which dignify the finest models of prose fiction; and with the Author of Waverley before our eyes, we see little reason to regret that the 'Castle of Otranto' was his first and last incursion into the region of medieval or historical romance.

A list, purporting to be complete, of the productions of the Strawberry Hill press is printed in the quarto edition of his works.\* They are twenty-six in number, besides small pieces of verse and loose sheets; and it is surprising that he contrived to print so much with an establishment at no time exceeding a man and a boy. On March 15, 1759, he writes:—

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\* Vol. ii. pp. 515, 516. Copies of all are in the collection of Walpolean books and manuscripts at Strawberry Hill, which Lord Carlingford and Lady Waldegrave have spared no pains or expense to complete.



‘At present, even my press is at a stop; my printer, who was a foolish Irishman, and who took himself for a genius, and who grew angry when I thought him extremely the former, and not the least of the latter, has left me, and I have not yet fixed upon another.’

The next whom he engaged, Thomas Kirkgate, remained with him till his (Walpole’s) death, March, 1797. The name of this faithful servant figures on the title-pages of all the productions of the Strawberry Hill press in his time, and is indissolubly coupled with it. Yet no provision was made for him, and his ‘Printer’s Farewell’ begins:—

‘Adieu! ye groves and Gothic towers,  
Where I have spent my youthful hours;  
Alas! I find in vain:  
Since he who could my age protect,  
By some mysterious sad neglect,  
Has left me to complain.’\*

He survived his employer more than thirteen years, dying June 16th, 1810. As Walpole was in the habit of selling copies of his privately printed books through the booksellers, he escaped none of the ordinary trials of authorship, especially in his dealings with the trade, who, he complains, treated him worse because he was a gentleman. It was the same with the critics, towards whom he struggles to appear indifferent, like Pope, with one of Cibber’s lampoons before him, declaring ‘These things are my diversion,’ while his features writhed with pain; or like Sir Fretful Plagiary exclaiming: ‘Ha! Ha! Ha! very pleasant. Now another person would be vexed at this.’ Referring to his ‘Anecdotes of Painting,’ May 14, 1759, he writes:—

‘For nobler or any other game, I don’t think of it; I am sick of the character of author; I am sick of the consequences of it; I am weary of seeing my name in the newspapers; I am tired with reading foolish criticisms on me, and as foolish defences of me; and I trust my friends will be so good as to let the last abuse of me pass unanswered. It is called “Remarks” on my Catalogue, asperses the Revolution more than it does my book, and, in one word, is written by a nonjuring preacher, who was a dog-doctor.’

After reading Shenstone’s letters, he writes:—

‘Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place he had made, and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of.’

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\* ‘Memorials of Twickenham, Parochial and Topographical.’ By the Rev. B. S. Cobbett, M.A., &c. &c.: a carefully executed compilation, containing much valuable matter.

Then his own similar weakness breaks upon him :—

‘The first time a company came to see my house, I felt his joy. I am now so tired of it that I shudder when a bell rings at the gate. . . . I own I was one day too cross. I had been plagued all the week with staring crowds; at last, it rained a deluge. “Well,” said I, at last, “nobody will come to-day.” The words were scarcely uttered when the bell rang; a company desired to see the house. I replied, “Tell them they cannot possibly see the house, but they are very welcome to walk in the garden.”’

If he had been under any illusion on this subject, his exact state of mind would have been laid bare for him by Madame du Deffand :—

‘Oh! vous n’êtes point fâché qu’on vienne voir votre château; vous ne l’avez pas fait singulier; vous ne l’avez pas rempli de choses précieuses, de raretés; vous ne bâtissez pas un cabinet rond, dans lequel le lit est un trône, et où il n’y a que des tabourets, pour y rester seul ou ne recevoir que vos amis. Tout le monde a les mêmes passions, les mêmes vertus, les mêmes vices; il n’y a que les modifications qui en font la différence; amour propre, vanité, crainte de l’ennui, &c.’

Another material drawback to the enjoyment of a suburban residence in Walpole’s time was the liability to be robbed. He relates that one night in the beginning of November, 1749, as he was returning in his chariot from Holland House by moonlight, about ten at night, he was attacked by two highwaymen in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one of them going off accidentally, razed the skin under his eye, left some marks of shot on his face, and stunned him. He wrote an account of the adventure in ‘*The World*,’\* and made light of it to Mann; complaining that ‘the frequent repetition has been much worse than the robbery.’ The capture and exploits of the robber who shot him are mentioned in a letter of Aug. 2, 1750 :—

‘I have been in town for a day or two, and heard no conversation but about M’Lean, a fashionable highwayman, who is just taken, and who robbed me among others; as Lord Eglinton, Sir Thomas Robinson of Vienna, Mrs. Talbot, &c. He took an odd booty from the Scotch earl, a blunderbuss, which lies very formidably upon the justice’s table. He was taken by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker, who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. His history is very particular, for he confesses everything, and is so little of an hero, that he cries and begs, and I believe, if Lord Eglinton had been in any luck, might have been robbed of his

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\* No. 103, republished amongst his works. He there states that M’Lean wrote him two letters of apology, and proposed a friendly meeting at midnight, which he declined.

own blunderbuss. His father was an Irish dean; his brother is a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague.'

'September 1, 1750.

'M'Lean is still the fashion: have not I reason to call him my friend? He says, if the pistol had shot me, he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is?'

He was robbed again (October, 1781) near his own house in company with Lady Browne, who, after the highwayman had left them, expressed great uneasiness lest he should return; as she had given him a purse with only bad money which she carried on purpose. In 1782, when this state of things was at its worst, Walpole complains that no one can stir out after sunset without servants with blunderbusses; and, referring to the consequent difficulty of making up his card-table, remarks: 'If partridge-shooting is not turned into robber-shooting, there will be an end of all society.'

'A painful incident in his domestic life was the discovery of the body of his man-servant, who had been missing for some days, hanging on a tree in the grounds near the chapel. The man had committed suicide after a petty robbery of one or two spoons or forks.'\* We cannot help fancying that this must have affected Walpole much as a similar incident affected the late Sir John (Mr. Justice) Williams, who, on entering his chambers late at night found his head caught between the legs of his clerk, who was *sus. per col.* in the passage. On hiring the next, he gravely said to him, 'I have only one stipulation to make: if you hang yourself—which you can do or not, as you think fit—do not hang yourself in my chambers.'

Whilst Walpole's building was still in progress, the saddening conviction grew upon him that the place was too damp, which is not surprising, considering how frequently it was flooded when the river flowed in full volume and was banked back by the old bridges:—

'I revive after being in London an hour like a member of parliament's wife. It will be a cruel fate, after having laid out so much money on this place, and building it as the nest of my old age, if I am driven from it by bad health.'

He goes to Bath to take the waters, and cannot endure it:—

'The river (Avon) is paltry enough to be the Seine or Tyber. Oh! how unlike my lovely Thames! . . . I sit down by the waters of Babylon and weep, when I think of thee, oh, Strawberry!'

The late Lord Derby, after trying some sherry which was

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\* 'Memorials of Twickenham,' p. 307.

recommended as a cure for the gout, said that he preferred the gout. A friend of ours, on consulting the late Sir Henry Holland, was told that he would get well if he dined at four and went to bed at ten. 'Oh!' was the reply, 'I don't come to a physician to tell me *that*. I want to know how I am to get well if I dine at eight and go to bed at one.' Like Lord Derby and our friend, Walpole preferred the disease to the remedy. He writes from Bath, October 18, 1766:—

'If I can but be tolerably well at Strawberry, my wishes are bounded. If I am to live at watering-places, and keep what is called *good hours*, life itself will be indifferent to me. I do not talk very sensibly, but I have a contempt for that fictitious character styled philosophy. *I feel what I feel, and I say I feel what I do feel.*'

His apprehensions of being compelled to leave the banks of the Thames proved groundless, and in April, 1768, we find him coaxing Montagu to settle there:—

'I thought you would at last come and while away the remainder of life on the banks of the Thames in gaiety and old tales. I have quitted the stage, and the Clive is preparing to leave it. We shall neither of us ever be grave; dowagers roost all around us, and you could never want cards or mirth.'

In May, 1769, he writes that Strawberry has been in great glory, and that he has given a festino there which will almost mortgage it. The party was principally made up of diplomatists and distinguished foreigners:

'They arrived at two. At the gates of the castle I received them, dressed in the cravat of Gibbons's carving, and a pair of gloves embroidered up to the elbows that had belonged to James I. The French servants stared, and firmly believed this was the dress of English country gentlemen. After taking a survey of the apartments, we went to the printing-house, where I had prepared the enclosed verses, with translations by Monsieur de Lille, one of the company. The moment they were printed off, I gave a private signal, and French horns and clarionets accompanied this compliment. We then went to see Pope's grotto and garden, and returned to a magnificent dinner in the refectory.'

No locality hallowed by being the abode of genius has suffered so much from Vandalism as Pope's Villa. Sir William Stanhope, the purchaser after Pope's death, began with the garden:

'The poet' (writes Walpole) 'had valued himself on the disposition of it, and with reason. Though containing but five square acres, enclosed by three lanes, he had managed it with such art and deception that it seemed a wood, and its boundaries were nowhere

This is Horace Walpole all over. If a sneer at his own order or royalty lay in his way, he was sure to pick it up and make the most of it. The collection of miniatures and enamels, he goes on to say, is the largest and finest in any country :—

‘The historic pictures, including several Holbeins, must be dear to the English antiquary . . . . To virtuosos of more classic taste, the small busts of Jupiter Serapis in basalt, and of Caligula in bronze, and the silver bell of Benvenuto Cellini, will display the art of ancient and modern sculpture; how high it was carried by Greek statuary, appears in the eagle.’

In a concluding paragraph he states and meets the objection that a collection thus composed is out of keeping with the building :—

‘In truth, I did not mean to make my house so Gothic as to exclude convenience and modern refinements in luxury. The designs of the inside and outside are strictly ancient, but the decorations are modern. Would our ancestors, before the reformation of architecture, not have deposited in their gloomy castles antique statues and fine pictures, beautiful vases and ornamental china, if they had possessed them?’

Most probably they would, for the simple reason that they had nowhere else to put them, at all events nowhere else where they would be safe. But if our ancestors had not wanted these gloomy strongholds for other purposes, they would not have built them to receive statues, pictures, and objects of vertu; or fitted up interiors to resemble a cloister or an aisle. Conscious of the fallacy, he breaks off :—

‘But I do not mean to defend by argument a small capricious house. It was built to please my own taste, and in some degree to realise my own visions. I have specified what it contains; could I describe the gay but tranquil scene where it stands, and add the beauty of the landscape to the romantic cast of the mansion, it would raise more pleasing sensations than a dry list of curiosities can excite; at least, the prospect would recall the good-humour of those who might be disposed to condemn the fantastic fabric, and to think it a very proper habitation of, as it was the scene that inspired, the author of the “Castle of Otranto.”’

This tone disarms criticism, and we believe it to be his natural tone; for talk as he may, he almost always returns to and settles in good sense.

The two principal events of his life, after the completion of his building projects, were his accession to the earldom by the death of his nephew, December 15, 1791, and his acquaintance  
with

with the Berrys (Mary and Agnes), which began in the winter of 1787–88. The first notice of them occurs in a letter to the Countess of Ossory. After describing their persons, dress, and manners, he proceeds :—

‘The first night I met them I would not be acquainted, having heard so much in their praise that I concluded they would be all pretension. The second time, in a very small company, I sat next to Mary, and found her an angel both inside and out. Now I do not know which I like best, except Mary’s face, which is formed for a sentimental novel, but is ten times fitter for a fifty times better thing, genteel comedy. This delightful family comes to me almost every Sunday evening, as our region is too *proclamatory* to play at cards on the seventh day. I do not care a straw for cards, but I do disapprove of this partiality to the youngest child of the week ; while the other poor six days are treated as if they had no souls to save. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Berry is a little merry man with a round face, and you would not suspect him of so much feeling and attachment. I make no excuse for such minute details ; for, if your ladyship insists on hearing the humours of my district, you must for once indulge me with sending you two pearls that I found in my path.’

They were the comfort of his declining years ; it was for them he wrote his ‘Reminiscences.’ He was never happy when away from them, and in November, 1791, he installed them in Little Strawberry, which he bequeathed to them for their joint lives at his death.

His accession to the earldom inspired his ‘Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris,’ in 1792, beginning :—

‘An estate and an earldom at seventy-four,  
Had I sought them or wished, ’twould add one fear more,  
That of making a countess when almost fourscore!’

It is believed that he was ready to make a Countess (when still nearer fourscore) by marrying Miss Mary Berry, with the sole view of giving her his title and a jointure which he was empowered to charge on the estate.

He died at his house in Berkeley Square, March 2, 1797, in his eightieth year ; having devised Strawberry Hill, with its contents, to Mrs. Damer for life, with remainder in fee to the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, his niece. Through her it came to George Edward, the seventh Earl Waldegrave, who (September 28, 1840) married Frances (*née*) Braham, widow of Mr. J. J. Waldegrave, and, dying September 28, 1846, devised to her in fee the whole of his property, including Strawberry Hill. Pecuniary embarrassments, real or supposed, led to the sale

sale of the entire collection (with the exception of the family portraits\* and some choice china) in 1842.

Referring to the treasures of art collected at Fonthill, Mr. Eastlake remarks that some idea of their value may be formed from the fact that in 1819, at the sale of the Abbey and its contents to Mr. Farquhar, 7200 copies of the catalogue at a guinea each were sold in a few days. The large sale of this catalogue, which served as a ticket of admission, was mainly owing to the general eagerness to see a place which had been carefully secluded from view. Connoisseurs and collectors, with the elite of the fashionable world, had enjoyed free access to Strawberry Hill; but, making full allowances on this ground, we are at a loss to account for the comparative indifference with which it was regarded by the general public. The private view began on the 28th of March; the public were admitted on the 4th of April, and the sale began on the 25th. The views, public and private, were thinly attended; and on the first and most of the succeeding days of the sale, the renowned auctioneer's audience was principally composed of professional bidders and dealers. The tone taken by the leading journal had doubtless contributed towards this result:—

‘There are not, perhaps, a dozen things in the house which evince any refined taste, or taste of a high order, in him by whom they were collected. There is nothing whatever of the highest class of art in the whole collection, not one single solitary object by which national taste can be improved, or from the contemplation of which a pure feeling of art can be produced.’†

Can the writer have gone over a single department of the collection, or even have read the catalogue? He summarily disposes of the whole of the historical relics in this fashion:—

‘Old hats, old clothes, old gloves, and old rubbish, dignified by whatsoever name their owner may rejoice to give them, are still rubbish: those by whom they are collected are little better than antiquated dealers in slops; and those who wish to buy may be supplied at half the expense of a trip to Strawberry Hill, by the recognised retailers of rubbish in Mayfair or Rosemary Lane.’

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\* The intention was to reserve the whole of the family portraits, but four were sold by mistake, and, much to her regret, Lady Waldegrave has hitherto been unable to recover them. They are thus described in the Catalogue: A three-quarter length portrait of Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, &c.: ‘A

— of Catherine, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole, in white, copied from Sir Kneller's picture, by Jarvis: A *ditto* of Maria Skerret, second wife of —t Walpole, in blue, and in the dress of a shepherdess, by Jarvis: A —t Walpole, second Earl of Orford, &c., in a red velvet dress, by

*Times*, April 25, 1842.

Under the generic term rubbish, are comprised Queen Elizabeth's glove, the tortoiseshell jewelled comb of Mary Queen of Scots, the spur with which William III. pricked his charger through the Boyne, the clock which was Henry VIII.'s wedding-present to Anne Boleyn, the watch of Fairfax, the hat of Wolsey, &c. &c. As for the trappings of chivalry :—

‘The good knights are dust,  
And their swords are rust,  
And their souls are with the Lord, we trust.’

What are their coats of mail, helmets and gauntlets, but so many stone of old iron? And what (by a parity of reasoning may be asked) are the ruins of Iona but ruins? or what is the plain of Marathon but a plain? Johnson's noble apostrophe is the reply : ‘Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground that has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue!’ Historic relics appeal to the same sympathies as historic localities :

‘Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth,  
We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth.’

Why not her glove? Is it not linked with the same associations? Does it not similarly recall the lion-hearted Queen who flung foul scorn at Tilbury, or the old coquette who signed the death-warrant of Essex? Far from laughing at Mr. Charles Kean for purchasing the dagger of Henry VIII. and the scarlet hat of Wolsey, we should have been strongly tempted to bid against him. Sentiment apart, historic relics have a positive value as illustrations of manners and customs; but if they are one and all to be set down as rubbish, the celebrated collection of the Hôtel de Cluny, at Paris, might as well be flung into the Seine.

By way of counterpoise to the depreciation of the journalist, the noble owner was fortunate enough to engage the services of the late George Robins, the prince of auctioneers, who carried the peculiar eloquence of his profession to a point which almost entitles him to be regarded as the founder of a school. The swelling periods in which Lord Macaulay described the procession of Peers at the trial of Warren Hastings were pronounced by Sir George Cornwall Lewis to be an excellent specimen of the genuine George Robins style; and a still happier adaptation of that style, in our opinion, was the paragraph in which Lord Beaconsfield brought vividly before the mind's eye the  
array



array of large-acred squires who sealed the doom of Sir Robert Peel's Government in 1846.\*

Nor will any judicious critic deem these comparisons invidious after reading the prefatory remarks to the Catalogue, in which Mr. Robins speaks in his own proper person. For example :

‘ Whether he considers the hallowed recollections that surround a pictorial and historical abode, so dear to its distinguished originator, and so often and so tenderly referred to in his letters and writings, or the extreme rarity and value of the collection contained in it, rich in all that can delight the antiquarian, the scholar, the virtuoso, or the general lover of art, so perfect and unapproachable in all its details that each will quit it with the fixed opinion that his peculiar tastes were those to which the energies, the learning, and the research of the noble founder were directed ; when there pass before him in review, the splendid gallery of paintings teeming with the finest works of the greatest masters ; † matchless enamels, of immortal bloom, by Petito, Boit, Bordice, and Zincke ; chasings, the workmanship of Cellini and Jean de Bologna ; noble specimens of Faenza Ware, from the pencils of Robbia and Bernard Palizzi ; glass, of the rarest hues and tints, executed by Jean Cousin and other masters of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries ; Limoges Enamels of the period of the Renaissance, by Leonard and Courtoise ; Roman and Grecian antiquities in bronze and sculpture ; Oriental and European china, of the choicest forms and colours ; exquisite and matchless missals, painted by Raphael and Julio Clovis ; magnificent specimens of cinquecento armour ; miniatures illustrative of the most interesting periods of history ; a valuable collection of drawings and manuscripts ; engravings in countless numbers and of infinite value ; a costly library, extending to fifteen thousand volumes, abounding in splendid editions of the classics ; illustrated, scarce and unique works, with ten thousand other relics of the arts and histories of bygone ages ; he may well feel overpowered at the evident impossibility of rendering to each that lengthened notice which their merits and their value demand.’

This is a magnificent sentence, in linked richness long drawn out : indeed, one of the longest in the language ; yet, considering the weight of the matter, it cannot be censured for redundancy.

Judging merely from the abridged reports in the newspapers,

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\* We refer to the paragraph beginning : ‘ They trooped on : all the men of metal and large-acred squires whose spirit he had so often quickened and whose counsels he had so often solicited in his fine Conservative speeches in Whitehall Gardens : Mr. Banks, with a parliamentary name of two centuries, and Mr. Christopher from that broad Lincolnshire which Protection had created . . . and Devon had sent there the stout heart of Mr. Buck, and Wiltshire the pleasant presence of Walter Long,’ &c.—*Life of Lord George Bentinck*.

† Holbein, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Giorgione, Annibale Caracci, Poussin, Canaletto, Watteau, Van Eyck, Mytens, Zuccheri, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Romney, &c.

we should say that Mr. Robins's opening address, delivered from a state chair that had belonged to the great Cardinal, was on a par with his prefatory remarks :

'He concluded by saying that he should have considered it sacrilege to have altered the disposition or arrangement of a single lot ; that those who did him the honour to bid should live for ever in his heart, and that he would charge them no rent for the tenancy. This eloquence produced good prices.\*

The prices were far from good. With the marked catalogue now before us, we should say they were surprisingly low. The Sèvres porcelain, for example, did not sell for a tenth of what it would fetch now. Fancy this lot knocked down at 4*l.* :—

'A cabinet cup and saucer, embellished with strawberries, a present from *Madame du Defand*, and a ditto, with wreath of flowers and gold border.'

The whole contents of the China Room, 140 lots, went for 648*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* The sale realised 33,450*l.* We speak within compass when we say that it would now realise three times that sum.

When the last blow of the auctioneer's hammer had sounded, the guardian genius of poor, stripped, despoiled, desecrated, degraded Strawberry must have resembled the White Lady of Avenel when her golden zone had dwindled to the fineness of a thread ; and only too appropriate in the mouth of the present owner, when, as its uncontrolled mistress, she paced the denuded gallery, would have been the words of Moore's song :

'I feel like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed.'

But she had head, heart, imagination, energy, and a will as resolute as Warren Hastings when he made it the set purpose of his life to regain and reinstate his ancestral home of Daylesford. Animated instead of depressed by the self-imposed task of repairing what seemed irreparable—with views opening and plans expanding as she went on—she restored, renovated, improved, added, acquired and annexed to give breathing-room, till the villa had grown into a first-class country-house in a land where country-houses are palaces, and this without destroying or materially impairing the distinctive character which the founder had so perseveringly impressed upon it or (what

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\* The 'Times,' April 26, 1842.

would be still worse) producing inside or outside an impression of incongruity.

This is not the place for details. But take up a position on the south-east side so as to command a complete view of the portions constructed at four different periods, and you will find that they slide into each other without a break. Enter the house, pass through the gallery, round-room and ante-room, into the finely-proportioned richly-furnished drawing-room, with the famous Reynolds (the three Ladies Waldegrave) confronting you, and you will see nothing to remind you abruptly or disagreeably of the fact that you have been passing from one epoch of internal decoration to another. The transition is softened down and rendered less perceptible by the adoption of a happy thought of the celebrated Marquise de Rambouillet, who had a room devoted to portraits of her friends. The walls of the gallery at Strawberry Hill are now exclusively occupied by portraits of intimate friends and illustrious or distinguished visitors, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, whose grace, affability, and charm of look and manner, faithfully reflected, would most assuredly have cured Walpole, had he fallen beneath their influence, of his dislike to royal visitors.

First come, first served. Those to whom places have been assigned form only a section of the illustrious or distinguished visitors and friends. When an increase of the peerage was proposed at the Restoration, Buckingham remarked that, if every Cavalier with a claim were created, the House of Lords must meet on Salisbury Plain. If Lady Waldegrave persists in her original plan, she must extend the gallery by roofing over the lawn.\*

All Walpole's smaller rooms have been preserved pretty nearly as he left them, although their destination has been changed. It was in the narrow passage leading from the hall

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\* Besides the portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales in a single picture, the gallery contains separate portraits of the Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale, the late Earl and Countess of Clarendon, Earl Russell, Earl Grey, Viscount Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Viscount Halifax, the Marchioness of Clanricarde, the late Countess of Morley, Lord Lyndhurst, M. Van de Weyer, Bishop Wilberforce, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, the Duchess of Sutherland and the late Duchess, the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Churchill, Lady Augusta Sturt, the Countess of Shaftesbury, the Marchioness of Northampton, Madame Alphonse de Rothschild, Lady Selina Bidwell, the Hon. Mrs. F. Stonor, the Countess Spencer, the Countess Somers, and Lady Waldegrave herself. The next addition, we believe, will be the charming *habituée* who, at a ball given by Lady Waldegrave at the Secretary's Lodge, Dublin, caused an old Irish gentleman to exclaim: 'I have come fifty miles to attend this ball, and I would have come a hundred to look at that beautiful Duchess.' This compliment may pair off with that of the drayman who asked Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, to let him light his pipe at her eyes.

to the Beauty Room (now a bedroom) that a late Chancellor of Ireland, his thoughts reverting to the natural enemies of his youth, exclaimed: 'What a capital place if a man was pursued by bailiffs!'

Walpole was constantly haunted by the fear that his creations and collections would not be respected by his successors, whatever indulgent friends might think or say of them:—

'I wish' (he writes to Montague in 1755) 'you would visit it (Strawberry Hill) when it is in its beauty, and while it is mine. You will not, I flatter myself like it so well when it belongs to the *Intendant* of Twickenham, when a cockle shell walk is made across the lawn, and everything *without* doors is made regular, and everything *within* modern and *riant*; for this must be its fate.

May, 1772.

'In short this *old, old, very old* castle, as his prints called Old Parr, is so near being perfect, that it will certainly be ready by the time I die to be improved with Indian paper, or to have the windows let down to the ground by some travelled lady.'

May 4, 1774. (To Cola.)

'Consider, Strawberry is almost the last monastery left, at least, in England. Poor Mr. Bateman's is despoiled. Lord Bateman has stripped and plundered it, has advertised the site, and is dirtily selling by auction what he neither would keep nor sell for a sum that is worth while. Surely it is very indecent for a favourite relation, who is rich, to show so little remembrance and affection. I suppose Strawberry will share the same fate. It has already happened to two of my friends.'

His melancholy forebodings have been partly realised:—

'Jove heard and granted half the suppliants' prayer,  
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.'

His collection has been dispersed through both hemispheres. But the fixed (we can hardly say, solid) fabric of his creation, his monastic castle or castellated monastery, the historic Strawberry Hill, has risen with renovated splendour from its temporary prostration; and—thanks to the taste, spirit, munificence, and cordial graceful abounding hospitality of an accomplished highly-gifted woman—has regained and surpassed all the interest, attraction, and celebrity which it possessed in his lifetime, and which he sorrowfully foretold would die with him.

ART. II.—*Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo, with a Sketch of their Habits, Religion, Language, and other Peculiarities.* By Dr. Henry Rink, Director of the Royal Greenland Board of Trade. Translated from the Danish by the Author, and Edited by Dr. Robert Brown; with numerous illustrations, drawn and engraved by Eskimo. London, 1875.

AS is well known, this is a sceptical, fault-finding age, and so our readers must not be surprised if they find old forms and names overthrown in the very heading of our article. Our grandfathers talked of the 'Esquimaux' and were content; just as our grandmothers when they sucked eggs extracted the yolk by an old and time-honoured process. So far as regards these venerable women, a new generation has sprung up which will not allow them to pursue such a hand-to-mouth means of alimentation, but insists on a more scientific treatment of barn-door deposits. In the same way we are not suffered to write 'Esquimaux' after the good old spelling, but are quite behind the age unless we adopt the form 'Eskimo.' Well, where no principle is involved, we are quite ready to comply with any change which will ensure us a quiet life, and so we are willing to follow the learned Dr. Rink in the orthography of the name of the tribes for which he has done so much, and to call these interesting members of the great human race no longer 'Esquimaux,' but 'Eskimo.' If there is any joking on so serious a subject as the nomenclature of a family so widely spread over the Arctic regions, we may add that the best of the joke is that the Eskimo do not speak of themselves by the name so commonly given them by foreigners, but simply and proudly as *Innuits*, that is, '*the people*,' as though they were the only people on the face of the earth; a confidence all the more remarkable if we consider that isolated tribes have been met with, numbering not a hundred individuals, who were convinced, until discovered by Arctic explorers, that they were the only members of their race that existed; so completely, while they kept the language spoken by the whole race, had the memory and tradition of a common origin with other Eskimo tribes died out among them. And yet the Eskimo straggle over, if they do occupy and fill, vast regions, which, fortunately for them, are never likely to excite the cupidity of the Alexanders, Napoleons, and Frederick Williams, of this civilised and wicked world.

Some years ago our attention was attracted by the heading of an article in a periodical too much given to supply its readers with chaff rather than grain. It was entitled, 'An Enquiry into the

the History of the Ancient Picts,' a most interesting subject, to which we eagerly turned. What was our surprise, however, to find that the whole Essay consisted of these words: 'Who were the ancient Picts?' a literary production which might vie for brevity with that famous chapter in Pontoppidan's 'History,' 'There are no snakes in Iceland.' As with the Picts and as with the snakes, so with the Eskimo; all that was known of their early history and origin might have been compressed into the narrow compass of an interrogative sentence. Fifty years ago, and, indeed, down to a much later period, the ethnological inquirer might have shouted, 'Who are the Eskimo?' till he was hoarse, and yet received no answer. The little, in fact, that was known of them was derived from persons either too ignorant or too pre-occupied to be able to ascertain the truth. Whaling captains and Arctic voyagers when they came in contact with the *Innuits* in their snow-houses, cared the one only for blubber, which they envied the Eskimo for consuming, the other only for open water and the North-West Passage. 'Whales,' and 'the way to Behring's Strait?' were the only questions which these simple people were required to answer by their visitors, and if they sometimes afforded the whalers welcome information as to whales, the intelligence they could give to the Arctic explorers as to open water towards the North-West was meagre and unsatisfactory in the extreme. The result of the contact between the civilised and uncivilised races was in nowise useful to science. All we knew of the Eskimo from these sources was that they were most accomplished seal- and whale-hunters; that they delighted in blubber, and that when they had plenty of it they lay down on their backs to be crammed by their wives with the precious dainty, of which they were capable of devouring twelve or fourteen pounds in a day. It must be owned that the example thus set them by their elders was well followed by the rising generation. An Eskimo boy—we forget whether it is Parry or Richardson who tells the story—ate in twenty-four hours eight and a half pounds of seal-meat, half frozen and half cooked, one pound and two ounces of bread, and one pint and a half of thick soup; washing all this down with three wine-glasses of Schnapps, a tumbler of grog, and five pints of water. As they seldom or never washed, except when the warm summer sun melted the ice and snow of their huts, they were so dirty that it was hard to tell what the complexion of the race really was under the mask of soot and clotted train-oil which besmeared their faces. It will readily be conceived that a warm bath to such people was more than a luxury. It was, in fact, as dangerous an experiment as a Turkish bath to many Englishmen. In the  
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great interest of tubbing we are happy to say that Parry, who was the first to introduce warm baths among the Eskimo, found that they were attended with the happiest results in the cure of rheumatism and kindred diseases. Besides affording the Eskimo this medical treatment, the various expeditions collected lists of words, but as for these vocabularies of the language, they rivalled that famous one compiled by the veracious Daly in 'Gilbert Gurney' at Boulogne, as the dialect of Timbuctoo, in which 'Phiz' meant lightning, 'Bang,' thunder, and though last, not least, 'Tooroluro,' a wheel-barrow.

Under these circumstances it is fortunate for the Eskimo that they have fallen on a far more critical age, which, in spite of all its absurdities about egg-sucking, can do for them what they would never have been able to do for themselves, that is, tell them who they are and whence they came, and, in fact, expand the question, 'Who were the Eskimo?' into a very satisfactory Ethnological Essay. But let not our readers be alarmed, we are not going to break their heads in this fine autumn weather with a dry philological discussion. We will not drag them from the fresh woods and green fields to ponder over roots and conjugations. All that we shall assume is the right to be rather *doctrinaire*, and to beg them to believe us when we state results. The Eskimo, then, are the most considerable remnant in northern regions of that nameless pre-historic race of fishers and hunters, who once clung to the coasts and shores of Europe, until they were pushed away into the holes and corners, and to the very verge and edge of the great continents of the earth by the successive bands of the Aryan migrations. They once existed in England, France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Spain, in all of which they have left their traces in interments and implements, and laystalls and 'kitchenmixens.' They were of Turanian race; and even at the present day they exist as Basks in the rugged mountains of Spain. In Sweden we find them as Lapps and Finns; and so on along the Russian coast there is a fringe of them that clings to the edge of the land on the shore of the frozen ocean. How the great division of this pre-historic family found their way to the vast and inhospitable regions in which they are now known to foreigners as Eskimo, is open to doubt. The received theory now is that they were forced thither from the coasts both of Asia and America, across Behring's Strait, by the migrations of Indian and Mongolian tribes; but it is at least as likely that these hardy savages, who are nowhere so happy as in their native tents, if they only have plenty of seal-meat and blubber, have existed from time immemorial in the Arctic regions, and in this sense may claim to be

be as really autochthon and indigenous children of the soil, or rather of ice and snow, as any race on the surface of the globe. But whether indigenous or not, there they are, a branch of the great Turanian family, and carrying with them in their speech the best evidence of their origin, in the affinity which their language bears to the Lapp, Bask, Hungarian, and Turkish dialects of their common race. The reader therefore sees at once that these Eskimo, whose existence—huddled up in snow and ice, and condemned for half the year to a perpetual night (which we may assure them from experience is not nearly so dark as London in a really good winter fog), and with few or no wants beyond blubber—seems so wretched and miserable to civilised man, have attained to the dignity of being members of the great body politic of nations, and are by kinship cousins to some of the proudest and haughtiest peoples in the world. There is a Turkish proverb, we believe, which speaks of the pride of the Magyar as exceeding that of the peacock, and no doubt the Magyar repertory of wise saws, which embody the ‘wisdom of many in the wit of one,’ contains a saying as apposite to the Turks; but here we find that the Eskimo are of the same race as both these peacocks, and we dare say have quite as much right to pride themselves on their national characteristics.

And now, having thus settled the position of the Eskimo among the races of the world, let us look a little more closely at them by the aid of the light which the researches of Dr. Rink have shed upon them. If, as we think can be shown, Dr. Rink was fortunate in finding so fresh a subject as the Eskimo and their customs, tales, and traditions, the Eskimo in their turn were lucky in having a spokesman so well qualified to become their advocate. The learned Doctor has, for the last sixteen winters, either been a resident or a traveller on the shores of Davis’ Strait, from the southernmost point of Greenland, Cape Farewell, up to the 73rd degree of north latitude. If we reckon his residence by summers, it was still longer, for he was in Greenland for twenty-two summers. He went out to that somewhat unpromising region from Denmark, his native country, in Government employ, first as a scientific explorer, until, rising in the service, he became Royal Inspector or Governor of the Southern Danish Establishment in Greenland. In one respect he set a good example to all governors who have to deal with the natives of a foreign land: he was not above learning the language and acquiring the speech of the people he was to inspect and govern. In this way he came to know and to love the simple race among whom he lived. He soon saw that there was more in the Greenland Eskimo than mere seal-meat  
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and blubber; that they had a beautiful language and a rich store of traditions and popular tales. These he set himself diligently to collect, and having overcome the natural shyness of all primitive people to impart their popular beliefs to strangers, he ended by gathering more than 500 tales, 150 of which are published in the present volume. These researches enable him to speak with an authority on all that concerns the Eskimo to which no other living man can pretend. In that most useful and laborious work, Ersch and Grüber's 'Cyclopædia,' there is, indeed, a monograph of the Eskimo which summarises all that was known of these tribes up to the date of its publication; but, then, it was written so far back as the year 1843, in what may be called the pre-Franklin times. We are indebted to it for an explanation of the name 'Eskimo,' which, it seems, in the language of the Abenaki, a tribe of Red Indians in Southern Labrador, means 'raw-fish-eaters,' and was given by them to their neighbours in Northern Labrador as a term of reproach and an equivalent for savages. The manners and customs of the Abenaki were, no doubt, rude and wild. They were given to scalp and torment their enemies, like other Red Indians, but to fall so low as to eat their fish raw was an abomination to them, and so when they came across one of the *Innuits*—one of '*the people*' *par excellence*, as their northern neighbours styled themselves—they called him 'Eskimo,' as much as to say, 'There he goes, the raw-fish-eater!' For all the rest of the world the term of reproach applied to one tribe has passed into the name of a nation, and the mockery of the Abenaki, adopted, we believe, in the first instance by the French, has been stereotyped in all books of Arctic travel as the name of the *Innuits*. So far as real knowledge of the Eskimo is concerned, all that has been written of their habits, manners, and customs before Dr. Rink took the subject in hand is little better than so much waste paper. Here was a very interesting race waiting to be understood, and biding its time. Dr. Rink has been the first to do them that good office, and, like the Greek philosopher of old, he appears on the scene of this inquiry, compared with all before him, as a sober man amongst drunkards. Though his book is nominally a collection of popular tales, it contains in reality much more. In an elaborate introduction he treats in order of the means of subsistence of the Eskimo, of their language, social order and laws; of their religion, origin and history, and of the influence which contact with the Europeans has exerted on the race. At last we come to the tales and traditions themselves, but not before we have spent a deal of breath in running our  
course

course through the several heads of inquiry which the learned Doctor has laid down for us.

The first point that strikes the inquirer is the remarkable uniformity of the race as to its language and customs. Though the various tribes are very local in their migrations, clinging to the sea-shore, and very rarely withdrawing for any distance from the coast, their territory—the empire of snow—is immense. Let it be remembered that the Eskimo are the only inhabitants of the shores of Arctic America, and of both sides of Davis' Strait, and Baffin's Bay, including the whole of Greenland. Besides this, they are found inhabiting a tract of about 400 miles on the coast of Asia, beyond Behring's Strait. Southward they extend to about the 50th degree of north latitude on the eastern side, and to the 60th on the western side of America, and to about the 60th degree on the shores of Hudson's Bay. As regards their northern limits, the Eskimo have been found as far north as our expeditions to the North Pole have penetrated; and as they are found most where their means of subsistence are most abundant, it is probable that the expedition of Captain Nares, on which such high hopes hang, may find them still further north in that great unknown region, the mystery of which we trust soon to hear that our countrymen have succeeded in solving. As Kane's and Hall's expeditions found abundance of seals and birds at their furthest point, it is reasonable to suppose that Captain Nares will find Eskimo engaged in fishing and hunting still nearer to the Pole, according to the good old law, that where the carcase is there the eagles will be found. But whether these tribes extend to the Polar Regions or not, it must be admitted that they range as it is over a magnificent territory, so far as space is concerned. From the north-westernmost to the southernmost point, Eskimo land measures about 3200 miles; and more than this, if a tribe at the westernmost end of their Asiatic ground, beyond Behring's Strait, were to be seized with the insane desire to migrate until it reached the extreme eastern limit of the race in Labrador or Greenland, it would have to travel about 5000 miles along the coast before it reached its journey's end. This, however, is mere theory. As we have said, the Eskimo tribes are very local in their habitats; they range over certain limited districts partly laid down by natural obstacles, and partly defined by hostilities and jealousies with other tribes. And yet, in spite of all these vast distances and the difficulty of communication, there is a singular uniformity not only in the physical features of the race, but also in their manners, traditions, and language. Thus, in the case of the tribe which Sir John Ross found in North-East Greenland, about 77° north latitude,

though these 'Arctic Highlanders,' as he called them, believed themselves not only to be the only Eskimo, but even the only inhabitants in the world, the Eskimo interpreter whom Ross brought with him from South Greenland soon recognised their speech as his own, while many of their customs were identical with those of the rest of the race. But though thus uniform, Dr. Rink has done well to map out the Eskimo as it were geographically, and so to put his readers in a position to carry the local habitations of the main divisions of the race in their heads. Of the Greenlanders proper he makes three divisions:—1. The East Greenlanders, who are to be found on the east coast of that country, down to Cape Farewell. 2. The West Greenlanders, or the inhabitants of the Danish Trading Districts from Cape Farewell in the south, up to the 74th degree of north latitude. 3. The Northernmost Greenlanders, the true Hyperboreans of this branch, who inhabit the west coast to the north of Melville Bay, and to whom, as we have already mentioned, Sir John Ross gave the name of 'Arctic Highlanders,' and who from time immemorial appear to have been cut off by impenetrable glaciers to the north and south from the rest of the race. 4. We have the Labrador Eskimo, across the water. 5. The Eskimo of the middle regions, occupying all the coasts and islands from Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, so far as Barter Island, near the Mackenzie River. As Dr. Rink well says, 'This is the most widely spread of them all;' the icy solitudes over which it ranges representing an area measuring 2000 miles long and 800 miles broad. These are the Eskimo proper of whalers and Arctic explorers; these the tribes which Parry and Richardson visited and described, these the kindly savages who witnessed the last agonies of Franklin's devoted band, who preserved the relics of that ill-fated expedition, from whom they were recovered by McClure and M'Clintock, and Osborne and Young, and their gallant companions. 6. Beyond these middle Eskimo come the Western Eskimo inhabiting the remaining coast of America to the west and south; these vary most from the common type, as might be expected, from their proximity to Red Indian tribes, with whom their blood by intermarriage with prisoners has got mixed.—Last of all come the Asiatic Eskimo, purer than those on the American coast, but still not so unmixed as their brethren of the middle and eastern regions.

Mankind, and more especially mankind who are readers, are very exacting in this nineteenth century. But we do not pay any of our readers the bad compliment of supposing him to be so unreasonable as to imagine that Dr. Rink should be intimately acquainted with all the branches of this widespread race.

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To do that he must have spent not sixteen but sixty years in his researches into the *Innuït*, and a real 'Wandering Eskimo' must have stumped over these weary 5000 miles between Cape Farewell and the parts beyond Behring's Strait. It has been cynically said that some men write best on subjects of which they know little and understand less. This cannot be said of Dr. Rink; he writes best where he knows best, and relying on the remarkable uniformity which exists between all Eskimo, he conceives that he has satisfied all the scientific requirements of his investigation by examining one of the principal divisions of the race, taking of course that with which he was best acquainted. To him, therefore, the Greenlanders represent the Eskimo in general as their state may be supposed to have been when Europeans came to settle among them during the early part of the last century. Now as the worthy Doctor is not a Patriarch, and does not even rival Jenkins or Old Parr in the length of his days, it is evident that when he describes the condition of the Eskimo in the year 1720, he must be presenting us with a fancy picture in which he has eked out his own experiences with the traditions and tales of the race. It is probable, however, that as the Danes have always treated these simple people with the most paternal consideration, denying them that firewater, which has ever been the bane of semi-savage races, and in other ways looking after their material and moral needs—it is probable, we say, that the Greenland Eskimo of the present day are comparatively little altered from their ancestors a century ago, except that they now profess Christianity. It may be that they still live on in the good old way, subjects of the Dane, but not Danicised except in a few unimportant matters. In one great point they are undeniably the same. They still subsist upon seals and cetacea, and they still cling, as was the habit of the race in the most ancient times, to the sea-shore. The seal is to them more than rice and the bamboo to the Chinese, or the potato to Paddy before the famine. We have no doubt at all that an Eskimo would prefer seal-meat served up with its attendant blubber, to the most savoury dish of modern cookery. We question if that were put before him, together with a dish of beefsteaks, whether he would not fall to at once at his national dish. He certainly would if the beefsteaks were as tough as domestic steaks served up by that horror, 'a good plain cook,' always are. Besides regarding seal-meat as mere nourishment, the Eskimo set still greater store by it. They look upon it and its fringe of blubber as medicine. Thus when 'Joe,' that heroic Eskimo who supported Hall's Expedition by hunting after Hall himself died, was transplanted to

America and thence to England, and languished and grew consumptive, his only remark on joining Captain Young in the 'Pandora' last year was, 'By-and-by get little seal-meat, then all right;' a prediction which Mr. MacGahan tells us was verified to the letter when he got on his native ice. As soon as they killed their first seal, of which no doubt Joe had his full share, he began to grow fat; his hollow cheeks puffed out, his whole expression changed, and he was in short another man. 'Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret,' which may be freely rendered, 'You may drive out seal-meat with a silver fork, but an Eskimo will always eat it if he can.'

Joking apart, the seal is everything to the Eskimo. Seal-meat and blubber feed him; with seal-skins he is clad, and not only he, but the women of his family, of whom Mr. MacGahan gave such a charming description during his stay at Disco—not to mention two engravings by Eskimo artists, which adorn the present volume, and represent, one a very pretty young girl, the other a young mother, with a coquettish top-knot, clad in seal-skin from head to foot, with a baby in an *amook*, or hood of the same material, peeping over her right shoulder. Why any mother or maid-servant, after beholding this easy way of carrying an infant, should either dandle it on the arm or run the risk of breaking its tiny neck in a perambulator we cannot tell. It might be hot in summer, but in rain and wet and snow, in winter—in ordinary English weather, in short—it is plain that any Lilliputian ware-house that introduces it will confer, as the advertisements say, 'a boon' both on mothers and maids. Perhaps at first those proud nurses, who so long despised perambulators, may look down on the *amook* also with scorn, but their struggle will be all in vain—*solvitur portando*, one trial of the *amook* in Belgrave-square or Portland-place, will establish its supremacy for ever. But to return to our Eskimo. Food and dress go a great way towards making life happy, but the seal does much more for the Eskimo; its skin covers his boats, both great and small; its bladder floats the fatal harpoon, which does it to death by preventing it from diving, while in those rare cases in which the sealer misses his aim, it saves the missile from sinking. Seal blubber supplies their lamps and warms their houses, and in a word, without the seal, an animal easily captured and abundant in the Arctic regions, the Eskimo would not be able to exist a month. As for their dwellings, they are of two kinds—tents in the summer, and houses or huts in the winter; the tents are much the same among all the tribes, raised on poles covered with a double layer of seal-skins, highest at the entrance and lowest at the opposite end. The houses differ; for  
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the most part they are built of stones or turf; the rafters and pillars which support the roof-tree being of wood. It is only the Eskimo of the middle region who construct their houses of blocks of ice; while those of the west build them of planks. They are all on the same plan; the entrance being a long passage, which dips in the middle and rises at each end, probably for what may be called strategical purposes. The house itself invariably consists of one room, in which sometimes several families live together, sleeping along a broad ledge, which, in Greenland at least, only occupies the side of the house opposite to the entrance. Of such a house Dr. Rink gives us a picture as the frontispiece of his volume. It is called the dwelling of 'a very rich family,' and therefore contains many articles of luxury not to be met with in ordinary Eskimo dwellings. Thus, we see a Dutch clock hanging up on the wall, and close by it a fiddle. The sides of the house are adorned with missionary prints, and there are cups and saucers, and vessels of pottery, and that luxury of all luxuries among the Eskimo, a stove. But for the rest the arrangement of the house is as purely Eskimo as the meanest habitation of the race. There are the pillars which support the roof-tree and the rafters; there is the ledge or bench running round the room, on which is seated the father of the family, smoking a pipe, in sign of his idle ease; while one of his sons nurses a baby, and another reads a book. The men among the Eskimo do no domestic work; they fish and hunt, and after they have brought home seals and birds their day's toil is done. The women stitch, and sew, and cook, and tend the house. Thus, to return to the frontispiece, we see the materfamilias struggling with a child behind one of the pillars, which prevents our seeing exactly what she is doing; near her, on the ledge, sit two daughters, the one sewing garments and the other stretching boots of seal-skin, a third is stooping over a tea-kettle and laying the tea-things. On the floor lie a heap of wild-fowl, and under the ledge peep out an earthen pan containing the bones of a seal. Add to these two fowling-pieces on the wall, numerous articles of clothing hung up on strings, and a little bedding, and the aspect of the abode of this 'very rich family' is complete. This picture, which, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to all Eskimo dwellings, shows that the Eskimo may, as Dr. Rink says, be more properly classed among the people having fixed dwellings than among nomadic nations; but this feature in their existence we imagine to be due rather to the necessities than to the desires of the race. It is the cruel winter cold, and ice, and snow, which drive them into tents, and huts, and houses. Hardy as they are, and able to endure the winter without fire in their stuffy and stifling habitations,

tions, they would perish if they were exposed to the full fury of the frost. They would be as nomadic as the Bedouin if they could, as little tied to the soil as a Kaffre or a Bushman; but the climate constrains them, much against their will, to live under shelter for the greater portion of the year.

As fishers and hunters, whose harvest is derived almost entirely from the sea, the Eskimo have little idea of property or trade. The last is confined to articles of barter, exchanged at irregular intervals; and as for their property, it may be called rather common than personal. Beyond a few necessary utensils and arms, together with a store of food sufficient for a portion of the year, few Eskimo have any personal property beyond their clothes and kayaks. All else is owned rather by the community than the individual, and this custom is based on a certain natural partnership, or joint possession of goods, confined to wider or narrower circles of the inhabitants, who, by an instinctive communism, combine to dwell together, often several families in one house, for mutual assistance and support. Of course, the 'very rich family,' of which we have spoken, would be what may be called 'self-contained,' but such affluence was the exception, and not the rule of domestic life among the Eskimo, and is besides a creation of modern times. It sometimes happened that a man's own family, especially when, in the old times, he allowed himself the doubtful luxury of two wives, sufficed to fill a capacious house. In that case the sons and daughters were in no need of other support, and they, too, were self-contained; but, sooner or later, when such a family split up by marriage, other inmates were admitted under the roof who were called 'housemates' or 'housefellows,' and thus three or four, or even more families were found living together, each having its allotted place on the ledge or bench, lit with its own lamp, but all working together for the common good, and owning the house in common. As a natural consequence, it would often happen, in spite of the slow increase of the population, that this community of families outgrew the house, and a new knot of 'placefellows' in other houses arose beyond its walls, forming a hamlet, but still owning certain things in common, and so all bound together by certain ties. In this arrangement Aristotle would have hailed the Eskimo as excellent examples of his dogma, that man is *ζῶον φύσει πολιτικόν*, and, intolerant of isolation, was forced by a law of his nature to combine with his fellows and to found a community. It is remarkable that in these houses and in these communities, though this or that member was esteemed for his own sake, he was never regarded as a chief, and never recognised with

with the respect which each family felt for its own head. The Eskimo, therefore, neither as housemates nor as placefellows submitted to the authority of one of their number. These popular tales teach us how any man who tried to assume such a position was looked upon as an usurper and put down and put an end to by the combined efforts of the placefellows. From this point of view the Eskimo polity was most democratic. They were a combination of freemen, formed out of family life, and they would not tolerate any tyrant among them. Furthermore, if any stranger from a distance wished to settle down and become a member of such a local community, he could only be admitted by the general consent of all the placefellows.

Bearing these institutions in mind, let us now consider more closely some of their laws with regard to property. Of every seal caught at a winter-station, small pieces of flesh, with a proportionate share of blubber, were distributed among all the placefellows. In this way the very poorest could never want for seal-meat or lamp-oil, provided the usual capture of seals did not fail. There could be no Eskimo Jack Horners sitting on the ledge of the house all alone, and munching the seal which they had been fortunate enough to harpoon. Beyond the confines of the district inhabited by such a community any one was at liberty to set up his house and hunt and fish ; and every one, whether in a community or out of it, had the right to all drift-wood which he found and was strong enough to carry up on the shore above high-water mark, taking care to put a stone upon it to mark it as his own. If a seal was harpooned, and escaped with the harpoon sticking in it, it belonged to the harpooner so long as the bladder was attached to the harpoon. If two hunters at the same time hit a seal or bird, it was their joint property, and was equally divided. Whales, however, and other large animals, as walruses and bears, however captured, were considered common property, as being of that size and strength that, except in rare cases, they could only be secured by the united strength of the community. In case no seals or other food were brought home to a house, those families in it who were best off for provisions invited the inmates, but not the placefellows, to share their meat with them. In no stipulation does the common right to share all the property that another had beyond necessary articles stand out so prominently as in that which provided that if a man borrowed the tools or weapons of another, and lost or injured them, he was not bound to make any compensation to the owner ; for it was based on the notion that if a man had anything to spare or to lend, it was considered as superfluous, and not held with the same right of possession as his more necessary belongings,



ings, but, on the contrary, as something to be classed among those goods which were possessed in common with others. In fact, we are led to the conclusion that the right of any individual to hold more than a certain amount of property was jealously regarded by the rest of the community, who did not scruple to borrow it and waste it. No one could deprive any man of his weapons or his clothes; but if he possessed more than a certain amount of that property, his right to it passed away and became vested rather in the community who could use and wear it than in him who could not. There was no room in the Eskimo code for the hundreds of coats and waistcoats which fashionable tailors send in to the account of silly young men. This common-sense view of the accumulation of property led to a very natural result. Superfluous clothes or weapons rarely existed; and even in the case of kayaks, though a man might possess two of these necessary boats, if he owned three, the third must be lent to some relative or housemate. According to this view of political economy, anything that was not used was regarded as idle, and wasted, and liable to forfeiture for the good of the community.

These rights of the community were accompanied with certain obligations on the individuals who composed it. It was considered as law that every man, as far as he was able to do so, should follow the trade of a hunter on the sea, and catch seals and whales until he was either disabled by age or had a son to succeed him. If he neglected this duty, on which, indeed, the foundations of the whole community rested, he brought on himself the reproaches, not of his housemates alone, but of the placefellows as well. Further, if he neglected to bring up his children to the sea from their earliest years, he was pointed at as a 'ne'er-do-weel,' who reflected no credit on the community.

Out of this intimate way of life, family side by side with family living in so many compartments of the broad bench in each house, another peculiarity of Eskimo life sprung, and one which we must say reflects the greatest credit on that innocent race. Living so closely packed together, though after all not nearly so closely as the lodgers in many a house near the Seven Dials, *a friendly way of conversing*, Dr. Rink tells us, was necessary. All high words and quarrelling were considered unlawful. They evidently considered scolding like the letting out of water, and nipped it in the bud by universal consent. An Eskimo house, therefore, was never the scene of such Irish, and for that matter English 'rows,' as may be heard in poor quarters of this metropolis any Saturday night. The very language of the Eskimo is devoid of any real words for scolding—the 'slang' of the Briton and the '*Scheltwörter*' of the Teuton are alike absent  
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in the vocabulary of that long-suffering race. How, then, do they show their annoyance at an offence? 'By silence,' says Dr. Rink. At anything unpleasant the Eskimo hold their tongues, not, like the Psalmist, 'from good words,' but from bad; a fact which shows how far superior they are in patience and forbearance to us, for we have always understood that if there is anything in the world more aggravating to an angry man or woman than another it is to answer nothing to his passionate exclamations; but this treatment, which with us only heaps coals of fire on his hot head, among the Eskimo soon brings the offender to reason.

One great advantage of this peaceful temper and of the community of property was the total absence of litigation and law. No one could sue a man and deprive him of his necessities in clothes and weapons, and as for all the rest of the property of the placefellows or housemates, there could be no legal contention when it was vested in all alike. Some one said that his notion of Paradise was a state of society in which there were no courts of justice. If that Utopian be now alive, he should instantly pack up his portmanteau, which will probably contain all that the law has left him, and taking a passage to Greenland, apply to be admitted a housemate in one of their happy families. But it is literally true there are no courts, except in certain cases to be mentioned, in which the priests enjoy a delegated power; but as even in the happiest condition of society man is fallible, so there are occasional offenders among the Eskimo. A man, therefore, who makes himself disagreeable to his companions and persists in any wrongdoing, is shamed out of his naughty ways by public opinion. At certain times of the year there are meetings for games and festive purposes, which, absurd as it may seem, answer very closely to the great games and gatherings of Greece. There, before the eyes of all the people, the case of the community against the offender was stated in verse, called a '*nith song*,' to which, if he had any answer, he replied in the same strain, each party drumming and dancing as it stated its case. Sometimes the singers were single, at others they were what we should call assisted by counsel, who also sung and drummed and danced. When these pleadings were over, the cheering or dissent of the assembly at once represented the judgment of the country as well as the punishment. Let us hope that all offenders in Greenland have thus been shamed out of their wickedness.

Occasionally, of course, there were great crimes. The race believed, and still believes, in witchcraft and punishes witches, not only on the principle of Hobbes, that though they can do no harm

harm they ought to be punished, because they believe they can do it; but also because a man who believes that he is bewitched is for all harmful purposes as badly off as if he actually were in that unhappy condition. Our improved laws refuse to recognise the belief in the black art, which, in spite of the diffusion of useful knowledge, is still so deep-seated among our rural population; and so yokels, who believe themselves to be bewitched, meet with little sympathy from judge or jury. But in simple Greenland it is or was very different; there the witches believe that they can bewitch, and the bewitched believe in witchcraft; and so witches are punished by the priests, for this belongs to moral and ecclesiastical rather than to common law. In early heathen times witches were certainly put to death by the priests; but it is not quite clear what becomes of them under the Dano-Christian dispensation. In like manner, in old times, as we have intimated, ambitious persons who aimed at acquiring more property or power than the community thought good either for themselves or the state were solemnly and deliberately put to death, while ordinary cases of homicide and murder were left to private law,—that is, to the revenge of blood, which fell as a duty on the nearest male relative of the slain, who, having discharged that duty, was bound to denounce himself to the relatives of the man on whom he had fulfilled the sacred duty.

As to religion the Eskimo, before they conformed to Christianity, had little or none; but that little sufficed for their simple condition of existence. On one point they were as liberal as the Oxford undergraduate, who, when called on for a text to prove the unity of the Godhead, answered, 'There is but one God and Mahomet is his prophet.' They believe that man has a soul, which exists after death; but they extend this belief to the lower animals, which they endow with souls of their own, and at the same time believe that the souls of men can migrate to the bodies of such animals. As to the Higher Powers, they believe that the whole visible world is ruled by supernatural powers, whom they call *Owners*, and as almost every object has its owner, this belief would seem to be a modified Pantheism. As for their cosmogony, the earth with the sea upon it rests on pillars, and covers another world, and is itself covered by an upper world above the clouds. After death human souls go either up or down; but, reversing the belief of all races, the good go to the nether world, where they live in abundance, and are called *arsissut*, that is those who live up to the Dutchman's maxim that more than enough constitutes a feast. It is a land not of milk and honey, but of perpetual seal-meat and blubber. The bad, on the other hand, go to the upper world, where they suffer

suffer continually from frost and famine. Like the ancient Lydians they cheat their appetites, and at the same time amuse themselves by playing at ball with a walrus-head, and thence arises the *Aurora Borealis*. It is probable, as in other mythologies, that the Eskimo were at first content with the pantheistic arrangement of supernatural owners who ruled each particular object in the universe; but such a creed is only transitory, and ends in the belief of one Supreme Power. This being was called by the Eskimo *Tornasuk*, 'the supreme helper,' who only, it seems, revealed himself to the *angahoks*, or wise men, that is to the priests. The Goddess of Plenty who, under certain conditions, becomes a Goddess of Famine, they imagined as sitting in front of her house, burning a lamp, and as the oil trickles down from its overflow, it generates the animals which serve man for food. This is when she is in a good humour; when she is in a bad one, she turns her lamp and withholds the supply of oil, and then the people starve. It does not appear whether Tornasuk has any authority over her; but it is clear if he has, that he does not always exert it, for every Eskimo knows there are seasons when seals fail, and famine follows.

We now come to witchcraft, on which we must first remark that it really, among the old Eskimo, was 'Diamond cut diamond,' or 'Set a thief to catch a thief.' As the whole race believed much more in witchcraft than in anything else, when anyone was bewitched he betook himself to the black art for redress. Perhaps as this was practised after resorting to the wise men, or *angahoks* or priests, it might be called 'white art,' as ecclesiastically legitimate; but still it was, after all, nothing but witchcraft. Thus though the priest in what might be called easy cases relied on prayers, in cases of inveterate bewitchment he prescribed counter-charms and incantations, and if these failed, went on to amulets or *arnuat*, which were ordinary objects, as parts of a bird or beast, which having been in contact with certain gifted persons, i.e. *angahoks*, or supernatural beings, were endowed with the power of holding the possessor safe against all the machinations of witchcraft. They were wonderful things these amulets, if we are to believe all that is told of them, for in some cases they enabled a man to change his shape into that of the animal out of whose skin it was made. In very bad cases of witchcraft there was a more 'soveran' remedy still, this was the *tupilak*, or imaginary animal which was sent out to destroy an enemy. This device differed from the amulet in being a sort of Frankenstein, created by the sender. A wizard, for instance, out of a bit of bearskin, would fashion an icebear, and bid him be off, and rend his enemy to death.

death. In such a dreadful state of things what was to be done? except to borrow a leaf out of the wizard's book, and create and send out another imaginary beast, if possible, still more formidable, to destroy both the wizard and his *tupilak*. It seems to have been the view of the angakoks that it was perfectly fair to hoist the arch-enemy with his own petard. A *tupilak* sanctioned by them was a religious dispensation, but if it originated with a wizard, he might be put to death. *Defensio non provocatio* was probably their motto, like that of the Licensed Victuallers, who sell tea to ruin their enemies the grocers who sell beer and spirits.

As to the priests or angakoks themselves, they were more formidable, but fortunately more benevolent beings than the witches. They were not priests by inheritance, like the Levites, but by prayer, and fasting, and study. By this means they acquired the power of passing out of their own bodies; and after a vision, in which Tornasuk himself appeared to the novice, he granted him a *tornak*, or guardian spirit, whom he could ever afterwards call to his aid. The appearance of the *tornak* was always attended with flame and fire, and occasionally the soul of the angakok flew out of its body, and through a hole in the roof, to take a flight for religious purposes. An accepted angakok was frequently consulted, not only in cases of witchcraft, as we have seen, but in discovering the cause of disasters, as well as to procure favourable weather for hunting, or bringing seals and whales to the coast, and in the case of the dying, to console them; and after chanting the happiness of the world to come, to send them out of life to the beat of a muffled drum. We are sorry to add, that in their communications to the people on these important matters, they used allegorical expressions which were as puzzling to the uninitiated as the law terms used to the Chiquanous in Rabelais. Dr. Rink tells us that the unshaken faith with which the population regarded the marvellous deeds of the priests cannot be explained except by supposing them to have had a more profound knowledge of the laws of nature, enabling them to forecast matters which depended on physical causes. No doubt they were more intelligent than the rest of the community, that is invariably the case with the priesthood among primitive people. The charter of their power is superior knowledge, but to a much greater extent the secret of their influence rested in the belief of the people in their power for good or ill, a belief which they also undoubtedly shared. It was not exactly the faith that could remove mountains, but it was capable of making the paths of a simple people straight in that condition of society.

Besides

Besides these priests who had a recognised status, there were other men who, though not exactly witches or priests, possessed extraordinary powers, and whom we meet constantly in these tales. First came the *kivigtoks*, recluses who fled from mankind and led a life alone with nature up in the heart of the country. Why should it be so? but so it was, that this kind of existence was attended with wonderful results; a *kivigtok* not only acquired enormous agility, but learned the speech of animals, and even knew, how we cannot tell, all about 'the pillars which support this upper earth.' In other countries a solitary retirement is not attended with such advantages, nor adopted on such easy terms, for men became *kivigtoks* for very slight reasons. If they were treated with injustice, or even scolded by their kindred or housemates, they were so hurt that they fled away, and we should say, bit the noses off their own faces. In England the worst that a man would do to spite himself under such circumstances, would be to farm a turnpike, in which occupation he may indulge his desire for solitude, and revenge himself on the community by making them pay toll at one and the same time. What will become of this class of discontents when turnpikes are abolished we really cannot tell. Then there were the *angerdlartugsiaks*, a most delightful class both as to the spelling of their names and their pursuits. This was a man of most peculiar education. It consisted in fitting him not for this present life, but for a paulo-post future existence, so that he might be called to life again in case he should ever be drowned—a very common accident, be it remembered, among the Eskimo. This education was also strange; the mother was to fast strictly, the child was to be accustomed to all kinds of nasty smells, and though last not least he was never to hurt a dog, an article of the educational code which we think it was a mistake in Lord Sandon not to put into his Bill last Session. Finally, when he took to kayaking his father mumbled a prayer over him, and he was sure to come to life again if he was so unfortunate as to be drowned. Besides these special cases the tales are full of fabulous men and monsters, with whom the *Innuits* have adventures, and as in the case of the Norsemen and the Trolls, almost invariably have the best of the encounter. It is the old rule that brute strength, unaided by wit, is unequal to cope with superior intelligence and less physical force; in this respect the Eskimo tales are Jack the Giant Killer over again.

As for the 'Tales' themselves, they will hold their own for genuineness and truth with those of any race. Lessons of justice and truth are always inculcated, and often in a terrible way.

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The first we shall quote is a stern exhortation to charity, and the duty of housemates. Once on a time there was a poor orphan-boy who lived among a lot of uncharitable men. His foster-mother was a wretched old woman, and his name was Kagsagsuk. They were not allowed to enter the house, but had their abode in a little shed next to the house-passage. There Kagsagsuk lay among the dogs, and at times when he crawled along the sunken passage up to the door, some of the inmates would raise him up by putting their fingers into his nostrils, which grew and grew, while the rest of him did not grow at all. He had wretched fare, and was the laughing-stock of the whole company. At last his foster-mother got him a pair of boots, and sent him up into the hills, telling him to call out, 'Lord of strength, come forth.' Immediately there appeared to him an *amarok*, that is a monstrous and fabulous wolf, which twisted its tail round him and threw him down. As he lay he heard a rustling, and saw a number of seal-bones, like small toys, falling from his body. 'It is because of these bones that thy growth has been stopped,' said the amarok, which threw him down four times with the same result. The fifth time he did not fall, and went home running and jumping. Every day he returned to the amarok, and at last he grew so strong that even the beast could not overthrow him, and then it spoke: 'That will do, no man can now conquer thee any more, go home and keep to thy old ways; when winter comes then will be the time to show thyself; three great bears will then appear, and they shall all be killed by thy hand.' Home he went, and bore the mocking of the men, and the pelting of the girls and boys, as before, till autumn came. One day the kayakers brought home a huge piece of drift-wood, which was too heavy to be carried up to the house at once. At night Kagsagsuk stepped down to the spot, shouldered the log, and ran up with it to the house. In the morning all the men cried out, 'Who ever could have done this? There surely must be a very strong man among us;' and the young men all gave themselves great airs, that each might be believed to be the great unknown strong man, the impostors!

Still Kagsagsuk remained unknown, till in the winter the three bears came, but no one ventured to run the risk of attacking them. 'Mother,' said Kagsagsuk, 'lend me thy boots, that I, too, may have a look at the bears.' She gave them, and added mocking, 'Then fetch me a skin for my couch, and another for my coverlet in return.' All the men thought him out of his wits, but he ran down to the shore, shouldering them on one side as though they had been a shoal of little fish. His heels  
seemed

seemed to touch his neck, and the snow sparkled like a rainbow before him. Mounting the iceberg, he seized the biggest bear by the paw, turned round for a moment to make himself 'hard' by a charm, and dashed the beast against the iceberg till the haunches parted from the body. Then he hurled the carcass down among the bystanders, bawling out, 'This was my first catch, now flense away and share.' They all thought the second bear would be his death, but the second and the third fared much in the same way, except that Kagsagsuk caught hold of the third by the fore-paws, and went swinging it round his head among the crowd, crying out, 'This fellow behaved shamefully to me, and this fellow still worse,' until they all fled before him. On entering the passage he gave his mother the two bear-skins, and ordered the meat to be cooked. Now every one asked him to enter the main room, but he only peeped over the threshold, saying, 'I really can't get across unless some one lifts me up by the nostrils.' No one dared to do so, till his old mother came and lifted him up. Every one was now very civil: 'Sit here, sit there,' they said, and offered him boots and breeches, and all the girls wanted to sew clothes for him. After supper, one of the inmates bade one of the girls go and draw water for 'dear' Kagsagsuk. She brought it, and he took a drink, and drew her tenderly to him, but all at once he squeezed her so hard that the blood gushed from her mouth; but he only said, 'Why, I think she has burst,' while her parents said, 'Never mind, she was good for nothing but to fetch water.' By-and-by the boys came in, and he called out, 'What mighty seal-hunters you will make;' at the same time seizing hold of them and crushing and tearing them to pieces. But their friends only said, 'It doesn't matter, he has only played a little at shooting.' Thus Kagsagsuk went on, putting to death all the inmates of the house till he had made an end of them. As for the poor who had been kind to him he treated them well, and shared the store of food laid up for the winter with them. Then taking the best of the kayaks, he roved up and down the coast to show his strength, so that all along the shores records of his great deeds are shown, and this is why the story of Kagsagsuk is believed to be true.

He was, in short, a kind of Eskimo Hercules or Grettir. One remarkable ruin on an island is said to be his bear-trap, referring to which the native relator adds, satirising the European love for collecting curiosities: 'I wonder why the King himself, who seems so fond of collecting rare things, has not taken one of those stones and carried it off in a ship.'

There is a grim humour throughout that tale. Another stigmatises



tises a practice of which some have very unjustly accused the Eskimo. It was said of Igimarasugsuk that he lost wife after wife, but nobody knew that he used to eat them and their children. At last he married a girl who had a younger brother ; and one day he took his axe and struck off the boy's head, and then made his wife cook some portions of the body. She obeyed, for fear, but when she was told to eat some of her brother she only made believe, and hid her share under the ashes. 'I really think thou art weeping,' said the husband. 'No,' she said, 'I am only a little shy.' Now, this cannibal's thoughts were set on eating her too, and to make her fat, he told her to eat nothing but reindeer tallow, and only to drink as much water as a shell would hold. So she grew so fat, that she could scarcely stir. One day he went out, and then she rolled herself off the ledge and so to the door and out of doors, into a muddy pool, and took a good draught. Then she felt less heavy, and was able to get up and walk. Returning to the house, she stuffed out her jacket to look like herself, and, fearing her husband's return, she charmed herself into a large log of drift-wood, which opened and closed on her and hid her. The husband came back, and ran his lance into the stuffed jacket, and finding out what it was, followed his wife by her footsteps to the log, where the track failed, and he called out 'Wretch that I am ; what a pity that I waited so long before killing her.' Soon after she heard him go away, and then she charmed herself out of the log and into a fox's earth, to which he again followed her, still bemoaning his hard fate that he had not eaten her. So she went on flying before him, and he bewailing himself, till she escaped, and fell upon folk to whom she told her story. They took her home, but she said 'Igimarasugsuk has eaten his wives and his brother-in-law, and he will be soon here to eat me. As he is very fond of good living, be sure you treat him civilly and well.' Sure enough he soon arrived, and she hid herself behind a skin curtain. The other inmates rose to meet him, and said 'We hope thy people at home are quite well.' 'They are well, indeed,' he said. Then they served him up food, and asked him to play them a tune on the drum. 'Nay!' he said, 'but you ought rather to play to me.' So the master of the house seized the drum and began to sing, 'Igimarasugsuk, the cruel man who ate his wives.' At these words, says the tale, Igimarasugsuk 'blushed all over his face and down his throat,' as well he might ; but the singer went on, 'and his last wife was forced to eat some of her own brother's arm.' Then the wife came forward, and said, 'No, indeed, I did not, for I hid my share under the ashes.' Then the company seized him, and his wife slew him with a lance, in blood

blood revenge for her brother, and as she slew him she said, 'Dost thou remember thrusting thy lance into my stuffed seal-skin jacket?'

This is a story which shows in the plainest light the antipathy of the race to cannibalism; but, indeed, in the overabundance of seal- and whale-meat, the Eskimo have no excuse for that horrid practice, to which other savages have been driven by sheer necessity. How, for instance, were the New Zealanders to support life without resorting to cannibalism on an island, fruitful in few things except fern-roots, and on which the largest four-footed animal was a rat?

Again, in another story, two brothers lose their sister and set out to seek her; they cross mountain after mountain in their sledges, drawn by dogs, and at last found her. As she was gone before they were grown up they could only know her by a sign, and that was, that her hair was white on one side of her head. But they found her in strange company, combing the hair of a nasty-looking man, and this they saw by mounting the roof and looking down the venthole of the house. The customs of the Eskimo are not like ours. None of us could attract attention by clambering up to the roof of a house and spitting down the chimney; but that was what these brothers did in that strange land, and with immediate effect, for their sister gave the nasty man a push and bade him go out and see who it was that had come to them from afar. The man took his bow and went out, and then the brothers told him who they were and why they came, and he asked them in, and a large tub of blubber and bones was set before them, and they were just about to be happy, when, lo! and behold! they saw a human hand floating in the tub. 'We don't eat such food as this,' they said, but their sister and her children fell-to. 'Hast thou turned cannibal?' they said. 'This nasty fellow has made me one,' she said, and gave him another push. Seeing they were so squeamish, the master of the house, who, though a cannibal, was not a bad fellow, cooked other food for them; and, fearing that his neighbours would attack his brothers-in-law, sent out and cut all the traces of their sledges. This was done, as they supposed, but the traces of one sledge were uncut. After supper, the man said they had better be off. 'I will see you on the way till you have got a good start, and then I will give a shout, and you will see what will happen.' At parting he said, 'Now you know the way to our house, do come back and visit your sister.' Off they went, and when they were well on the ice, he cried out, 'The visitors are setting off.' In a trice the place was black with folk—some half-clad, some stark naked—but all

making for their sledges. The travellers pressed on their dogs, but one sledge followed and gained on them. Now their brother-in-law stood them in good stead; he pursued that sledge and slew the driver, besides a number of other people; and the last they saw of him was loading his sledge with the limbs of the slain—no doubt for his larder. It was long before the brothers reached home, and told the tale how their sister had turned cannibal, but they never went to see her again.

As marriages are much encouraged among the Eskimo, old bachelors are objects of scorn and mockery; and even when they repent, and change their state, things seldom go right with them. Once on a time there was such an old bachelor, who used to amuse himself at playing with the skulls of seals, calling them his children, and bidding them to be good boys. But finding this dull work, he went away up the country, and there caught sight of a great many women bathing in a lake. At this sight he stole up to the spot where their clothes lay, seized those of the prettiest, and then came boldly forward. As soon as they were aware of him all the women rushed to their clothing, and putting it on, were turned into birds and flew away. She only remained whose clothing he held, and he went up to her and asked her to be his wife. She said 'Yes; but only give me my clothes,' and he gave them to her, but he still held her fast lest she too should fly away. So she dressed herself, and he took her home and married her; but for some time he was afraid to go out in his kayak, lest she should take wing and fly away. At last she said, 'You may rely upon me, for I love you.' So he went out sealing, and they had two children and were happy. But when the children could use their legs, she took them out to walk, and bade them gather feathers, saying, 'Children, ye are akin to birds.' So when they had gathered enough, she tied a pair of wings on her eldest son, and he became a sea-bird and flew away; then another pair on his brother, and he flew away; and last of all she, too, took wings and followed them. When the old husband came home and found them gone, he was very sad, and followed them in his new kayak, and at last he met a man who, for the sake of a good axe, told him what to do. 'Go and sit down on the tail of a salmon in yonder river, and when thou hearest the voices of children mind thou dost not open thine eyes.' The old man obeyed, and, shutting his eyes, was borne by the salmon down the stream, and at last he heard the voices of children saying, 'Alas! our father is nigh,' and then their mother answered, 'Lo! we left your father with no wings to bring him hither;' but for all that the children said, 'Our father is come.' Whether the  
father

father now opened his eyes and broke the charm the story does not say, but he went on shore and up to a house with five windows, and, going in, he saw that the inmates were all women, except one man with a pug nose, who sat close to his wife, and kept on saying, 'Wilt thou not marry me?' but all the answer he got was, 'No, I have already got another husband.' The inmates now began to go out, and at last only the old man and his wife and the pug-nosed man were left. Next, the pug-nose went out, and then the old man tried to take his wife back but she quickly followed the others out, and when he pursued her she and all the rest of the women became changed into gulls, and the pug-nosed man was changed into a wild-duck; and when the old husband turned round he saw that the fine house was nothing but a gulls' nesting ledge.

Here at least in this homely and somewhat confused form we find a story which has made the round of the world. These gulls are the representatives of the Swan Maidens in the Edda, of the Fair Melusina in Romance fiction, and of the seal wives in Orkney, who on regaining their skins desert their land husbands and swim off to join their old seal husbands in the sea.

The duty of the blood revenge is inculcated in the following story:—The parents of Namak were both killed when he was a child by their housefellows, but a man took pity on him and adopted him. This foster-father was never tired of worrying him and trying to frighten him, to test his spirit. Sometimes when he was asleep he would shout in his ear, 'Namak, thy enemies have come to kill thee too.' Sometimes, again, he would call out, 'How forgetful Namak is! Here are his parents newly murdered, and he is forgetting all about it.' As he grew up his foster-father gave him a sling, bidding him practise with it. So Namak practised slinging and soon got very skilful. At the same time he grew stronger and stronger, and was ever thinking of his wrongs, and at last he said his sling was not strong enough, so his foster-father cut him another out of the very thickest sealskin and left off gibing at him, for he was afraid of him. Others too seem to have got afraid of him, for it was reported one day that Namak's enemies meant to go further north in the spring. This made him mad, a feeling which his foster-father fed by calling out when spring came, 'Namak, thine enemies are making ready to depart.' But it was a false alarm, though for all that Namak seized hold of a large seal, turned it over with one hand, and cut himself a new thong for his sling. That was proof enough how strong he was. At last the hour came about which his foster-father had so often cried 'wolf.' 'Namak,' he cried, 'thine enemies are departing,'

but Namak would not stir, he had been too often cheated. At last he heard the rattle of their tent-poles as they pulled them down, and then he took his sling and lay in ambush on the shore behind some great heaps of stones. As the first boat was launched 'bang' went a big stone through it, and it sunk with all the crew, who cried 'Alas! alas!' Another boat came to the vessel, that too he sunk, and a third with all on board. One boat was saved, for it had pushed straight out to sea instead of skirting the shore. All which may be seen in the most original and graphic engraving by a native artist of the slinger hurling stones from his mighty sling while the boats are foundering and the unhappy crews struggling in vain amid the waves.

Now Namak's mind had a little peace. He married and had a son, but it galled him to know that some of his enemies had escaped and were thriving in the north, and so he taught his son to be a good kayaker, and then they both set off to look their enemies up. As they rowed along the coast their constant inquiry was 'Where are Namak's enemies?' and the answer always was, 'Farther north.' At last they reached the spot, and asked the people who came down to meet them on the shore, 'Where are Namak's enemies?' This was a question which the inmates of the house were too polite, or perhaps did not care, to answer. They retired into their house, and Namak and his son set up their tent on the shore, and kayaked and did the best they could for themselves, but they were never invited into the house. At last it blew strong one morning from the south-west, and all the kayakers stayed at home. Then the word was passed to their tent, 'Every one wants to see Namak.' He was ready in a moment, and his son went with him. Inside they found meat set for two, of which the son ate little, but Namak went on eating till he had finished the dish.—Here we must take our readers a little into our confidence, and tell them that it is usual for those who enter a Greenland house to take off their upper garments, a custom which we are sorry to add does not imply the use of under garments. In the engravings of Eskimo interiors all through this volume, the inmates of a house, men and women alike, are naked to their waists; boots and breeches are what may be called the undress of Eskimo domestic life. But to return to Namak:—After he had eaten his meal in silence, one of the enemies proposed a series of games, saying, 'Ye ought to try your strength at pulling the thong first,' and with these words he pulled the thong fitted with walrus' teeth from under the bench, and threw it on the skin on which the champion had to sit on the floor; the game being intended to try the strength of him  
who

who was able to pull the other over and off the skin. But Namak said, 'This is child's play,' and with these words he took up the thong, tore it asunder, and threw the bits down on the floor. Then another proposed to try strength with him, by hooking arms and trying to pull each other across the skin. So Namak sat down on it, and they all tried, but there was no one who could so much as move his arm in the least.—Of all which we again have a charming engraving, representing Namak and his son naked to the waist, and surrounded by their enemies in the same primitive garb. At last the son went home, and Namak stayed behind, while his enemies went out. Then he slowly put on his outer coat, *more Hibernico*, expecting an attack, but none came. At last in the spring, having sufficiently dared his enemies to attack him, he and his company returned south. This we trust our readers will think a very characteristic story, and to it the native writer has added the following curious remark:—'It is generally supposed that if Namak's foster-father had not continually excited him, he would scarcely have grown to be so immensely strong. People say that 'among our ancestors before they became Christians, there was no lack of strong men, because their *bad consciences* induced them to cultivate their strength. Nowadays since people have turned Christians and have no bad consciences, there are no strong men among them.' On which we only remark, *O! fortunati nimium!*

We have now nearly said our say about the Eskimo and their manners, customs, and tales; but a very interesting question remains, to which we must devote a little space. It is this—how far these customs are purely Eskimo, and whether they have not a dash and smack of those of another race. Dr. Rink, we know, will not hear of any such heresy, and says expressly, while he admits that the inhabitants in Southern Greenland are of mixed descent from Eskimo and Northmen, that the latter have not left the slightest sign of any influence on the nationality or culture of the present natives. In spite of this, we are bound to say that there is ample evidence of such an influence, and that it is supplied by the learned doctor himself in this very volume. In the first place, what are those verses by which offenders are shamed into propriety but mere copies of a custom of the Scandinavians, whose habit it was to recite them at great gatherings of the people? More than this, the very name by which they are known in Greenland at this day is not an Eskimo, but a Scandinavian word. Every reader of the 'Egils Saga' knows what a *nith* song is. The word is not Turanian, but Aryan, and is akin to the '*niddering*' of the Anglo-Saxons. It means a mocking, spiteful song, such as would be likely to injure the reputation of him

him against whom it has aimed. In the same way the ball-play of the Eskimo, which frequently occurs in these stories, is nothing but the hand and football of the Icelanders; while, as to those trials of strength which we have seen in 'Namak's Story,' they are literally the same, down to the custom of sitting or standing on a skin, as those found in Icelandic Sagas. There is an Icelandic proverb which talks of tugging a rope against a strong man, and the practice of testing strength by locking arms was also common among them. As for the *tupilak* of these tales, it answers exactly to the '*sending*' of the Icelanders as described in Arnason's 'Popular Tales of Iceland.' And if we look a little closer at the history of Greenland, we shall see that *à priori* this was likely to be the case. There is no doubt that when Eric the Red colonised Greenland, about the year 1000 of our era, he found the climate less rigorous than it now is; and so, in a comparatively short term, sprung up tidy farms and flourishing villages, not only along the West but also on the East coast, which is now a howling wilderness of ice and snow. We know that on the egg-sucking principle wise men have recently denied that the Icelanders ever colonised the East coast at all; but when they called it *Eystrabygd*, they meant *Vestrabygd*; but like the sparrows who would not stay to be pelted, we do not think the Icelandic colonists were such fools. We think when they said East they meant East, and that they colonised the East coast down to Cape Farewell, as well as the West up to Disco. So long as the communication with Iceland and still more with Norway was kept up, the colony flourished and even stretched out its arms and discovered part of the North-American coast. But besides a better climate than that which exists at present, Eric the Red and his companions found something else in Greenland which also exists at present in that country. These were the Eskimo, whom, however much their strength and prowess is lauded in these Tales, there can be no doubt that the hardy Northern sea-rovers regarded with contempt as an inferior race. In fact, they disposed of them in a word and called them '*Skrælings*,' that is, 'shrivelled chips of creatures.' So things went on for about three centuries; but at last, as the old sea-roving and trading spirit died out in the North, fewer ships from Norway and Iceland hailed for Greenland; the cold at the same time increased in Greenland, as it undeniably has in Iceland, and the colony languished. But what was death to the Northmen was life to the *Skrælings*. They much preferred winter to summer, frost to sunshine, and seal-meat to rye-bread. They waxed while their enemies waned, grew troublesome, cut off settlements to

to the North, and were engaged in an incessant struggle with their enemies when, early in the fifteenth century, the last ship brought news of Greenland to Norway. It was not for two centuries afterwards that the curtain again rose on Greenland, when it was rediscovered by Davis at the close of the sixteenth century. At that time the struggle had ended in the triumph of the Eskimo, who were supposed to have made short work of the hated race of the *Kavdlunait*, or 'foreigners.' But here, as in other cases, the conquering race merely absorbed the conquered, and intermarrying with them, amalgamated the two races and fused them into one. The case was much the same with the Saxons and the Romano-British, and the Picts and Scots. It is a very large order to cut off a race to the last man, especially in a country where men are far more useful alive than dead. It is only in China and in very overpeopled countries that man is a drug, and that prisoners and captives are ruthlessly exterminated. No doubt the Northmen had to suffer much during the struggle; but as soon as it was over the good easy nature of the Eskimo was ready to receive them as friends and brothers. In this way many of the customs and traditions, and a portion of the vocabulary of the Northmen, passed over to the race into which they had been fused and lost. We have now said our say, but we hope we have said enough to show that both for themselves and their traditions the Eskimo are a very interesting people, and that Arctic voyagers might fare farther and fare worse than if they came upon the house of 'a very rich Eskimo family.'

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- ART. III.—1. *Letters and other Writings of the late Edward Denison, M.P.* Edited by Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart. London, 1872.
2. *Our New Masters.* By Thomas Wright (the Journeyman Engineer). London, 1873.
3. *The Seven Curses of London.* By James Greenwood.
4. *Fauperism: its Causes and Remedies.* By Henry Fawcett, M.A., M.P. London, 1871.
5. *The Confessions of an Old Almsgiver.* 1871.
6. *Homes of the London Poor.* By Octavia Hill. London, 1875.
7. *The Charitable Administration of an East-end Mission District.* By A. W. H. C. 1872.
8. *Charity Organisation Reporter.* Published weekly during the



the sittings of Council by the Society for Organising Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity.

9. *Provident Dispensaries.* London, 1871.
10. *Address on the Systematic Visitation of the Poor.* By Sir Charles Trevelyan. London, 1870.
11. *Low's Handbook of the Charities of London.* 1875.
12. *First Annual Edition of the Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities.* London, 1876.
13. *A Handy Book for Visitors of the Poor in London.* By Charles B. P. Bosanquet, M.A. 1874.

A WISE man has said, 'Set thyself to do good, and thou shalt have sweet moments and bitter hours: nevertheless, thou must do good to thy neighbour, or thou art not worthy of God's gifts.' The self-rewarding nature of acts of benevolence is greatly overstated. To those who enter the field from impulse and emotional self-indulgence, they offer only that evanescent glow which results from all excitement. To those who put their hand to the plough in earnest, and especially in such a soil as London now presents, they are alternately exercises of the sternest faith and purest self-denial, and temptations to doubt, and even to despair. In no career must the heart be more carefully ridden by the head than in a career of philanthropy. When we try to imitate the Divine attribute of love, we are soon reminded of the need of that of Divine wisdom as well. So difficult is the right control of that passion of so-called charity—only too ardent and spontaneous in many—that it may be said of it, as of another passion as hard to restrain, '*Do good and sin not.*' As a science truly must the art of doing good be treated; by experiment and by result; practically, not empirically; by the spirit, not by the letter, till we reach 'the law within the law,' the good which does no harm—the charity that interferes not with the appointments of God.

Just as much as there is a good and an evil principle in life, so is there a true and a false in some of the highest qualities in man's nature; in his humility, his simplicity, and especially in his charity. But that the indiscriminate application of the same word to the most opposite purposes is too firmly established to be eradicated, we should be tempted to protest against its further abuse. For it is little short of profanation to identify that which 'worketh no ill' with the faulty system and selfish impulses to which so much of the degradation of our country is owing. True charity 'shall cover a multitude of sins;' false charity is their surest promoter. The one is 'the very bond of peace and of all virtues;' of the effect of false charity, or mere  
almsgiving,

almsgiving, on the recipient, it may be said, in Burns's words on another form of evil :—

‘But oh! it hardens a’ within,  
And petrifies the feeling.’

And between the true and the false there is no halfway, harmless ground. What is not elevating, is degrading; what not useful, mischievous.

It is not too much to aver that the proper administration of public alms has been the greatest problem of our country. How best to bestow what must not be denied has entailed more discussion in England than any other subject since the Reformation. The works that have accumulated on this topic are legion, all telling the same tale of vital mistakes, and urgently-needed reforms. Each successive generation has tried to loosen the knot that no one may cut; for public alms, in some form, are indispensable in a Christian land. But if our Poor-laws have been, as is true, the offspring of humanity, they have been also the prolific parents of misery and degradation. As they have been administered, are still, and ever must be administered, their most notable results are improvidence, unfairness, and ingratitude. Yet it is simply fruitless to look forward to a Golden Age when such results would be neutralised. Idleness and vice must be at a premium where their victims are sure of help; and even-handed justice can have no part in a gigantic system of relief where the needs, and therefore the claims, of misconduct are as great as those of misfortune. Meanwhile the grosser abuses are being reduced: the employer is no longer so openly allowed to eke out the labourer's wages by the supplement of parish relief, and the workhouse is ceasing to be our chief national school for vice. Still, it is hopeless to expect that evil can ever be eliminated from the action of our Poor-laws. We may assign hospitals, and give pensions to our soldiers and sailors, and feel the country honoured in the performance, but it is different with a system of public alms, the nature of which is to reproduce the causes that require them. And if we add to the action of the Poor-law a still more gigantic and indiscriminate distribution of private charity, we arrive at an amount of demoralising agency, the effects of which ought not to surprise us.

London may be safely declared to be the most extraordinary capital in the world, equally as to size and contents. It is the great heart, not only of the British Empire, but also of the known globe. It covers within its jurisdiction 576 square miles; its area embraces 78,000 acres. It contains four millions  
of

of inhabitants, increasing at the rate of seventy-five thousand a year. Above two millions have been expended annually on the poor in the shape of legal relief, not including paupers in lunatic asylums and vagrants; \* and little less, if at all less, than seven millions in the shape of private charity. It is reckoned that one-eighth of the metropolis is assisted by the other seven-eighths, the average received by each individual being 17*l.* a year, or by each family of five persons 85*l.* This population is largely intermixed with various nationalities. London contains more Jews than Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotch than Edinburgh, and more Roman Catholics than Rome. More largely still is it diversified in its moral strata. Every degree in the scale is filled: from riches to destitution, from luxury to filth, from learning to ignorance, from refinement to savagery, from goodness of which the world is not worthy, to wickedness which is a disgrace to humanity. Where is there another city where a woman may so easily get rid of a burdensome child, just old enough to steal and beg for himself? She has but to take him through a few miles of intricate streets, and disappear round a corner, and that child and his unnatural parent never meet again. On the other hand, so extensive, however unequally distributed, are the charities, that the best chance some London children can have in life is to be turned into the streets.

There is something in the mixture of English freedom and English charity with that total absence of so-called paternal supervision which distinguishes the working of English law, which has raised up a class in London, finding its parallel nowhere, unless where extremes meet—viz. in savage life. The London lawless man may be likened to the wild Indian in many respects, and not always to his advantage. The struggle for existence sharpens the instincts of each, though in different directions. Each is incapable of providing for more than present want; but the savage procures his food in a healthier way—wresting it from nature more than from man—and he procures it for those dependent on him. Each is ingenious in evading pursuit; where the savage breaks his trail, the Londoner gives a false address. The savage is a terrible spectacle—his rites are dreadful—but rites he has; the other has none. The Indian believes that his distress, or starvation, proceeds from the anger of the Great Spirit; the Londoner believes in nothing. The Red Indian, in the ‘Great Divide,’ † prays thus openly: ‘I am

\* The London poor-rates in 1871 amounted to 2,174,761*l.* See ‘Charity Organisation Reporter’ No. 23, p. 120.

† ‘The Great Divide.’ Travels in the Upper Yellowstone in the summer of 1874, by the Earl of Dunraven. London, Chatto and Windus, 1876.

poor—that is bad. Let me steal horses : give me guns by cheating. Bring the buffalo close by.’ The London savage has something in him, inseparable from the atmosphere of a Christian community, which tells him that such a prayer is naught, or worse, and he compounds with his conscience by not praying at all. We may even say that the wild man is not such a fool as his city brother ; he chooses a woman for his squaw, who can cook his food and make his mocassins, and even repair his wigwam. The wretched London lad marries a tawdry slut, who can do the first and the second office as little as the third. The savage of the prairie is truer to the animal : the savage of the pavement falsier to the man. The first is more consistent with himself and his surroundings ; the last is an anomaly which only the witches’ caldron of a perverted civilisation could concoct.

From this class it is that those youthful tribes proceed, ‘bold, pert, and dirty as a London sparrow,’ whose life is in hideous alleys and courts ; whose sleep is in reeking dens ; whose play and fight—for no matter how low their condition the spirits and passions never flag—are in the gutter ; whose education is the example of their kind. These are the babes fed upon gin, instead of milk, and fed upon gin even *through* their mother’s milk ; who, as Miss Cotton says in ‘Woman’s Work,’ are strangers to the meaning of a kiss ! These are the urchins, deserted or neglected, who learn ‘to look sharp ;’ whose vocabulary ranges about sixty words, and those the uncouthest and foulest ; and whose wickedness only grows with their growth. ‘*Naturâ tamen infirmitatis humanæ tardiora sunt remedia quam mala.*’ The disease must precede the antidote, and can alone teach it. As in countries where wolves prevail it is the young ones whom it is easiest and most expedient to destroy, so here it is these children whom it is easiest and most expedient to reform. On their behalf it was that from small beginnings, by admirable and dauntless individuals, the Ragged Schools grew up. One uses the past tense with regret, for there is no doubt that in closing these schools, and dispersing the band of devoted teachers, the School Board has destroyed what its best machinery can never replace. The Ragged Schools, as the symptoms of a disease deeply seated at the social core, were institutions rather of shame than pride to the true patriot and moralist. Still, they should have been left to fall into disuse with improving national habits. As it is, their suppression has only turned adrift thousands of poor waifs and strays, ‘half-animal, half-vegetable,’ as Lord Shaftesbury has called them, unfit to herd with happier children, and physically incapable of the same education. How low and enfeebled in

in bodily condition such children are, however preternaturally sharpened in mind, is proved by the fact that out of 5567 boys, almost all from the London district, who presented themselves, in 1870, as candidates for the Navy, on board the stationary flag-ship in the Thames, 4410 were dismissed as not complying with the following conditions: namely, that they should be of sound constitution, free from physical defect or malformation, not subject to fits, and able to read and write.

But to return to their seniors. This is the lowest stratum of London life; what may be called, more or less, the professionally criminal class. Above it, around it, and within it, for all are hopelessly embedded together, are the great masses who may be divided into the idle and the ignorant, the drunken, improvident and helpless, the sinning and the sinned against, who may in their turn be called the professionally poor. In this mass of wretchedness, only locally cohering, no 'short and simple annals of the poor' can be traced; but rather a hideous and intricate growth, circle within circle, engendered of loathsome dwellings, horrible temptations, of disease, dirt, and bad example—where the merest glance discerns such mountains of difficulty, whether of doing or undoing—that it must be a stout heart that can attempt either. Two great parent-causes, indissolubly connected, rise to view above the rest: the outer and more obvious one—the boy and girl marriages; the subtler and deeper one—the long existence of a mistaken system of charity.

We are aware that the early and utterly improvident marriages among this class have their defenders. That, as the 'liberty of the subject' is supposed to be involved in a man's right to drink himself and his family to ruin, so early marriages are concluded to be necessary among the reckless and irreligious to guard against a worse evil. The question is not one that demands any elaborate argumentation, or reference to Malthus or Mr. Fawcett, but may be judged on its own merits. Theoretically, we may be sure that it never yet answered to do evil that good might come; while, practically, the lives of the poor sufficiently prove that the legal indulgence of selfishness and sensuality seldom stands in the way of the illegal indulgence of those temptations. Those, also, conversant with the miseries of poor women, know that the men who desert their wives and children are chiefly of the class of vicious boys who have thus abused the facility of marriage. Some innocent voice may here be heard to ask, 'But why do the parents allow the children to marry thus early?' Little do they know of the poor of London who imagine that there is any allowing or disallowing in the matter.

Many

Many are the difficulties that beset even the well-disposed among the labouring classes in, what is called, the 'bringing-up' of their children. And perhaps there is no point in which right-thinking parents among the London poor more legitimately envy the rich than in their comparative facility for keeping their families from contamination. As a rule, however, the London poor, and especially the London mothers, have no idea of assuming any moral authority. They taunt, when provoked; they beat, when angry; and, generally speaking, think it a proof of dignity to wash their hands of all control over their children. The widowed mother has a son, to whom by the laws of nature she is entitled to look for help. He marries before he is twenty, and in three months' time her furniture is seized for the young couple's rent; and this, without the least shame, she converts into a plea for begging. Not that we would be thought to imply any real distinction in these and other vital points between the so-called rich and poor. The faults of the fool are pretty much the same all over the world, though differing in complexion and degree, and, especially in these cases, in excuse.

As to the other count in our indictment—the long existence of a false system of charity—this, as a mere fact, is not difficult to account for. It is remarked, and with truth, that as the rich (in London) have grown richer, the poor have apparently grown poorer; or, in other words, that the signs of wealth and of destitution have increased *pari passu*. In such a sphere as our metropolis, where the impossibility of any local contiguity leads unavoidably to greater extremes of physical separation—where the poor crowd the closer together, as the rich expand further and further from them—such a consequence as a totally false system of charity might have been predicted. In England, it is as much a part of a rich man's debt to society to give largely in charity, by subscriptions, &c., as it is to keep carriages and servants. Not one inch, however, has this conventional philanthropy brought the rich and the poor nearer together. How should it? The alms that have proceeded from no individual sense of sympathy have been received with no individual sense of obligation. The hand that has given and the hand that has taken have never felt the warm electricity of each other's touch. Well would it be if the result were confined to the lack of all real bond between the classes. But the consequences have a far deeper evil. The corruption of the best is the worst; and the charity that is twice blessed in spirit, may be twice cursed in effect. That which might bear heavenly fruit, if engendered between one heart and  
another,

another, now only checks the growth of those sacred instincts which rich and poor are alike bound to cultivate. Somebody has done that for the child which should come from the parent—somebody that for the parent which should come from the child. The cold abstraction of an institution has stepped in, and arrested the practice of forethought and self-denial, and therefore that of a paramount duty. What can we expect from human nature thus tampered with? Men and women, relieved of their responsibilities, are as thoughtless as children. It would be strange to expect powers of application from a schoolboy, who has always a 'crib' at hand. Even the forms of charity known to be prompted by necessity, or practised by the most genuine philanthropy, are not free from the reproach of disturbing God's laws. The preacher Irving, in his sermons on 'The last days, when,' according to the prophecy, 'men shall be without natural affections,' traces the signs of its fulfilment in the children who let their aged parents find refuge in a work-house, and in the parents who have brought good people to the necessity of stepping in between them and their children, in the shape of Sunday and Infant Schools. Without pushing the arguments to these extreme conclusions—though, also, without denying them—the truth must be admitted that the relieving parents and children of their respective duties, far from being the charity which is 'that most excellent gift,' is the greatest injury we can do them: all-sufficient to account for boy and girl marriages, deserted wives, neglected children, drink, want, crime, and all 'the seven curses of London' on which Mr. Greenwood dilates.

Far be it from us to make light of the needs and temptations of the London poor. In the nature of things they essentially differ from the really country poor. These last, when of an old-fashioned sort, live in a certain sense with the squire's or nobleman's family. They knew his father, and they know his children. The superior comforts and education of 'The Hall' constitute the poetry, because the pride and loyalty of their lives. But the London poor man has no contact with the great houses in the squares. The delicate, and often pampered and luxurious-looking creatures who splash him as they roll past him in their vehicles, excite his ill-will, more perhaps than his envy, for he well knows that he could not fill their place. The distance between them is not bridged over by any kindly acts or tender memories. They may possibly subscribe largely to charities, but he is not the wiser for that. He knows as little of their sufferings and sorrows as they of his. Indeed, he only knows what he sees, viz. that they live in a kind of Paradise; that

that they drive while he plods, they slumber while he wakes, they are smart and clean while he is filthy and ragged; and the sole reason for all this of which his mind takes cognisance, is one of antagonism and not attachment; for it consists, as far as he has any perception, simply in their being rich and he poor. Further, we must remember that there are thousands of the lowest London poor who never see the upper classes at all.

We have said that charity, like science, must be tested experimentally. It was in the severe winter of 1866-67 that the destitution of the East of London burst like a hideous revelation upon the public; when the Poor-law, as the term was, 'broke down.' The newspapers teemed with heartrending accounts of empty mouths, fireless hearths, and small shoeless feet. One tale, as a specimen, lives in our memory of two little boys, barefooted, and with festering chilblains, who wandered into the snow-covered country to get holly to sell, and 'couldn't find none;' being themselves found nearly dead with cold and starvation. Such stories no creature living at ease could resist, and a deluge of charity in every form set in. Additional casual wards and free dormitories were rigged up. Soup kitchens opened. 'Agents from Relief Societies,' in the words of A. H. W. C.,\* 'distributed tickets with unsparing hand. Gentlemen from the West End collected and sent large sums in coals, bread, meat, groceries, &c. Mysterious persons suddenly made their appearance in the streets, and, without either knowledge or inquiry, gave relief right and left.' Money flowed in so abundantly as to puzzle the almoners what to do with it. A clergyman wrote to the 'Times,' and by four o'clock of the day that his letter appeared he had received 70*l*. Yet the misery only increased. 'One of the most conscientious and laborious of the West End friends of the district, who grudged neither time nor money, and who freely spent and was spent, confessed after the winter's work that he might as well have left his labour alone, and cast his money into the gutters. The wretchedness was as great, the mouths as clamorous, the pauperism as extensive, as if not a penny had been expended.' Strange to say, it seemed literally that the more was given the more was wanted. This might sound contradictory, but it was a very simple truth. Archbishop Whately's words were being practically fulfilled: 'If you pay a man to work, he will work; if you pay him to beg, he will beg.' Greater circumspection accordingly became the rule; the almoners acted in concert with the relieving officers; inquiry

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\* 'The Charitable Administration of an East-end Mission District.' By A. H. W. C. 1872. Reprinted 1876: 9*d*. per dozen.



was made into every case, and not a ticket given without sifting as far as possible the need of the family; yet the conclusion came to, in the words of the same A. H. W. C., when the winter was over, was that, 'with every gift of a shilling-ticket, he had done fourpennyworth of good, and eightpennyworth of harm. The fourpence represented the food that went into the stomachs of a wretched population; the eightpence the premium given to their wasteful and improvident habits.'

But the true results of the experiment were still to be proved. A residue of profit there was; but it was not reaped by the poor. However low the mercantile conditions of the locality, the laws of supply and demand still asserted their natural action. By the unavoidable connection between cause and effect the stream of bounty was destined to turn other mills than those which fed the poor. The tidings of new wells, suddenly opened in a thirsty land, spread on all sides. The district, instead of being shunned for its misery, was thronged for its good things. It was soon apparent that a lodging in these dens of wretchedness was all that was necessary to constitute a claim to alms. The consequence was that not only *rents rose*, but, by the unfailing level preserved between earnings and alms, *wages fell*. Thus the experiment worked itself out finally and inexorably in a greater grinding of the very people it was intended to serve.

It must be added that this class of London poor had, but a few years before, gone through a short rehearsal of the same wretched drama. The same cry, subsequently proved to be false, of the breaking down of the Poor-law machinery had been raised in the winter of 1860-61, when five weeks of frost sufficed, as sensational letters to the 'Times' assured the public, to bring thousands to the brink of starvation, and, at all events, to the condition of beggars. So loud was the cry against the Guardians in the East of London as to call immediately for a Commission of Inquiry, presided over by the Hon. Charles Villiers, which commenced its sittings as early as March, 1861. This brought to light a system of indiscriminate alms, chiefly emanating from two sources. The one proceeded from the Police Courts. It is well known that the benevolence of Guilds and private individuals furnishes the sitting magistrates of London with funds to relieve distress and wrong which their respective Courts bring to light. At this time the feelings of the public were so excited—the Guardians were undeservedly in such bad odour, and a certain mistrust of the workings of Charitable Institutions had so obtained—that, under the impression that the magistrates would best administer them, large funds

funds flowed into the boxes of the chief Police Courts of the City. We take the Thames Police Court as an example. Mr. Yardley, the magistrate of that Court, on being examined before the Commission, stated that the sum thus sent to him for distribution, after the frost had begun, amounted to upwards of 4000*l*. That he was greatly embarrassed how to dispose of it; entirely disapproved of having to undertake the duties of a relieving officer, and had neither time nor machinery for investigating the cases of the applicants. That by about the third week of the frost, the tidings that alms were to be had collected large crowds about the Court. That his plan was to let the applicants file in, one by one, through a narrow passage, at the end of which was a table with bags of silver coin. As each approached, the distributing officer asked him 'a question or two,' and looked at his hands to see if they showed signs of labour—gave him money—and so on to the next. Some days the number so relieved amounted to two thousand, and the money given to 120*l*., that being the largest sum given in any one day. On other days it varied from 60*l*. to 90*l*.—'as much silver, in fact, as I could collect.' He stated that he gave directions that a preference should be given to new faces, but in most instances they knew that the same people returned every day. Considering that a similar silver shower was going on at the Mansion House, at Guildhall, and elsewhere, it could be no wonder that the Poor-law machinery, far from having broken down, did not even receive the pressure that was expected, and which it was prepared to stand; or that the same parties went from one Court to another on the same day, as time and opportunity favoured. Some of the magistrates endeavoured, at great expense of time and trouble, to be more discriminating; and Mr. Selfe, Mr. Yardley's colleague, distributed a portion to women only. But all who were examined agreed in protesting against the repetition of such a task, and in the conviction that their proceedings had 'gone far to turn large sections of the London poor into a mob of mendicants.'

The second cause we have adverted to was the institution of a Society of young men of birth and fortune, called 'The Society for the Relief of Distress,' which commenced operations during the short frost thus fatally distinguished. They acted upon the somewhat hastily-formed conclusion that the Guardians neither could nor would minister adequately to the wants of the poor, and rushed to the rescue of what they believed to be 'perishing multitudes' with all the ardour of novices in the art. While the magistrates gave relief only in money, this Society gave it only in kind, opening credits with the tradespeople, and dis-

tributing tickets. But though 'their failings leant to virtue's side,' they did not do the less harm for that. The examination of some of the members before the Commission made it pretty plain that they had been more anxious to bestow their tickets than to inquire into the need for them. They thus, within three weeks, managed to dispose of above 3000*l*. Still, the fact that young men of position would take cab from Piccadilly to Poplar, or from St. George's, Hanover Square, to St. George's-in-the-East, and spend hours in visiting and succouring the lowest of the London poor, does honour to the humanity of a class rarely before conspicuous on such errands. There is no doubt that these gentlemen contribute—for the Society still exists and works in a far more practical way—to establish those individual relations between man and man which are the only true basis of charity.

The sequel to all this history of pauperism is a profitable lesson. The clergyman of the district—we still take our information from A. W. H. C.—where the direst want and beggary had prevailed, having learned the futility of attempting the so-called 'relief of distress,' resolved in future to leave it to the legitimate action of the Poor-law. With his connivance, therefore, not a ticket has been given since 1868, nor a shilling expended, for families the heads of which have been out of employment. His whole energies, on the other hand, have been devoted—firstly, towards alleviating the sufferings of the sick, knowing it to be the best economy as well as charity to restore a man to health as soon as possible; and secondly, towards fostering a spirit of self-dependence. This last object has been mainly promoted by the introduction of a Mission woman and the setting up of a Penny Bank, the accounts of the last showing what may be rescued from the public-house and other forms of selfish waste, even in the most impoverished parishes. In the first year, 1869, the deposits amounted to 78*l*. 5*s*. 6*d*.; in 1875, to 352*l*. 19*s*. 10*d*.

With this same district is connected the history of an individual, the mention of whom we approach with mingled respect and regret. It is related by the hardworking and lonely-placed clergyman of the parish of St. Philip, Stepney—a small tract containing 6000 souls\*—that one morning, when greatly occupied, his servant hastily entered, saying that a young gentleman from the West End wished to speak to him. His first feeling was that of annoyance to be so disturbed. Young gentlemen from the West End, with various nostrums for converting 'the heathen

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\* See Greene's Essays, 'A Brother of the Poor.'

masses,'

masses,' had not been unfrequent intruders, their mission generally ending in mutual disgust, and in a bequest of increased work to the permanent labourer. But the first sight of this visitor mollified him, and his first words still more. 'The fine young man, with indescribable charm of manner and expression,' was no other than Edward Denison, one of the wisest as well as noblest of those who have devoted themselves to the succour of their poor brethren. As there are doubtless many to whom the career of this extraordinary young man may still be unknown, it is necessary to add a short outline of his history.

Edward Denison was the son of the late Bishop of Salisbury, and nephew of the Speaker, afterwards Lord Ossington. He was born in 1840, and educated at Eton and Oxford. At Eton he laid the seeds of a fatal malady by over-exertion, as one of 'the eight' in training for a boat-race. Nevertheless, he distinguished himself at Oxford, and was known as a man of earnest mind and frank and generous feeling. From 1862 to 1866 he travelled in Italy, spent a winter at Madeira, and visited Switzerland, where he was much struck with the condition and habits of the Swiss peasantry. Subsequently he joined 'The Society for the Relief of Distress,' already mentioned, where he was first brought into contact with the London poor, and perceived, in his own words, 'the unsatisfactory results of giving relief by doles, and the impossibility of doing any real work without residence on the spot.' It was to announce his intention so to reside that he appeared before the astonished and worthy Mr. Dowle, the mission clergyman, whose wildest dreams had never expected such a proposition from 'the West End.' But Edward Denison was in earnest, and by the beginning of August, 1867, he had taken up his residence at 49, Philpot Street, Commercial Road East. There he remained eight months, during which time he built and endowed a school, himself taught the children, gave lectures on the Scriptures and other subjects to the working men, and, above all, studied the lives and ways of the London poor. In 1868 he went to Paris, in order to look into the French system of public relief—which, by the way, however less costly than ours, he entirely disapproved—leaving his testimony that 'we have nothing to learn from France except the natural thrift of the people.' On coming back to England he was returned as member for Newark, and earnestly attended the House of Commons for one session. Still seeking information as to legislation for the poor, he visited Jersey in 1869, and intended, with the same object, to cross the Atlantic to the United States; but alarming symptoms of consumption coming on, a sailing voyage to Australia was recommended. The prescription proved too

severe ; he died a fortnight after reaching Melbourne, January, 1870.

Fortunately letters and journals by his hand were preserved, most ably collated and at first privately published by Sir Baldwin Leighton, and since given to the public. No more opportune gift could well be made in our times. This volume may be looked upon as a canon of finely-balanced reasoning and feeling on a subject of the deepest importance to the nation. Edward Denison found his plan of living among the poor entirely successful. Wrongs and neglects, which it was nobody's business to look after, were quickly detected. One of his first letters from Philpot Street contains these passages :—

'All is yet in embryo, but it will grow. Just now I only teach in a night-school, and do what lies in me in looking after the sick ; keeping an eye on nuisances, and the like, and seeing that the local authorities keep up to their work. To-morrow I go before the Board, to compel the removal to the infirmary of a man who ought to have been there already. I shall drive the Sanitary Inspector to put the Act into force against overcrowding with regard to some houses in which there have been as many as eight or ten bodies occupying one room. It is not surprising that the street in which this occurs has for months been full of small-pox, scarlet fever, and typhus. . . . These are the sort of evils which, where there are no resident gentry, grow to a height almost incredible, and on which the remedial influence of the mere presence of a gentleman, known to be on the alert, is inestimable.'

At the same time he as immediately discerned the other side of the question—the part that the poor themselves contribute to their own misery, and the part they must be trained to play in order

'to get above that uniform level caused by the utter want of education, the complete indifference to religion, with the fruits of all this, viz., improvidence, drink, dirt, and their secondaries, crime and disease.' . . . 'The people create their own destitution and disease. Probably there are hardly any of the most needy who, if they had been only moderately frugal and provident, could not have placed themselves in a position to tide over the occasional months of want of work, or sickness. And this occasional pressure it is which works the ruin. The breadwinner falls sick, or is out of work ; the home is broken up, the hospital or the workhouse swallow up the family: the thread of life is broken ; perhaps they have been removed to a distance from former employers ; at any rate, life has to be begun again right from the bottom. Is it wonderful that drink and crime levy a large conscription on these wretches while the remnant subsides into dirt and despondency.' '*Peu de biens, peu de soin.*'

More and more, while spending his time, working and planning  
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for the amelioration of the poor, does he feel that money-giving is the worst palliative of actual want, and the surest encouragement for its continuance:—

‘You see, the real truth is, sensation-writing and reckless alms are fast doing away the great work of the New Poor Law in bringing up the people to providence and self-restraint. You will find all the men who really give themselves most trouble about the poor, are the most alive to the terrible evils of the so-called charity which pours money into the haunts of vice and misery every winter. . . . Giving money away only makes things worse. I am beginning seriously to believe that all bodily aid to the poor is a mistake, and that the real thing is to let things work themselves straight; whereas by giving alms you keep them permanently crooked. Build school-houses, pay teachers, give prizes, frame workmen’s clubs, help them to help themselves, lend them your brains, but give them no money, except what you sink in such undertakings. Meanwhile, the state of things is very painful.’

By the end of that year 1867 he was feeling the depression caused by the moral atmosphere in which he had immured himself: ‘My wits are getting blunted by the monotony and *ugliness* of this place. I can almost imagine, difficult as it is, the awful effect upon a human mind of never seeing anything but the meanest and vilest of men and man’s works, and of complete seclusion from the sight of God and his works.’ For all this his convictions as to the evil of almsgiving do but deepen, and he adds, with unconscious irony, ‘Our object, *i.e.* my rector and self, and some others, is to put a stop as much as possible to all benevolence.’

One of his correspondents evidently urges him to attach himself to the ‘Church Union’—a step which he firmly declines: ‘I already belong to the best possible Union—that Body which is the blessed company of all faithful people, and I have no desire to entangle myself with an association, most of whose members hold widely different views from mine on points which, though not the most essential from a Christian point of view, are those which most excite the attention of the Society.’ Living as he did among publicans and sinners—not even within sound of the chariot wheels of the great and rich (no less sinners)—it is no wonder that he keenly felt the difference between the talk of modern creeds and crotchets and the realities which lay around him: ‘Humanitarians and Ritualists, between them, are making it very thorny walking for plain disciples of Christ. . . . It is not Christianity but Christians that are wanting. Would, indeed, that we could have some real Christianity! That, as you say, is our real want. Taught, but in the way that our Founder taught it—

it—by living in it. That is the only way ; it can't be put in with a spoon. Those who teach must live among those who are to be taught. . . . The problems of the time are social, and to social problems must the mind of the legislature be bent for some time to come.'

There was that firmness, or rather conscientiousness, of the reasoning power in Edward Denison, with all his benevolence, which singularly fitted him to do battle with every form of sophistical philanthropy. By their fruits he knew them. That which entailed evil, no matter how tenderly named, was evil to him. He detected in 'the curse of large eleemosynary endowments, in the perpetual droppings of charity and in the stream that flows from the whole rateable body of London—those agencies which, appealing to the gambling spirit in man, first attract a redundant population to the metropolis, and then induces it to hang on at half-work.' Hence 'the anomaly' of a wretched class addicted to occupations which cannot maintain them, and which only keep them at a perpetual low level between chronic want and precarious alms. He looked upon every act—no matter how well intentioned—which lessens or defeats a man's responsibilities as a usurpation of the laws of Providence. 'The all-wise Creator made self-preservation the very mainspring of His creatures' life and conduct ; but society says "No—Providence is too austere ; we will mend his work." And what is the result ?' He mercilessly tears up the false creed of those parents' rights who cannot or will not fulfil parental duties ; denies the hardship of separating their children from them in the workhouse ; and would go further still by separating children from any parents who have been in the receipt of continuous relief for a year, till such parents can satisfy appointed persons that either they or their relatives are able to maintain and educate them. By such means he would cut off the fatal entail of neglect and moral depravity ; on the principle 'that the ratepayers have a right to choose in what manner they will maintain their pauper neighbours ; and if it appear that for the purpose of rendering these children independent of the rates in future it is necessary to separate them for a few years from their parents, these last have no just grounds for complaint.'

In those cases of occasional death from starvation which have harrowed the public mind and brought a burst of indignation against the dispensers of the Poor Law (and we hardly needed the late instance of 'Charlotte Hammond' to prove how these cases are misrepresented), he urges truly that all the law can do anywhere is to provide that no one *need* starve ; and for that our Poor Law provides to an extent unparalleled elsewhere. But if  
pride

pride deters a man from applying for relief, or from entering the House—the old proverb, ‘Beggars must not be choosers,’ being quite obsolete—no one but himself is at fault. ‘The law can no more prevent voluntary starvation than it can prevent a man who has lost a fortune, and has to come down in circumstances, from shooting himself or committing any other form of suicide.’

If these conclusions sound stern, it must be remembered that the man who spoke and wrote thus was labouring more than any other of his time in the true service of his fellow-creatures—being deservedly called ‘a Brother of the Poor’—and had, therefore, a right to express the convictions so acquired. No one could tax him with forming them in the coldness of an abstract theory.

We must cut short our notice of this book, no part of which can be opened without the desire to quote. Mr. Denison quitted finally the squalor of Philpot Street with predictions as to necessary changes, which have been, in great measure, realised; viz., the necessity for compulsory education; for doing away with all out-door relief; and for a systematisation of charity. He looked to Parliament ‘only as a longer lever to work with,’ and, short as was his time in the House, he left his mark there on various subjects connected with the poor. On one especially his feelings might be predicted, namely, on that of their intemperance. Though he had no opportunity of handling it from his seat, his election address gave the subject no quarter, and many an allusion is made to it in his letters.

Another labourer in this field of new and enlightened philanthropy is worthy to stand by the side of the lamented Edward Denison. If he have shown what the man can do in such a cause, Miss Octavia Hill has vindicated the power of the woman. Both have wrought by individual influence as well as by abstract principle, and each has struck and worked a vein of well-doing, which many, it is to be hoped, will continue to develop. Miss Octavia Hill’s experiment of ‘The Management of a London Court’ has solved a problem of which our grandchildren will see the multiplied results. It may be accepted as an axiom, that those who hold the house property in which the poor lodge, hold at the same time, and especially in London, their physical and moral condition in their grasp. There is, therefore, no class on which the welfare of a great city so intimately depends; for spiritual and medical relief alike are unavailing against the power of persistent evil which the landlords of the poor can bring to bear. In the history of the dwellings of the London poor, as they long have been and still are constituted, there is that chronic and fatal exchange of cause  
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and effect which more than anything else accounts for the degradation of our population. Landlord and tenant are natural enemies. The one knows nothing of the duties of proprietorship, the other nothing of those of tenancy. But in the unfailing antagonism that ensues it is the landlord who gives the first blow. Both have entered into obligations and responsibilities, but it is he who begins by neglecting his. He allows his property to fall into a state of disrepair unfit for human occupation. He disregards leakage of water-butts, stoppage of drains, holes in roof; he connives at disorder and immorality; he puts up with the arrears of the dishonest who do not pay, at the expense of the honest who do; and thus, besides swelling the great account of misery and sin, he contributes to keep up that incubus of high rent which is the chief burden of the London poor. Miss Octavia Hill's description of the purchase (chiefly with money supplied by Mr. Ruskin) and thorough supervision of one court in Marylebone; of the filth and dilapidation of the homes—banister-rails all wrenched out for firewood, and of 192 panes of glass only eight unbroken—of the misery and savagery of the occupants; of the immediate cleansing and gradual repair of the tenements, and as gradual education of the tenants; how, while all their wants and sorrows became known to her, and were met and sympathised with in a practical way, no pauperising fallacies destructive to their self-respect were tolerated; no rent allowed to run on unpaid even for a week, but that rent collected by herself; how, by degrees, the little community became laborious and thrifty, where they had been idle and thriftless; orderly and docile where they had been violent and outrageous; good neighbours, where they had been bitter foes. And how further—the point least interesting to the feelings, but most important to the cause—the capital thus invested bore 5 per cent., with the necessary margin for repairs and reserve fund, and yet permitted her to allot two rooms to a family at less rent than had been given before; all this account, we resume, of work done by one lady, and how to do it, is one of the most useful lessons the present day can receive. Our space allows of no adequate justice to this lady. Happily she is still among us, joined by others under her gentle guidance; the experiment of one court already bearing fruit in several others, and certain to influence largely the working of the 'Artisans' Dwellings Bill,' the passing of which is entirely owing to the exertions of a Society of which she is one of the most efficient members.

Meanwhile, though thus specifying Edward Denison and Octavia Hill as two mighty workers in the pulling down of strongholds,

strongholds, far be it from us to overlook the work of Mrs. Ranyard, author (and welder) of 'The Missing Link,' of Dr. Barnardo, the friend of friendless boys, of Miss Cotton of Dorking, and of many others, who, each in their way, are helping the poor how best to help themselves.

To the unflinching action of the same urgent causes on many minds, which ensues in a free community, we owe that Society just alluded to, which, inaugurated by a few gentlemen of statesmanlike habits and enlightened philanthropy, has assumed the title of 'The Society for the Organisation of Charity,' and has already worked a considerable reform in the external aspect of our streets. The practical enforcement of that sole remedy for London misery—the diminution of the causes that keep it up—has now taken root as an active system, learning strange lessons as it advances; and none so impressive as the heavy responsibility of those who lightly cast their easily-spared gifts to all who excite their compassionate impulses. There is nothing more certain—and we say this at the risk of being accused of repetition—than that the conventional modes of almsgiving, without interest and without inquiry, exactly reverse the precept we are most bound to obey; literally overcoming good with evil. What right have we, for the indulgence of a momentary sentiment, to add to the temptations of the more virtuous poor, who are faithfully endeavouring to do their duty in the state of life to which God has called them! It is known by the evidence of many a hard-pressed fellow-creature, that the successful beggary of one wretched drone, teaching the folly of working when begging is more profitable, will demoralise a whole hive. A world of bitter reproach is contained in a common saying of the poor: 'Those who tell most lies, get most.' On the other hand, the success with which the idle and unscrupulous trade on the gracious impulses of the humane and generous may be a melancholy fact, but it is assuredly not one to surprise us. More than half the blame belongs to ourselves. For successful beggary is a game which needs two to play it; the strength of the one depending entirely on the weakness of the other. Such, indeed, is the organised imposture that has thriven in London, that it required nothing short of an organisation to meet it. It may be affirmed that the establishment of such an Institution as this was a debt long owing to society. We are bound to bear with ingratitude, and, perhaps, have no more of it from the poor than from our fellows; but we are equally bound to do battle with imposture.

It is quite beyond our scope to enter into all the workings of this Society, which, in the nature of its object, are only developed

loped by a growing knowledge of the ground. Its purposes, however, are set forth in the following heading to some of its weekly 'Reporters':—

'The object of the Charity Organisation Society is the improvement of the poor—

'1stly. By bringing about co-operation between the charities and the Poor Law, and between the charities themselves.

'2ndly. By securing thorough investigation and suitable action in all cases.

'3rdly. By granting effectual temporary assistance, as far as the funds of the Committee allow, in cases where a permanent result may be hoped for, and which are not met by existing sources.

'4thly. By repressing mendicity.'

These several objects are being sedulously promoted through the agency of numerous District Committees—thirty-seven in number—embracing the whole area of the metropolis and suburbs; each locally formed and conterminous with the Metropolitan Poor-law divisions; and all finding their centre of organisation in a Council which meets every week. This Council is joined at the weekly Board by one or two representatives from every Committee, all directed by the same rules, and each bringing their local business for general discussion, and taking part in the action of the whole. Thus a vast and solid machinery is formed, resting on a broad basis composed of all ranks of society and varieties of opinion: English noblemen—not omitting *the* nobleman whose name is a tower of strength to every charitable body—English bishops, a Roman cardinal, clergymen, dissenters, numerous M.P.s, with ladies and gentlemen of earnest minds and business habits; no inconsiderable part of their usefulness being the fusion of such diverse opinions, and its operation on ground common to all.

Again, the chief objects specified above break up into special lines of inquiry and action: such as the dwellings of the poor, migration, night-refuges, soup-kitchens, provident dispensaries, hospital accommodation, voting charities, special forms of beggary, loans to the poor, and the legal prosecution of impostors. These last-named cases have, of course, been the immediate and fertile source of extensive work. A world of ingenious and most impudent imposture is here laid bare. Common forms of begging under false pretences, which will readily occur to every one, are not worth particularising. But in one instance the Society have penetrated to the headquarters of 'the profession.' A gang of above forty persons has been detected, known to make about 5*l.* a week apiece by well-regulated audacity. Court Guides and Directories have supplied the basis of their

their operations. A volume of this kind, used by one of the chiefs of the band, has fallen into the hands of the Society, in which above three thousand names of persons in and near London are marked with various signs, denoting various grades of credulity. The 'Morning Post' is also taken and read aloud by the best scholar, so that all become cognisant of the movements of the fashionable world. The begging-letters sent out by this gang usually refer to names and addresses well known to the parties applied to, and which are too readily accepted as a guarantee for the veracity of the tale. These are obtained in a way little suspected, namely, by abstracting the cards lying on hall-tables while a servant goes in with a letter; or by bribing servants to give them. In some cases even visiting cards are forged. This occurred to ourselves. The baker who served the house was induced by the presentation of our card to lend the bearer, purporting to be a relative, 2*l*. The card proved to have been printed from a plate engraved for the purpose; for it differed slightly from the only one in use.

The composition of begging-letters is a regular profession, in great demand with the illiterate, and paid at the rate of five shillings for every sovereign so obtained. Some of the cases have even their comic side; for instance, 'The Confessions of a Vagrant'\*—a certain George Atkins Brine—who, with a pretended wife, both crippled with rheumatism and on crutches, found their way to a watering-place. There they enlisted the sympathy of good ladies to the tune of about eight shillings a day, 'forbye food and tracts,' till an unguarded half-pint of rum performed the miracle of setting them dancing, and obliged them to decamp. These confessions, in a letter to a gentleman, might afford materials for a farce.

Such, however, are the humbler forms of speculation, on which the higher members of the profession look down with contempt. Paralysed fathers and dying wives offer but small profits in comparison with a new or a needy Institution in times when no inquiry is made as to who conducts the establishment, or what becomes of the funds. It is one of the saddest features in the history of imposture, that the modern machinery of good works, and the disguise of a clergyman, give the readiest facility for fraud. One of the first important cases prosecuted by the Society was that of 'The National Bible and Clothing Society,' worked by the Rev. C. S. Bore, who had gone about the country collecting subscriptions in the convincing garb of black coat and white tie. The reverend gentleman conducted business in

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\* 'Charity Reporter,' No. 145.

a very regular way; having, namely, a Board, of which he was President; a Committee of Directors; an Auditor of Accounts; and a Treasurer; and issuing a yearly Report, with the due amount of pious anecdote and 'striking' fruits. Besides the distribution of Bibles and clothing, he also carried on a Sunday-school, missionary work, preaching, &c. On the committee and auditor being summoned, they unanimously denied having accepted or fulfilled such offices. The treasurer, Mr. Edwin Wright, a carpenter by trade, was, however, an exception, being father-in-law to Mr. Bore. The schoolmistress was Mrs. Bore. Two lady-teachers, 'Miss W. and Mrs. B.,' much praised in the Report for 'their zeal in the Lord's work,' though too modest to give their names in full, turned out to be one and the same individual, under maiden and married initials, namely, Mrs. Bore again—*née* Wright; and, finally, the Rev. C. S. Bore proved to be no clergyman at all, but had successively filled the position of porter, journeyman tailor, and clothier's cutter. The sum of which the public was annually defrauded for the support of this society averaged about 300*l*. In all such cases the plan is to keep up appearances, by sowing an infinitesimal part of the seed thus collected; and the fact that a small percentage of Bibles and clothing were actually distributed, caused this case, which came on in July, 1872, to fall through. But Mr. Bore failed to take the lesson to heart, and in October, 1874, he appeared before the Southwark Police Court—no longer in black coat and white tie, but attired in a fireman's uniform, with cross hatchet and helmet on buttons—to answer a charge for obtaining subscriptions for an imaginary 'Disabled Firemen's Relief and Pension Fund.' This being satisfactorily proved against him, he was committed to Wandsworth House of Correction for the lenient term of three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

Another delinquent, prosecuted by the Society, had more right to the title he disgraced. This was a Rev. Dr. Carden, D.D., who had erected an iron church in South Island Place, Clapham, whence he issued circulars appealing for help in his ministrations. A never-served Christmas dinner for five hundred children had procured him 60*l*.; an imaginary family, decimated by the small-pox, nearly 150*l*. A clerk from the Post-Office produced ninety-six Post-Office orders receipted by him; some of them from names of high repute, and all showing how hearts had opened for such purposes, backed by such an office. Dr. Carden was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment with hard labour. But he also, like Mr. Bore, took no warning; and in due time found his way again to a criminal court,

court, in the character of a physician, on various charges of forgery, and was condemned to penal servitude for seven years.

The number of fraudulent institutions successfully prosecuted by the Society is startling. We may quote 'The Seamen and Fishermen's Friend Society,' 'The Fire Escape Association,' 'The Metropolitan Free Dormitories Association,' 'The London and Suburban Fire Brigade,' 'The Albert Institute,' &c. They are got up by individuals of aristocratic nomenclature, such as 'Francis Chandos Leigh,' 'Henry de Leycester,' 'Vernon de Montgomery,' &c. In more than one case some of the first names in London society had been suborned as Presidents and Vice-Presidents. In that of the Albert Institute, the clever rogue, who had also projected an imaginary 'Minerva Institute,' had obtained a letter of acknowledgment from the late Emperor Napoleon. All these had flourished for a time with impunity; and in the instance of 'The Metropolitan Free Dormitories Association,' the anonymous donor of one thousand pounds to the chief charitable institutions of London, had here contributed two 'one thousands' in succession.

In every instance of detected or suspected fraud, large or small, the Society keep the begging letters, names, addresses—in short, complete lists, which circulate from committee to committee, and are at the service of all charities which desire to apply their funds conscientiously. In no respect is the investigating work of the Society more needed. One of the most crying evils attending the overgrowth of London wealth is the excessive number of charitable Societies, and the blind trust reposed in them by the public. The overlapping of such institutions, even when genuine and honestly conducted, offers a wide field of encouragement to the unthrifty habits which disgrace our country; while their ignorance, sometimes even of each other's existence, and certainly of each other's operations, furnishes a perpetual pretext for fresh extensions and new foundations, with the never-failing concomitant of chronic indebtedness and perpetual appeals. We must own to an unfeigned admiration for a gentleman of well-known benevolence, who makes it a practice never to subscribe to any 'charity' that has been allowed to get into debt. So accustomed are we to that dereliction of principle in public institutions which, in private life, reaps its natural penalty, that an expenditure twice the amount of income is rather boasted of as a plea for more subscriptions. 'Fixed income 14,000*l.*, necessary expenditure 35,000*l.*,'\* is even thought an irresistible confession. Strangely

\* London Hospital, Whitechapel Road. Appendix to Low's 'Handbook of London Charities.'

blind have we become to the fact that, at this rate, the demand for alms will always keep in advance of the supply. The pauperism which such a system creates is *never* relieved, but grows with that it feeds on. Most necessary has it become that some system should be set on foot to ensure that publicity of action which shall equally prevent the clashing of one charitable body with another, and the hasty formation of fresh ones. No less is it urgent that the suggestion of the Charity Organisation Society for a public register of these institutions, and a public audit of their accounts, should be carried into effect. Instead of deterring subscribers, such a plan would be a real attraction, by showing—what now puzzles many—when, where, and how best to give.

But even were all the 'above nine hundred charitable institutions and funds' set forth in Low's 'Handbook of the Charities of London'—which fill our hearts with complacency—well endowed, it would be as well to ask ourselves whether the effect of such a plethora be conducive to the public good. On the contrary, it would seem to be a law in social science, that, except under certain conditions, pauperism and alms, like two connected reservoirs, never fail to keep the same level. Wherever a city, or even a country, teems with endowments, a proportionate amount of idleness and drunkenness may be predicted. Bristol, among other English cities, is a case in point. There, largely endowed charities have so sapped the sense of independence, that when the Bristol and North Somerset Line was being constructed, the contractors found even the offer of high wages powerless to attract 'hands,' from the temptations to idleness held out by the city.\* Bruges is another instance. No *industrie* can live in that atmosphere of old congested charity. Brittany, again, is, for the same reason, the worst of all the departments of France for beggars and drunkenness. Nay, the decay of Holland may, in some measure, be traced to its superabundance of endowments, and consequent pauperism.

The cause for all this lies in the fact, not that charitable endowments are bad in themselves, but that institutions, not watched over and inquired into, naturally tend to administer their funds as carelessly as individuals their alms. It is well known that a large army of paupers, better informed than the Charities themselves, migrate regularly from one to the other; and thus live, or vegetate, upon funds only intended for honest emergencies, and in a large percentage of cases for the action of the Poor Law. The attention of the Charity Organisation

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\* In the nineteen central parishes of Bristol there is a drinking shop to every ten houses, and every twentieth inhabitant is a pauper.

Society has been therefore peculiarly directed to the working of certain classes of charitable institutions which draw more and more upon the liberality of the public, and are themselves clogged and surcharged with a crowd of recipients for whose benefit they were not destined. Such especially are the medical charities—in other words, the hospitals of London. No one could wish them curtailed. At the same time it is patent to all familiar with hospital wards, that numbers are admitted for whom the workhouse infirmaries are the intended refuge; and conducted as these now are, no objection, except that of false pride, can be raised against them; and greater numbers still who could easily afford some payment. A foreigner visiting one of our large London hospitals may well ask: ‘Are *these* the patients for whom the public pay?’ Nothing, indeed, can be more scandalous than the dress of the women who visit their sick relations on the appointed days, unless it be the frilled, goffered, and embroidered night-dress—for many are so got up—of ‘the lady’ herself (as the patients call each other) who, lying on a bed of charity, thence serenely surveys all the latest fashions! When to this is added the fact that at least 75 per cent. of the male cases are the result of unlimited drink, we obtain the right clue to the supposed ‘necessary expenditure, 35,000*l.*’

Of late the over-worked staff of some of the London hospitals have seen the policy of availing themselves of the investigating machinery offered by the ‘Charity Organisation Society.’ These efforts have been chiefly directed at present to the class of out-patients. It would seem that this department has been an abuse which has gradually crept in and grown to its present dimensions. In every way it works ill. Subscribers give their out-patient-tickets with utmost carelessness; to parties they know nothing of, or for trivial complaints. These help to swell the mob of applicants, afflicted alike with dirt, drink, and disease—sometimes suffering from infectious complaints—to whom it is impossible for the medical officers to do individual justice. Many mistakes are therefore made, for unqualified lads have to prescribe; and many faint and deserving creatures wait for hours, and that in an atmosphere of impurity, which, generated at the very entry of the building, finds its way into the sick wards, to the serious injury of the operation cases. The result of investigation at the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, was that 49 per cent. of the out-patients were persons who had no right to apply for charity at all.

Nor must it be forgotten that there is a limit to the liberality of the most liberal profession in the world. In some instances, in addition to their gratuitous services, the medical officers are  
known



known to relinquish even the fees due to them from their clinical students, in favour of chronically-bankrupt institutions. In Brighton, where the Charity Organisation Society has spread—as it has largely throughout England—it has been ascertained that one-fourth of the population are in receipt of gratuitous medical relief! Thus, in the anxiety of the public to provide for the supposed sick poor, it virtually robs Peter of what is his due, in order to give to Paul what is not good for him. As now constituted, the Hospital not only does the work which belongs to the Parochial authorities, but usurps and intercepts much of that which rightly appertains to an expensively educated professional class. The ventilation given to these subjects in the columns of the 'Reporter' has already led to changes. St. George's Hospital and also, we believe, Westminster Hospital have closed their out-door department. The Board of Jewish Guardians also, who in many respects set us an admirable example equally in judgment and benevolence toward their poor, have closed all out-door relief at their dispensaries.

It seems strange that in the face of these obvious facts, such collections as what are called Hospital Sunday and Hospital Saturday, should have been authorised—thus only swelling the funds, without providing any check against their misuse. So imperative a levy from the pulpit is indefensible, unless coupled with conditions for which it was a legitimate opportunity: such as the participation in the collections by such charities only as strictly and conscientiously limit their benefits—as most founders specify—to 'the poor and needy;' or who meet the difficulty by a classified tariff of payment from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per week for those who have been in the receipt of good wages (or whose wives visit them in silk dresses!)—such a tariff, in short, as prevails in institutions for a higher, and relatively as poor, if not a poorer class—namely, the Home for Invalid Ladies in Harley Street. Payments of this kind would render a hospital partially self-supporting, while still fulfilling the purpose of charity, and neutralise its pauperising influences. How always to settle the question as to who can or cannot pay a modicum towards their own or their children's medical treatment, may be a difficulty, but, with the help of investigation, by no means an insuperable one. At all events, every one will agree with Mr. Fairlie Clarke, that it should not be left to the hall porters.

As to that anomaly called Hospital Saturday, the medical profession, through their press, have from the beginning rightly condemned it. For the mere fact of subscription from the nominally poor is likely to increase the strain upon an hospital far beyond

beyond the proportion of the funds they contribute. It is simply a burlesque that those belonging to the class of alms-receivers should suddenly turn into the class of alms-givers, without setting the far better example of the necessary intermediate stage of self-supporters. Like the idea of workmen M.P.s, such fallacies lift a man into a position for which only the previous acquirement of independence can qualify him. If the artisan can contribute to pay for his neighbour's bed at an hospital, let him first pay for his own; in short, let him be just before he is generous.

And this brings us to a more becoming use of the mechanics' earnings, and the best remedy for hospital abuse: namely, the support by the lower orders themselves of a class of institutions now happily becoming more known, called 'Provident Dispensaries.' These mainly owe their suggestion and existence to the Report of a Medical Committee appointed by the Charity Organisation Society. The rules of management require that the members should be persons who, on the one hand, are not in receipt of Poor-law relief; and whose means, on the other, are insufficient to pay for medical attendance at the usual rate of charge. The subscription is on the principle of an insurance, during health, for sickness; and is regulated on a scale varying from sixpence to a shilling per month. For this the subscriber has his choice of the medical staff attached, either to prescribe for him at the dispensary, or to attend him at his own home as the case may require; all medicines being supplied. About 15 per cent. of the receipts are set aside for expenses of management, drugs, &c.; the rest is divided among the medical officers. These dispensaries are in course of being affiliated to the general hospitals, so that in cases requiring extra appliances or skill, it is optional with the Doctor to draft patients into the hospital best adapted for them. There are, we believe, already upwards of twenty-four of these capital institutions in and around London, greatly in favour with the better disposed of the London poor, who are thankful, for this small monthly sum, to be spared the labour and humiliation of hunting about for hospital tickets. The Royal Pimlico Free Dispensary, for instance, which had existed above forty years, and which, with the active aid of the Duke of Westminster, was converted in 1873 into a Provident Dispensary, enrolled within the first six months 1731 paying members. As to the remuneration of the medical men, the Haverstock Hill Dispensary divided among them, the first year, above 400*l.*; and the Camberwell Dispensary above 500*l.* These institutions are superintended by managing committees, careful to prevent their abuses on the part of a higher class. Mean-

while there is no fear that the free hospitals should not be adequately filled, or that the benevolence of their supporters should be checked by the knowledge that it is more honestly applied. As a means of education also in thrift and forethought, the value of these provident dispensaries is incalculable.

We have dwelt thus on the abuses which this Society is determined to put down with a firm hand, and in which aim it earnestly seeks the co-operation of the public. Though an institution new and original in itself, it has the merit of utilising all old ones—its best policy being found in open and amicable relations with the Guardians—with the Mendicity Societies, and with all who unite in the common object of at once helping and improving the poor.

That there should be a feeling adverse to this Society on the part of those who do not want abuses to be brought to light, is but natural. It is truly said that the badly-disposed poor 'have a kind of vested interest in every sort of sanitary, moral, and religious degradation.' Not that they object to the improved conditions the philanthropist aims to secure for them, but they want them *minus* supervision and control—all alms, and no 'interference.' There are many, too, of the higher classes, well-intentioned, tender-hearted, though perhaps narrow-minded, who would enforce the letter rather than the spirit of our Lord's words regarding the poor; and are hard to convince that the investigation this Society unsparingly institutes is as much a duty and a benefit to the worthy poor as to the public. The deeper the Society penetrates into the heart of our London population, the more it becomes cognisant of a decent and self-respecting, but poverty-stricken class, who suffer in silence, and to whom the ready credence given to the drunken and wasteful is a bitter aggravation of their daily trial. To those, therefore, who naturally ask us how far this Society befriends as well as corrects, we can open a chapter which, in its pure and widely-stretching benevolence, amply vindicates its sterner action. There is hardly a way in which the poor man can be lifted out of the mire and helped to help himself, which is not initiated, discussed, and arranged at that disinterested, enlightened, and truly benevolent weekly Board. Their whole war is with pauperism—their whole care for the poor. Their object is not to tinker the symptoms, but to remove the disease; to confer benefits, not as makeshifts for the day, but which bear in them the principle of permanence. When the cause for poverty cannot, whether from incorrigible habits or incurable afflictions, be removed, the poor are referred to the parochial authorities, to fitting institutions, or to private benevolence; but when judicious and timely help

help can avail there is no form that can be suggested in which it is not granted.

If the Society be anxious to break up those precarious occupations on which none can honestly subsist, it is to substitute for them others in which independence of alms and parish relief can be secured. While London is burdened and suffocated by thousands for whom there is no decent place or certain living, other centres, where rents are lower and air purer, are needing their labour. To these, if willing, whole families, especially those of the widow who here starves on needlework at 6*d.* a day, are referred and helped. A system of loans, carried on with due prudence, not only assists such migrations, but helps to redeem the man's tools, to purchase the woman's sewing-machine, to fit out the boy for work and the girl for service; such being the force of individual trust and sympathy that, despite the usual futility of lending to the poor, bad debts are the rarest exception. Nor must it be thought that grants and gifts and provision for the old and sick are withheld, when not interfering with parental or filial duties. Those, indeed, who imagine the action of the Society calculated to spare the purse of the charitable, while relieving it of the frauds of imposture, are greatly mistaken. To show this in a more business-like form we commend to our readers the following statement of three classes of cases dealt with by this Society for the five weeks ending July 29, 1876:—  
Class 1. Dismissed (or reported on as not requiring relief), 164; undeserving, 92; cases for Poor Law, 316: total, 572. Class 2. Recommended to the Guardians, 32; to institutions or local agencies, 444; to private persons, 131: total, 607. Class 3. Assisted by grants, 178; by loans, 75; by employment, 59; by letters for hospitals, 132: total, 444. Grand total, 1623 cases attended to. And all this is done with tenderness and consideration, even to the undeserving, for, in the words of a gentle and valuable lady-member of the Board, 'All abrupt change of plan is to be avoided; the poor have been taught by us to look for relief, and it cannot be stopped all at once.'

Here we must cut short our account of this Society without touching on many a point on which the single-eyed scrutiny of the Committees remains to be judged by its results. We have said that many clergymen are zealously enlisted and peculiarly fitted to assist in the movement; still, generally speaking, the clergy are inclined to look upon the novel action of this Society with mistrust, as interfering with their work and calculated to check the impulses of the benevolent. We would venture to remind them that this is rather a change in direction than a check in purpose, and that as there is an interconvertibility in the

forces of heat and motion, so there is the same in those forces by which the good of our fellow-creatures is effected. Time necessitates reforms in the machinery of charity, no less than in everything else. What was thought some fifty years ago to be an admirable step in the science of well-doing—the appointment, namely, of lady district visitors—has become, as is proved by the state of our population, utterly inadequate to meet the imposture and pauperism that has obtained. We have said little to the purpose if it be not apparent that, under present circumstances, the administration of charity requires, as Sir Arthur Helps has said, ‘the sternest labour and the most anxious thought.’ What we want, therefore, is not less help, but more, only that in a different form. Long arrears have to be made good, and an army of poor creatures who have been carefully, or carelessly, educated in a false direction, have to be gradually brought over to a happier path. Little less, it is true, than an army of the good, the wise, and the brave, are needed for such a revolution; but the campaign has begun, and with the names of Edward Denison, Octavia Hill, and other blessed men and women, on the banners, there is no need to despair of recruits.

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ART. IV.—1. *Eight Months at Rome during the Vatican Council: impressions of a Contemporary.* By Pomponio Leto. Translated from the original. London, 1876.

2. *De Hebræorum et Christianorum sacrâ Monarchiâ: et de infallibili in utrâque Magisterio.* In tres partes divisa. Editio altera. Per Professorem Aloisium Vincenzi. Romæ, ex typographiâ Vaticanâ, 1875.

**W**ONDERS are the order of the day, and the wonder of wonders is not far off. The great lie is beginning to be avowed; truth is extorting confessions at last from Rome. The two books at the head of our paper promise to be but a sample of what is to come—the first awakenings of a conscience that has slept soundly for centuries, and only been troubled hitherto by ugly dreams. As it awakes, it ejaculates, What if those dreams should prove to be facts? The pæan of the Vatican Council had hardly been hushed when the old fisherman found himself in his hut again. It was the rudeness of the shock, no doubt, that accomplished the disenchantment of Pomponio Leto; and it is also far from probable that he was alone in rubbing his eyes. This is his candid confession:—

‘The doctrine of Infallibility was proclaimed at Rome on the 18th  
of

of July, 1870; and at Berlin on the 19th of July in the same year was received the intimation of that war, which was to effect the ruin of the temporal power; and that, by a singular disposition of Providence, the completion on one side of the edifice, reared with such perseverance through the lapse of centuries, was to coincide with the commencement of its demolition on the other. The clay feet of the Colossus were broken down and crumbled into dust, just as its head was surmounted with the last golden crown. At the very moment when the Papacy had reached its utmost development of power, it lost its most effective and powerful instrument for exercising that power in the way, and with the intention, for which it had been raised on high. . . . A strange result, indeed, but one which might have been foreseen, though little expected by those who mainly brought it about, and who, perhaps, awaited a very different result of their labours.—p. 238.

On the practical consequences of this revolution the author speculates at great length sorrowfully, and in what read like terms of self-reproach. He is thoroughly discouraged at the 'many deplorable features' which present themselves in the situation, 'even to the least observant eyes and the most prejudiced judgment;' while, by expatiating on the sinister appearances of the fatal day on which the die was cast, he seems to wish his very readers to infer how bitterly he rued it himself:—

'On the morning of July 18, the sun rose amid threatening clouds as it had done on the 6th of December; and a violent storm burst over the Eternal City during the Fourth Session of the Council, as incessant rain had accompanied its first meeting. Both the Council-hall and the city itself presented that cold and severe aspect, which seems naturally to accompany the consummation of great events fraught with momentous considerations. . . .—p. 213.

But two voices, he blushes to tell us, were found of sufficient courage to say 'Non placet' on that day; of which one came from the extreme Old World, a Neapolitan, the other from the extreme New, an American. The dissentient of the New World curiously presided over a see, called *Little Rock*:—

'Two or three houses were decorated; but this, and the applause at the door of the Council-hall, were the only signs of rejoicing at the declaration of Infallibility. In the evening the Government offices, the religious establishments, and a few private houses were illuminated, but the rest of the city remained in perfect silence and profound darkness. It seemed, however, as if the elements had conspired to disturb the terrestrial calm; for a hurricane broke over Rome during the ceremony; thunderbolts fell in two or three places while the service was proceeding between eleven and twelve o'clock, and both the heavens and the city of Rome appeared to bear external evidence of

of the great events then taking place, events, which in one sense closely concerned them both. . . .—p. 214.

How was the fell dogma secured? By means irresistibly recalling the worst days of imperial Rome; when consuls were preserved in name to serve for dates, and senators in form to disguise their serfdom; by means that have cost kings their sceptres in modern Europe to that extent, that practically not a vestige remains of the old stock anywhere: by means, however, which papal Rome has unfortunately wielded with so much effect hitherto, that they have become maxims with her authorities, utilising all the vile weapons that vulpecular craft can suggest, sacrificing every description of principle, human or divine, to the unscrupulous aggrandisement of self. Innocent III. met the Fourth Lateran Council with seventy canons of his own composition to be received as they stood. The stoutest Infallibilists would have trembled in their shoes, had Pius IX. resolved on following Innocent. Eugenius IV. overcame the Greeks at Florence by starving the recusant and bribing the complaisant. Indigence precluded Pius IX. from treading in the steps of Eugenius. Yet neither precedent was lost sight of, though the policy pursued had to be served by other expedients. The constitutions of the Vatican Council were framed at Rome, though not by the Pope; the bishops who voted on them had as little participation in deliberating on them as laymen; they were published in the name of the Pope, not of the Council; the Opposition was neither bribed nor starved, but swamped or coerced. The numbers present were the result of a gigantic sham, as Pomponio Leto feels constrained to avow.

‘Nine of the bishops present were patriarchs; four of the Western Church and five Oriental. There were five primates and above 130 archbishops. These, however, had not all the charge of a diocese; and among the patriarchs were some who had never in their lives left Rome. There were also a considerable number of archbishops and bishops *in partibus*, who were not diocesans, and scarcely knew the geographical situation of the territories whence they derived their designations; all these, however, were equally admitted to the Council and allowed to vote. Abbots and Generals of orders had also a seat, together with the power of voting, although without any real claim to that privilege. . . .—p. 2.

The result of all these concessions, he bids us observe, ‘was very materially to affect the action of the Council’ and to ‘swell the numbers present, making the Vatican Council the largest ever witnessed in the Catholic Church.’ Of Cardinals there were 47 present, according to him, out of the 55 in Rome; of Bishops  
more

more than 700 out of the 1000, supposed to form the entire (Roman) Catholic Episcopate. Still, what are numbers, when they stand for a mere repetition of units? and what are bishops, when they are mere nominees of one man? In the seven Œcumenical Councils received by the whole Church, there was not a single bishop allowed to vote whose election had not been canonical—the act of the province to which he belonged. Those who represented absent bishops bore no relation to them at other times, and were perfectly free, so far as their own acts were concerned, even then. Hence, to whatever extent the Vatican Council consisted of bishops in absolute dependence on another, it differed essentially from all the Œcumenically received councils, without exception, as regards its composition. On this point Pomponio Leto leaves us all but in the dark. Perhaps he was not called upon by his subject to enlighten us; perhaps he presumed us already well informed. Let us try to make good his omission.

The Pope nominates all cardinals, the Pope nominates all bishops *in partibus*, by his simple fiat; nobody else has any hand in their appointment. Where he is not otherwise bound by concordats with the civil power, the Pope claims and exercises incessantly the right of setting aside the local recommendation or election, and then substituting a nominee of his own to *any* see that is vacant. Perhaps this claim was never enforced by Pius IX. more defiantly both of law and custom in his own Church, or in greater contempt for the wishes of those most affected by it, than when he placed a late Archdeacon of Chichester at the head of his newly-constituted Episcopate in England. One who had the actual right of succession, in addition to his many personal qualifications, had to be rejected ignominiously to make way for one who came in by no right at all. Success, possibly by this time, will be held to have justified a measure which nothing else could. How many more bishops figured in the majority, whose appointment was null and void by the Canons, perhaps not all the Pomponios in the world could tell; probably Pius IX. only knows.

But, again, the Pope exacts a personal oath of allegiance from every bishop and archbishop in his communion at their consecration. No such oath was taken to anybody by the poorest bishop who sat and voted in the seven Œcumenical Councils. It is, in reality, the secular oath by which every vassal was bound to his lord in feudal times, and pledged to be his man, that is, his slave. Agricultural labourers would scoff at the notion of taking any such oath now; Archbishops of Vienna, Paris, and New York, have to accept this, with as many fresh rivets as it may



may please the reigning Pope to insert, still. Even this is not all. The Pope revises the Breviary from time to time, which every priest and bishop in his communion is bound to recite daily throughout the year. Pius IX. took good care to have parts of it interpolated long before the Vatican constitutions were put in hand, with incidental assertions of his infallibility; thus beguiling each subordinate to make secret acknowledgment of it before God, to pave the way for requiring all to make public profession of it before man—‘*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*’ In spite of all these manipulations, as might have been anticipated, there was a recoil when the time came. Unanimity failed just at the last turn of the screw, and the fact of a breach was established. Yet so staggered were the dissentients, when actually called upon to think and legislate for themselves, that the masters had but to crack their whips for the slaves to throw down their arms and run away. Let us hear how all this came about from Pomponio Leto.

There was a pamphlet which, he says, appeared in France during the sittings of the Council in the month of May, ‘short, but very important, and evidently written by some person of authority,’ the title which it bore being ‘*Ce qui se passe au Concile.*’ This pamphlet, he tells us, with evident satisfaction, ‘gave an index of the briefs, the letters, and different works in the name of the Pope and other authorities, by which they encouraged personally and openly all who had in any way promoted infallibility, or shown themselves in favour of it; and this fact produced a great impression. The instances cited by the pamphlet were, for the most part, collected beyond the limits of Italy; but some very curious examples were to be found in Rome itself. Whoever said or did anything in favour of Infallibility, received acknowledgments, remunerations, and honours, the Pope himself condescending to act openly in this way. The papers even published a Papal rescript, approving and commending all those who fought for the good cause by means of the press—that press sometimes so much blamed.’\*

The Council had no alternative from the first but to follow in their wake. The order prescribed for it was in many ways a marked innovation even upon the Council of Trent. The Council of Trent, in accordance with antiquity so far, commenced with a recital of the creed of the Church, as then used in the West. For the Vatican Council ‘the enlarged and precise formula of Pius IV. was selected,’ says Pomponio;† though he seems blind to the significance of commencing with a

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\* P. 162.

† P. 44.

*Papal creed.* It was the technical routine that moved him most :—

‘The work of the Council of Trent was settled in its Second Session in a sort of order by which the whole procedure was fixed ; but this order, like a simple decree, was submitted in the accustomed manner to the “*Placet*” of the Fathers, discussed and approved by the whole Assembly. The corresponding act to this in the Vatican Council was a Papal Bull, by which the whole order of the Council was settled *à priori* without discussion, and by the sole authority of the Pope, the Assembly having no voice whatever in the matter. . . . All propositions proceeded from Commissions nominated by the Pope, and when they did not meet with a favourable reception, returned to other Commissions composed almost entirely of the same elements as the first. By the Bull, the bishops possessed the right of initiating questions ; but these could not come before the Assembly until they had received the sanction of a special Congregation nominated by the Pope, and containing twelve cardinals ; and finally of the Pontiff himself. . . . The same cardinals who presided over the first Commissions which proposed the schemes, presided over the second, whose duty it was to modify them, when they proved unacceptable, and three of these cardinals were, at the same time, legates or presidents over the five, who directed the whole procedure. . . .’—pp. 50-51.

As the Council advanced,

‘A new order was published . . . containing two articles, which were its *raison d’être* . . . The first article authorised the president to cut short an orator every time he wandered from the subject under debate. . . . the second article was still more important, for it provided that any debate might be brought to an end when the subject had been *satis excussa*, on the proposal of not fewer than ten Fathers. It declared also, that when the closing was proposed, it should be decided at once, and that the opinion of the majority alone was requisite on the matter.’—pp. 108-9.

The practical result of the first Article was to gag free speech ; of the second, to ‘constitute the majority sole and absolute arbiter of the debates.’ Meanwhile, continues Pomponio,

‘The Infallibilists continued their work outside the doors of the Council. A notice was circulated by the Archbishop of Westminster, and the fathers of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, along with a letter addressed to the bishops, soliciting the Council to proclaim the personal Infallibility of the Pope in faith and morals. There was abundance of excitement on other matters, but this was the important point ; the dominant question of the Vatican Council ; all else was of minor consequence, and turned on this. Every individual in his own way, and according to his own ideas and interests, felt that here was the *to be or not to be* of the matter.’—p. 58.

Wonderful

Wonderful to relate, the dissentients affected to believe, and acted up to a certain point as though they believed, that the presidents and the majority constituted all that they had to contend against, and that the individual on whom everything turned, instead of being the arch-conspirator of it all, was in heart their friend. Accordingly, when they could dissemble no longer what they must have known thoroughly from the first, they threw up their hands in mock amaze, and uttering a general exclamation of '*sauve qui peut*,' left the field to their opponents:—

'The refusal of the Pope to agree to a prorogation of the Council after the festival of S. Peter had put the finishing stroke to their displeasure; and now the conviction that the Vatican was bent upon the declaration of Infallibility caused a real panic among them. On Sunday, July 3, their leaders held a meeting in which they finally determined to desist from a combat henceforward useless, and possibly dangerous; the resolution was spontaneously adopted by nearly all present; and in this frame of mind, the Fathers attended the Congregation on Monday. The history of the close of the debate has been told in many ways, but all admit that when one of the bishops belonging to the Opposition attempted to speak, he was greeted with impatient cries of "*abstineas, renuncia*," &c., from the majority; whereupon another member of the minority, supposed to be Strossmayer, rose and declared his determination to be henceforth silent, an example which was soon followed by his colleagues. One of the majority then observed, that the Opposition having announced their resolution not to speak further, the debates were ended; and invited his own party to express their agreement in this conclusion. Accordingly, all who had prepared to speak, announced their willingness to desist, excepting two or three of the Fathers, who still wished to be heard. Cardinal de Luca, one of the presidents, availed himself of the occurrence, praised the Assembly for its determination, thanked those who had originated the happy idea, and declared the debate and the sitting to be concluded. In fact, it might be said that the war ended for lack of combatants to carry it on.'—p. 198.

When the critical moment arrived, out of nearly two hundred non-contents but two were found in their places, as has been stated, to say '*No*,' of whom one was '*Little Rock*.' It was not a victory, but a conquest. *Palmas qui meruit, ferat*. And with it comes the denouement. We seem to see the scowl of contempt that overspread the countenance of Pomponio, in terminating his last chapter of events, as he told the fact.

On the day of the promulgation of the dogma, Monsignor Manning received as a gift from the Society of the Jesuits a portrait of Bellarmine with the following inscription:—

'Henrico

‘Henrico Edwardo Manning, Archiep. Westmonast. Sodales Soc. Jesu, Collegii Civilitatis Catholicæ, Sessionis IV. concilii Vaticani mnemosynon.’—p. 222.

A talented performer, but not leader, of the Oxford band, the coryphæus of a hierarchy barely twenty years old, and representing a mere fraction of a remote people—‘*toto divisos orbe Britannos*’—that he should have been chosen to teach Italians, Gregorians! Who would resent this more bitterly than an Italian cardinal? As he recounts it, Pomponio cannot help letting the world know who he is, as plainly, so far, as if he had favoured us with his real name. A German cardinal would have been too phlegmatic to have felt the wound. A French cardinal would have been too chivalrous to have acknowledged himself hurt. An Italian priest or bishop of a poorer see would have kept his feelings to himself. Pomponio betrays his stock and his rank in a trice whenever Manning turns up. Like Manning, he belongs to the winning side; but he hates his victory, and has qualms about his orthodoxy, because he feels both compromised by the farce of having fought under such a *Generalissimo* :—

‘Manning was not long since a Protestant, and not only joined the Catholic Church, but became Archbishop of Westminster. None are so devoted as converts; and the fact of having been in error the first half of his life did not hinder his becoming in the latter an ardent advocate of Infallibility. At any rate, as his antecedents justified the supposition that he was lacking in the traditional ecclesiastical spirit which is seldom acquired save by early habit and long usage—a presumption farther supported by his own immoderate restlessness—it seemed likely that his authority would be somewhat diminished in the estimation of that portion of the clerical world, whose principles, being conservative, are best able to exercise a calm and impartial judgment. . . . He knew his own religion from within and not from without; and the Catholic religion from without but not from within.

. . . He did not appreciate the good effects of allowing a moderate degree of liberty, and the constant exercise of the conscience and of the reasoning powers; neither did he understand the dangers arising from the excessive authority exercised by united Catholicism. In fact, he was enamoured of the principle of authority as the slave adores the idea of liberty; and this want of discrimination, and of real Catholic perception, in his dealings with the Council was a matter of reproach to him even by the most faithful and devout clergy at Rome.’—pp. 22 and 60.

Pomponio strips himself of his outer incognito when he writes thus. The exquisite satire which he points, the deep-seated conservatism which he avows, the lordly vantage-ground which he affects, all are vividly Roman in tone. We seem to be listening

tening to the ‘*lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*’ while we read him. Other passages occur again and again in his work, which prove conclusively that he was a member of the Council, and voted with the majority. His disdain for his leader sprang from a consciousness that he might have led himself. His individuality remains, and may be supplied from hearsay. The world says that the book was brought out, and perhaps put into shape, by the Marchese Vitelleschi; but that it was inspired unquestionably by the late Cardinal of that name, who sat in the Council as Bishop of Osimo and Cingoli, and received his hat, when it was over, for his services there, from the Pope. He lived long enough to be thoroughly convinced what a mistake the Council had been. ‘*Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.*’ He had evidently wept over Montalembert; \* evidently groaned over that ‘*pover uomo*,’ Cardinal Guidi,† for whom he had himself attempted in vain to win a following; ‡ evidently contemplated, with misgivings which he was unable to stifle, ‘the difference in prosperity and of civilisation to be found in Spain as compared with England, and in Ireland as compared with the sister isle, or as between Portugal and Holland, between South and North America, between Italy and Germany, between Savoy and Switzerland, and in the latter country between the Catholic and Protestant Cantons.’ §

This book should tell everybody what he dared not avow with his lips. Better let the truth be known after his death than not at all.

We have now two distinct accounts of the Vatican Council, emanating from opposite sources: that of Quirinus, ‘accurately reflecting the opinions and feelings of the bishops of the minority;’ that of Pomponio, letting us into the afterthoughts of one who was rewarded for having contributed to their defeat. As to facts, there is the most perfect agreement between them; though, as might have been expected under the circumstances, one frequently supplies what the other omits. One is the longer—the other the shorter—recension of the same chronicle; yet the shorter, being the work of a single individual behind the scenes, often acquaints us in a few lines with a secret undiscoverable by the many contributing to the longer, because scrupulously concealed at headquarters. Each of them is seen at a glance to have been composed in perfect independence of the other; while each guarantees the other, so far as facts are concerned. No future historian will be able to establish any such discrepancies between them as there are notoriously between the Greek and

\* P. 124.

† P. 157.

‡ Pp. 188-94.

§ P. 92.

Latin

Latin acts of the Council of Florence, making it often questionable which to believe. From the concurrent witness of Quirinus and Pomponio, posterity will have no difficulty whatever in passing judgment on the Vatican Council in accordance with truth, and with what consequences it is easy to divine. It will have to be classed with the pseudo-synod of Ariminum and the robber-synod of Ephesus, if Rome is to be saved; it will be upheld like the Council of Florence, if Rome is to come to nought. The result of adhering to the Council of Florence was to detach half Europe from the Papacy: the result of adhering to the Vatican Council will be to detach the remainder.

At this point we pass imperceptibly from the work of Pomponio, which is of older date, to that of Aloisius Vincenzi, which in one sense might be called its continuation, having been published only last year, and, though dealing exclusively with the past, is palpably due to present misgivings. Unlike the work of Pomponio, it seems intended only for the initiated, being written in Latin, printed at the Vatican Press, and dedicated to 'Pius IX., doctor and infallible judge by the appointment of Christ in the Church, with power over all bishops.' It seems to say a new title necessitates a new patent—new bottles must be provided at any cost for new wine. Let us try what a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, will do for us. If facts are not forthcoming in our favour, we must assume them; if any tell against us, we must deny them; if any will not assist us, we must pass over or explain them away. Its thesis 'of the sacred monarchy of the Hebrews and Christians, and of the infallible direction in both,' bears about the same relation to Dreamland, as the problem discussed in the schools, 'of the chimera that breathed in a vacuum, and was fed on second intentions.' Its author signs himself 'Aloisius Vincenzi, Professor of Hebrew,' succinctly; but from the list of his publications that follows, we see that he commenced writing nearly thirty-five years ago; while, from a note,\* we learn that the last of his former publications was undertaken at the instance of the reigning Pope, and inspired during its progress by the Jesuit Fathers Perrone and Ballerini to that extent, that it had 'proved in every way favourable to Catholic dogma, and to the splendour of the Roman pontificate.' That double success it was evidently which had spurred him on to this further outburst, and procured for it the distinction '*ex typographiâ Vaticanâ*,' when completed. Taken on its own merits, indeed, and but for its having been so printed, which implies official assent, and so dedicated,

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\* Prol. p. viii.

which implies serious acceptance, we should have prophesied of it that it would have been speedily placed on the Index. He rudely shakes himself free from all the old moorings, which, though suspected to be rotten by some, presented an imposing appearance, to cast anchor upon a quicksand. He abandons, and, in abandoning, avows publicly the untenableness of the old bulwarks; and strives to compensate for them by throwing up a wall of lath and plaster, ill-concealed under a fancy paper.

He has, of course, some facts of his own to manipulate; and his way of dealing with them vividly recalls a modern contrivance. Instead of burdening himself with all the facts of a case, he seizes on the single point that tells most in his favour, sketches it, colours it with a view to effect alone, doubles it by repetition, places its duplicate side by side with it in his ecclesiastical stereoscope, where by shutting his eyes to everything else he beholds both magnified as one, with all other objects calculated to disturb his exclusive contemplation of it excluded. One of his favourite slides is what Moses says,\* 'The cause that is too hard for you, bring it unto me, and I will hear it.'† This he can never repeat too often or too highly magnified. It was fulfilled to the letter, according to him, by the Popes in adjudicating for the Church: as matter-of-fact it has been fulfilled by the Sovereigns of his country for the same period and to the same extent. It is simply the principle on which every tribunal is constituted. To prove that it came to the Popes in any special way from Moses by right of descent, the gulf between Moses and the Popes should have been first spanned. Has the rod of Moses also descended to the Popes? have they worked his miracles? have they gone twice forty days and forty nights without food to receive commands direct from God? Christ exceeded Moses in His miracles, in the fulness of His intercourse with God; the Popes have never so much as approached him in either. Where, then, are their title-deeds for appropriating his words? Urim and Thummim is another delusive slide, drawn solely from what Moses says of it in his song.‡ Poetry rarely supplies a basis of proof; besides, Urim and Thummim, like Moses, have their history too. First, of the high-priesthood, to which they were attached. It was transmitted by Aaron, the first high-priest, to Eleazar, his eldest son, and, for aught we know to the contrary, to his descendants after him. But, after a time, without any record of the change, we find it held by the descendants of Ithamar, Aaron's youngest

\* 'Mosaicum et mysticum statutum sæpius citatum,' as he calls it.

† Deut. i. 57.

‡ Deut. xxxiii. 8-11.

son. With them it remained till, by a solemn judicial sentence, which reads like the institution of a new priesthood altogether,\* it was taken from them as having been forfeited by their sins,† and restored to the elder branch. How had it fared with Urim and Thummim meanwhile? As long as the pontificate remained in the direct line, there is direct evidence of their continuance.‡ That they were suspended in Eli can hardly be doubted;§ that they were revived in his successors under David and Solomon is the very most that could be proved.|| But there is not a hint dropped of their continuance subsequently to the division of Israel and Judah into two separate kingdoms; and from Ezra downwards, when any difficult questions were started, it became customary to postpone their settlement 'till there stood up a priest with Urim and Thummim;'¶ or, after prophets had ceased also, 'till there should come a prophet.'\*\* Men inquired of the prophet †† long after they had ceased inquiring of the priest; and even in the New Testament cases are recorded of priests who prophesied:‡‡ but of priests with Urim and Thummim, never. If Urim is rightly construed 'doctrina,' and Thummim 'veritas,' Thummim must have been signally wanting to the high-priest who condemned our Lord,§§ and Urim to the high-priest of the sect of the Sadducees who denied the resurrection.||| We cannot argue from privileges that shifted about from one line to another with the office to which they were attached, and were permanent in neither, to privileges assumed to be fixed and permanent in a single line. Further, if parallels from the Old Testament are to serve for argument at all, in comparing the ideals on any point whatsoever, it will never do to lose sight of the concrete. What, for instance, can be more preposterous than the following?

'Hence the corollary: that as Jerusalem, by possessing the Temple, the centre of religion for all Israel, was formerly the seat of a pontificate, which even the Gentiles honoured and revered: so Rome, after the overthrow of Jerusalem, that the shadow might give way to the substance, became the metropolis of all nations that believed. And as Jerusalem, in former times, was not ennobled only by the Temple, but by the priesthood that ministered in holy things, so the city of Rome was ennobled equally by the chair of Peter. For as he sat; and still sits there by his successors, so it has become mistress of

\* 1 Sam. ii. 30-36.

† 1 Kings ii. 27.

‡ Num. xxvi. 21, and Judges xx. 18 and 28.

§ Sam. iii. 1, interpreted by what follows, and by ii. 27 et seq.

|| The passages which speak clearest are 1 Sam. xxiii. 9, and xxx. 7.

¶ Ezra ii. 63; Neh. vii. 65.

\*\* 1 Macc. iv. 46; and xiv. 41.

†† 1 Kings xxii. 7; 2 Kings xix. 2.

‡‡ S. Luke i. 67; S. John xi. 51.

§§ S. Matt. xxvi. 65.

||| Acts, v. 17.



the faith for the whole world, with its own faith celebrated in every land.'—pp. 30, 31.

In this picture all the realities of Jewish and ecclesiastical history are left out; all the characteristic features of the Jerusalem of the Old Testament are concealed from view. The greatness of the Jerusalem of the Old Testament commenced with David, and its decline with his son Solomon. Solomon, it is true, constructed a temple for the true God in it of the utmost magnificence; but he contracted marriage simultaneously with endless heathen wives, and caused their false deities to be worshipped on the heights overlooking Jerusalem before his death. Scripture reprobates his vices at least as loudly as it extols his wisdom. His son Rehoboam alienated his people to that degree, that ten out of twelve tribes not merely revolted from him, but set up a religion of their own sooner than worship with him. The breach that commenced with him was never afterwards healed. The schism which was due to his sin was only terminated by the captivity which was due to theirs. 'I gave thee a king in mine anger, and took him away in my wrath,' says one prophet.\* It had been 'great wickedness' in them originally to have 'asked for a king;† it was worse wickedness that caused his removal. Either way, the 'Hebrew monarchy' seems an ill-starred type for the Christian. Rome is condemned, *d'avance*, if Zion was Rome! 'Jerusalem hath grievously sinned, therefore she is removed,' says another prophet.‡ This, surely, can have but one meaning. 'Son of man, cause Jerusalem to know her abominations,' says a third; and a long list follows.§ 'Son of man, seest thou what they do?' he was asked, on being shown 'all the idols portrayed on the walls of the temple . . . the seventy men of the ancients . . . with every man his censer in his hand . . . the women weeping for Thamuz at the door . . . and the five-and-twenty men, between the porch and the altar, with their backs to the temple, worshipping the sun towards the east' . . . but a few years before the temple was laid in ruins.] If Jerusalem is to be drawn into precedent, neither can her captivity be passed over, nor the sins which caused it. Even so, the climax is not reached. 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate:¶' was said over

\* Hos. xiii. 11.  
§ Ezek. xvi. 2.

† 1 Sam. xii. 17.  
|| Ezek. viii. 6, et seq.

‡ Lam. i. 8.  
¶ S. Luke xiii. 34.

her by her infallible Lord, in predicting the consummation of her fellest crime, to be avenged by her heaviest overthrow, from which there has been no uprising as yet.

The question is suggested, and will not be put down—it is the ‘*Typographia Vaticana*’ which has brought it on—Is there, or is there not, any counterpart to all this on the Christian side? And it is no sooner started than answered. Two jays were never more like. Monarchy was no sooner arrogated and usurped in the Christian Church than worship became corrupted, and a schism ensued. The Eastern Church, then the most numerous, the most civilised, and most intelligent, separated from the Western. In the West itself the supremacy of the Pope had no sooner assumed formal proportions, than a social upheaving was felt in every land, and the Reformation shattered the Medieval Church into fragments.

Was this an unmerited calamity, or the effect of sin? and if the effect of sin, at whose door was the sin laid? ‘You ask me,’ said John of Salisbury\* to Pope Adrian, his countryman, ‘what people think of the Church of Rome, and of the Pope? I reply, they look upon her rather in the light of a step-mother, than of a mother . . . and of the Roman Pontiff as an universal oppressor that cannot be borne with much longer.’ ‘Plain and obvious,’ said Grossetête, Bishop of Lincoln, to Pope Innocent,† at the Council of Lyons, ‘is the cause of the sadly deplorable diminution and straitened condition of the Church. . . . inasmuch as it is the loss of good pastors. . . . Now what, I ask, is the *ultimate source* and origin, the fountain and root of all these evils? . . . The cause, and fountain, and origin of all this is the Roman Court.’ . . . ‘So vast is the number of pagan abuses and diabolical superstitions that exist at Rome,’ says Matthew of Cracow, in his tract on the abominations of the Roman Court, ‘that they cannot well be divined. It is scarce possible for a man to be so wicked and abandoned as not to be allowed to celebrate the Divine office there. The most iniquitous, most miserable sinner is rarely denied Holy Orders.’ The Vaticanists must either accept our Christian concrete, or renounce their Hebrew ideal. Meanwhile, we cannot admit even their Christian ideal without qualification. S. Peter himself was a literal person, irrespectively of what he symbolised now and then. The figurative part played by him on great occasions must not blind us to what he was always in himself. His mystical and his official character are two distinct things, which we must not confound. Even in the celebrated

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\* ‘*De Nug. Cur.*’ vi. 23. † ‘*Serm. cor. Papæ et Card. in conc. Lugd.*’ A.D. 1250.  
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version of his confession by S. Matthew \* it is a complete mistake to suppose that he was called 'the rock' in the language in which he was addressed; for his name, S. John takes care to inform us, † meant in that language, as well as in Greek, '*a stone*.' Further, whatever words were spoken by Christ on that occasion, as it is only S. Matthew who records them, so there is just a possibility, if nothing more, that they were intended for the Jews, for whom he wrote, rather than for the Gentiles. Other considerations point the same way. For—

1. There is not a hint breathed of them in the other three Gospels.
2. S. Paul as distinctly credits S. Peter with having had the 'Gospel of circumcision' committed to him, as he claims for himself the 'Apostleship of the Gentiles,' and the 'Gospel of the uncircumcision.' ‡
3. Eusebius, to whom, as Metropolitan of Cæsarea, the records of the Church of Jerusalem must have been familiar, tells us § that all its bishops down to the reign of Hadrian were bishops of the circumcision only, and names Marcus as its first Gentile bishop.
4. The Greek Fathers, beginning with S. Irenæus, || who is the earliest authority for the Latins also, make SS. Peter and Paul, or SS. Paul and Peter, as Eusebius has it, joint founders of the Church of Rome; reckoning always from them as its first *bishops*; by which name S. Epiphanius expressly calls them.
5. As to the order in which their successors came, there have been endless theories from the fourth century downwards. But here, again, the order traced by S. Irenæus is mostly followed; viz., Linus, Cletus, Clement. Now, of these the first and third are mentioned pointedly by S. Paul as his associates or fellow-workers. Clement, who was still working for him at Philippi, when he was at Rome for the first time; and Linus, who was at his side at Rome, when he was about 'to be offered.' There are no grounds whatever for connecting either of them with S. Peter. Latin traditions to that effect are purely mythic or self-conflicting. But there are numerous passages in the single letter of S. Clement himself, allowed to be genuine, that attest his intimate acquaintance with the epistles of S. Paul, to say nothing of its being addressed to the Corinthians, the most considerable of all the churches planted by S. Paul, and whose previous dissensions had elicited two similar letters from him. But, again, S. Clement speaks in this letter of the martyrdom of S. Paul, as of an event that

\* S. Matt. xvi. 16 et seq.

† S. John i. 42.

‡ Gal. ii. 7.

§ 'E. H.' iv. 6; and v. 62.

|| For the materials from which this argument is drawn, see Pearson, 'De Success.' Diss. i., c. vi. § 2, et seq.; Dodwell, 'De Success.' c. viii. § 7; Thorndike, 'Church Government,' c. v. The wonder is they should not have been worked up before.

was anything but recent, when it was written; throwing his own episcopate proportionately forward thereby; whereas for Linus, who was at Rome ministering to S. Paul on the eve of his death, it would only be natural to be his first successor.

Let us assume, then, that when it is said SS. Peter and Paul were joint founders of the Roman See, what is really meant is, that one (S. Peter) presided over the Jewish, and the other (S. Paul) over the Gentile converts, and see what comes of it. As 'the time of their departure' drew nigh, S. Paul, it is highly probable—for we know from himself that he had done this *in two cases already*—consecrated Linus, one of his tried associates, to succeed him; and S. Peter, *for aught we know to the contrary*, for we have no proofs of his having ever consecrated anybody, Cletus included, that will bear examination, consecrated Cletus. Linus, again, as his 'time drew nigh,' following the precedent of his master, consecrated Clement; and Clement was so great a favourite with all, and nobody can doubt this who reads his exquisite chapters on love, that Cletus, as his end approached, handed over his flock to him; so that Clement was really the first bishop of united Rome. History, scanty perhaps, but authentic, as far as it goes, is best explained in this way. The only drawback to it, alas, is that it leaves *the succession from S. Peter extinct in Cletus*, and derives everything subsequently from S. Paul. But then it explains another fact also; viz., the extreme care taken by the purveyors of the Latin tradition to exclude S. Paul from any share whatever in the Roman episcopate; from a secret consciousness that it was all up with them if he were let in. As if the best authenticated precedents of ordinary successors—Titus and Timothy to wit—had been set, not by S. Paul, but by S. Peter!

What will the Professor of Hebrew say to this? *We say* that we think we have shown it to be more than probable, on historical grounds alone, that those celebrated words of our Lord to S. Peter, which only S. Matthew records, were meant only for the Jews in their first and obvious sense; and that it is taking a sacrilegious liberty with the mind of the speaker, to seek to extract any countenance from them, by perverting their meaning, for the establishment of a lawless despotism in the church of all nations.

Anyhow, our Lord put a definite qualification on His own words, within a few years of their utterance, by the privileges which He bestowed by special revelation, and the mission of carrying the Gospel westward, which He laid on S. Paul—on one to whom there is nothing corresponding whatever in the Jewish parallel. Even as those words stand in S. Matthew,

they are modified almost immediately by the context—by the rebuke S. Peter drew upon himself as the conversation advanced—‘Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not of the things that be of God, but those that be of men.’ S. Matthew as good as intimates to the Jews for whom he wrote, by this juxtaposition, that they must read the second speech after the first, to understand both aright. S. Mark, who wrote for the *Christians at Rome*,\* and professed to record for their benefit all that S. Peter would have wished them to remember most, omits the first speech altogether, as though it had no meaning at all for *them*, but gives the second in full, as what they should never forget.† Our professor not only betrays his contempt for S. Matthew by dwelling exclusively on the first, but flatly censures S. Mark by suppressing the second.

One more passage shall be noticed which he dovetails similarly. Like the last, it is an isolated passage, recorded by a single Evangelist. It is the threefold charge given to S. Peter, shortly before the Ascension of our Lord, recorded only by S. John, and that in his last chapter, the genuineness of which is denied by some. Perfectly genuine we hold it to be, but appended to the previous chapter, with which his Gospel once closed, by S. John himself on hearing of the martyrdom of his old comrade and tried friend. He *tells us virtually* that it was his martyrdom which recalled this conversation, by the comment on it expressed in verse 19. And then, of course, S. John must have been reminded that all the Evangelists had expatiated almost more than enough on his thrice-repeated denial of Christ, but that not one had so much as named the thrice-repeated charge given him afterwards in this conversation, by which his sin had been condoned with so much love. There was nothing directly typical or figurative in this part of the story whatever. It was a pure act of grace to the individual man, which it were profane to pervert. If there is a particle of truth in the old tradition that S. John wrote last to supplement the other Gospels, it holds good in this case pre-eminently, where he supplements his own, in loving justice to his martyred friend. Our professor deliberately closes his eyes to some of the finest touches in the sacred narrative, because he will see nothing in it but what makes for his case.

He is just as eclectic in the Acts as he had been in the Gospels. He dilates on the lame man whom S. Peter ‘took by the hand and lifted up,’ never noticing that S. Peter and S. John were

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\* Euseb. ‘E. H.’ ii. 15.

† S. Mark viii. 29-33.

joint actors on that occasion ; \* still less noticing that, after his release from prison, † S. Peter all but disappears from the scene, or fills a subordinate place. From that time to the end of the book it is neither he, nor even S. Paul, who is the prominent figure, but S. James. To him Christ had appeared after His resurrection, as well as to S. Peter, singly, besides appearing to them with the rest, as S. Paul tells us ; ‡ and tradition said it was to Christ Himself that his subsequent appointment as first Christian bishop, with Jerusalem for his see, was due. § Then, again, it is S. Peter who gives us the first intimation of his elevation to that dignity, when he directed his own release from prison to be communicated to him : ‘ Go shew these things to James, and to the brethren. ’ ¶ S. Paul, similarly, when he came to Jerusalem for the first time after his conversion ‘ to see Peter, ’ would not leave without seeing James : ‘ Other of the apostles saw I none save James, the Lord’s brother. ’ ¶ On the same principle, when he came to Jerusalem for the last time, he ‘ went in unto James, ’ to give account of his missions, and be advised by him. \*\* In the council of Jerusalem, after some previous discussion, S. Peter spoke first ; S. Barnabas and S. Paul, in turn, next ; and S. James last. He it was who passed the whole matter in review ; he it was from whom the first suggestion of what was to be done came ; and it was given, not as his suggestion, but as his ‘ judgment ’—*Δὲ ἐγὼ κρίνω* ; †† and it was adopted in his own words by the council. SS. Paul and Barnabas were bearers of the synodical letter that embodied them to the distant churches to keep. †† Subsequently to this council, we find S. Peter at Antioch altering the course which he had laid down for himself when thrown among Gentile converts, in deference to ‘ certain that came from James ; ’ §§ as though he held that, even at Antioch, what James said was to be followed. Later still, it can hardly be the effect of accident that his own First Epistle is addressed merely to ‘ the strangers ’—that is, the Jews—‘ scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia ; ’ while S. James, in true encyclic style, directs his ‘ to the twelve tribes scattered abroad, ’ without limitation. If S. Peter seems to address his Second Epistle to a wider circle, possibly the explanation may be that S. James was then dead.

Once more : S. Peter, in his Second Epistle, refers to the Epistles of S. Paul with respect, adding, indeed, that they contained ‘ some things hard to be understood. ’ ||| S. James, as

\* Acts ii. 4–11.

§ Euseb. ‘ E. H. ’ vii. 19.

\*\* Acts xxi. 18.

§§ Gal. ii. 12.

† Acts xii. 1–19.

‡ Acts xii. 17.

†† Acts xv. 19.

||| 2 Pet. iii. 16.

† 1 Cor. xv. 7.

¶ Gal. i. 19.

†† Acts xvi. 4.

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though invested with the right of criticising them *ex officio*, pointedly refers to the crucial example twice cited by S. Paul to prove justification by faith, and as good as warns his hearers against being misled by it into pushing that doctrine too far: 'You see, then,' he says, after quoting it, 'how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only.'\*

Most unquestionably, so far as any records of the exercise of prerogative in the Apostolic age from A.D. 44 have been preserved, S. James ranks first, S. Paul second, and S. Peter last. 'James, Cephas, and John,' says S. Paul himself, in enumerating the Apostles before him . . . 'who seemed to be pillars';† placing James at their head. As long as James was Bishop of Jerusalem, 'the circumcision' manifestly looked up to him as their head; and even among the books of the New Testament, to whomsoever such arrangement is due, the Epistles of S. Peter take rank after his.

M. Vincenzi may disport himself as much as he will on his next topic, viz., the long array of gaudy passages of individual Fathers, with which Infallibilists have been pleased to fill their pages, ever since they commenced writing, on the idealistic prerogatives of S. Peter and his chair. All we care to reply to him on that head is: 1. That the opinions of individuals count for little, when they stand alone; and for still less, where they are not agreed amongst themselves. 2. That human inferences from the mystical interpretation of Scripture count for nothing at all as arguments; and 3. That no 'consensus Patrum' of any sort can be shown for the spiritual or ecclesiastical supremacy by Divine right, either of the See of Rome or the Pope.

Two or three passages, indeed, it may be well to reduce to their proper proportions, in passing, from the fictitious value which, by misrepresentation or misconception, they have acquired. First and foremost are the well-known words of S. Irenæus, in the Latin dress in which they have come down to us: 'Ad hanc enim ecclesiam'—viz. the Church of Rome—'propter potiozem principalitatem necesse est omnem convenire ecclesiam; hoc est, eos qui sunt undique fideles; in quâ semper ab iis qui sunt ubique, conservata est ea quæ est ab Apostolis traditio.' This occurs in the third chapter of the third book of his work against heresies, which was written in Greek; and Eusebius, by his manner of quoting part of this very chapter, in Greek and other chapters of other books similarly,‡ shows that he had a Greek copy before him of the whole work, which, therefore, must have been known to the East in Greek for a much

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\* S. James ii. 24.

† Gal. ii. 9.

‡ 'E. H.' v. 6, et seq.  
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longer time, though every Greek MS. of it has been lost since. Now, the whole controversial gist of this passage centres in that one phrase, 'propter potiore[m] principalitatem;' though M. Vincenzi\* thinks 'necesse est' most deserving of being italicised: for, as S. Irenæus wrote, within 100 years of the foundation of the Roman See, his concluding assertion, 'in quâ semper ab iis, qui sunt ubique, conservata est ea quæ est ab Apostolis traditio,' whether accurately rendered or not, is of small account. What, then, were the Greek words used by S. Irenæus, for which 'propter potiore[m] principalitatem' now stand? And we answer unhesitatingly, and are prepared to substantiate what we assert, that they are preserved in the Twenty-eighth Canon of the Fourth Council—*Διὰ τὸ βασιλεύειν πόλιν ἐκείνην*—and that he is the Father *par excellence*, whose words are quoted and whose meaning is expounded in that Canon by the framers of it, who belonged to the same country, spoke the same language with himself, possessed his works in it, inherited his ideas, and gloried in him as the earliest of their standard authorities. This is, accordingly, what those charmed words mean, 'on account of Rome being the seat of empire.' Away with your italics, M. Vincenzi! avoid this passage for ever in future as you would the pest! ask no more 'quis est iste vir, qui *ita* disserit de potentiâ atque principalitate ecclesiæ Romanæ a duobus Apostolis erectæ?' He is a schismatic Greek at heart—'Fœnum habet in cornu; longè fuge!'—all who love Rome.

Another passage, by setting the idiomatic difference between the Latin and Greek languages in the plainest light, shows that it must happen sometimes, apart from all controversy, that the former should misrepresent the latter, where they cannot be seen side by side. Cornelius, Bishop of Rome, writing to Fabian, Bishop of Antioch, in Greek—*other* letters, Eusebius expressly tells us,† were written on the same subject in Latin—acquaints him how Novatus had managed to get himself consecrated Bishop at Rome, quite forgetting, as M. Vincenzi gives it from the received Latin version,‡ 'unum solum episcopum oportere esse in ecclesiâ catholicâ.' On this he glosses, as follows, triumphantly two pages on: 'Hinc jure a Cornelio episcopus Romanus ecclesiæ catholicæ dicitur præses, quemadmodum Petro dixit Christus, "Super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam."'

Alas! M. Vincenzi, you never put your foot upon a more treacherous quicksand. Unfortunately for you—fortunately for truth—Eusebius has preserved for us the Greek in which Cor-

\* P. 46.

† 'E. H.' vi. 43, § 2.

‡ P. 51.



nelius wrote; and he wrote *ἐν καθολικῇ ἐκκλησίᾳ*, without the article. What he said, therefore, was that 'in a catholic,' as opposed to a schismatic, 'Church, there must needs be but one bishop.' The Latin language, being without an article, cannot express the difference between 'a' and 'the.'

How many Roman fallacies might we not cite depending, like this, on mistranslated Greek, yet apart from any design at all, except where persisted in, after having been exposed! Julius I., another Bishop of Rome, writes, in expostulating with the Easterns on their condemnation of S. Athanasius and others, as follows: 'Si omnino, ut dicitis, aliqua fuit eorum culpa, iudicium *secundum ecclesiasticum canonem*, nec eo pacto, fieri oportuit. Oportuit *omnibus nobis* scripsisse, ut ita ab *omnibus* quod justum esset decerneretur. An ignoratis hanc esse *consuetudinem*, ut primum nobis scribatur, et hinc quod justum est decernatur?'\* There is little to explain in this passage; the whole gist of it lies in those three words: 1. Canonem; 2. Omnibus; 3. Consuetudinem. The principle affirmed by the sixth Nicene Canon had been, 'Let antient customs prevail;' and custom had abundantly dictated what course should have been pursued by his correspondents. In ante-Nicene times, when Paul, Bishop of Antioch, was impeached, every bishop of the Church had been invited to take part in the council assembled to try his case. The cases of Novatus and Donatus were similar precedents as far as they went. When Arius propagated his heresy, and Meletius his schism, in the Alexandrian Church, all the bishops of the East and West received a summons to Nicæa to sit in judgment on both. The complaint of Julius was that, in this case, the Easterns had acted without consulting the Westerns. All had not concurred in their judgment. This was contrary to established custom, and therefore forbidden by the sixth Nicene Canon. If Julius very naturally glances in other parts of his letter at the slight offered to his own see, as being the last that should have been passed over, he expressly tells them in the same breath that they had misunderstood his previous letter on that point: 'Et illud vos commovit, quod solus scripserim . . . attamen necesse est vobis notum facere, etiamsi solus scripserim, non ideo mei solius, sed *omnium* episcoporum qui in Italiâ sunt, et qui in his partibus degunt, esse sententiam.'†

This exactly marks the limits of the jurisdiction—Italy and the adjacent parts—exercised by the Roman See then, as the letter of the Council of Sardica to him further shows. But in less than 100 years there was a gloss affixed to his words. In Socrates it

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\* 'Ep.' l. 22.

† Ib. § 8.

runs thus: 'Julius told the Easterns that they had done contrary to the Canons in not inviting him to the council; *the ecclesiastical Canon ordaining that the Churches should not canonise contrary to the decision of the Bishop of Rome.*'\* Two-thirds of the italicised portion are ambiguous; the remaining third, 'contrary to the decision of the Bishop of Rome,' is a gloss. That gloss is due to the Sardican Canons, that from having been bandied about for some time by successive Popes as Nicene Canons, were just beginning to be known in the East. The fourth of these Canons ordains, that 'should any bishop have been deposed by the neighbouring bishops, in the event of his appealing, another should not be substituted for him till the Bishop of Rome should have heard and given judgment on his case.' These words determine the construction of the rest of the italicised portion from Socrates. Socrates having decided this to be 'the ecclesiastical Canon' to which Julius refers, paraphrased it accordingly; meaning by 'canonise,' *not* that they should make no Canons, but that they should make no changes *in the Canon* † or roll of their clergy—that is to say, elect no successor to their deposed bishop, 'contrary to the decision of the Bishop of Rome.'

As this Canon of Sardica was not in existence when Julius wrote, Socrates has certainly committed an anachronism in making him refer to it. But he has flagrantly misrepresented his acts in another place, where he tells us that S. Athanasius and his companions were restored by him to their respective sees; ‡ for this, on the contrary, was just what the Council of Sardica was convened to do. Though S. Athanasius had passed three whole years at Rome in communion with Julius, and a Roman Synod had actually pronounced for him, the Council of Sardica, says Hefele, § 'resolved to investigate the whole affair, with all the testimonies already given for and against Athanasius,' and ended by 'declaring him and his companions innocent . . . and restoring them all to all their former offices and dignities.' A stronger case than even this was supplied by a well-known Father, contemporary with Socrates, and a Church historian like himself. Could Socrates have been seeking to benefit him by misrepresenting Julius? Theodoret, Bishop of Cyprus, having been unjustly deposed, appealed to the Pope; and the Pope, conformably with the Sardican Canons, having heard his case, pronounced in his favour. But restitution to his see,

\* 'E. H.' ii. 17.

† 'In this sense the word *καὶ* is often used by the Council of Nice.'—BINGHAM, *Ant.* i. 5, 10.

‡ 'E. H.' ii. 15.

§ 'Councils,' ii. 103-5, Eng. Tr.

neither the Sardican Canons, nor the Pope, could obtain for him till he had proved his orthodoxy to the satisfaction of the Fourth Council. The Sardican Canons introduced, in short, a new principle, to which Œcumenical Councils had not yet learnt to subscribe. 'A new principle!' roars M. Vincenzi: 'sooner tear them into shreds, and hurl them into the gutter, or into the fire, and have done with them for ever, than they should afford ground ever so slender, ever so flimsy for such a suggestion. The principle is old as the hills: if it is not attested in the Canons as it should be, so much the worse for the Canons from henceforth!'

Here it is that our author rises to his full proportions, and then sweeps down like an avalanche:—

'We must not,' he says, 'conceal that in the *ancient acts* of the Church during the same period—for the first four and a half centuries that is—there are found some 400 documents entitled Canons; Canons of the Apostles, as they are called commonly; Canons of Ancyra, Elvira, Neo-Cæsarea, Gangra, Laodicea, Nicæa, Constantinople, Africa, Chalcedon—most of them written in Greek—where the prerogatives of the Roman see are *never once set forth*; or, if *ever mentioned*, only mentioned to be *disowned*.'—p. 292.

'What,' he asks in a tone of injured innocence, 'are we to infer from this silence? We know who the Fathers were. Can we say the same of the framers of these Canons? Can we be sure that we possess these Canons in their integrity? Can we be certain their framers were not heretics? Numbers of cases occur, where they *might and should have testified unequivocally to the points in question*; not a few cases, where they have *said just the opposite to what we should have expected of them*. Unquestionably we are debarred from receiving them as they now stand. For whatever we may be justified in thinking of the origin and authority of these countless Canons, nobody will ever persuade me that the Apostles, or orthodox Fathers of Nicæa, Constantinople, Africa, and Chalcedon, ever sanctioned Canons of this sort, in which both the *primacy of S. Peter and his successors is discredited and destroyed*; and together with it, the *jurisdiction of the Roman pontiffs over all the bishops of the Catholic Church*.'—p. 292.

In other words, all the Canons of the first four General Councils, and of all the provincial Councils confirmed by them, being in hopeless conflict with the prerogatives of the Pope, as they stand now, must either be given up *en masse* as having been tampered with, or condemned as heretical. German neology never swept cleaner than this; and this, *ex typographiâ Vaticanâ*!

If M. Vincenzi excepts the Sardican Canons from this unworthy lot, it is not that their modest expressions have touched his heart. It is that he is in a fury with them for saying so little,

little, where they should have said so much ; and reserves them for special castigation by themselves. In a separate chapter, accordingly, with arguments that our own commonplace-book might have supplied, he demonstrates irrefragably that the Council of Sardica never passed any Canons at all, and that the Canons attributed to it are therefore spurious! \* Shades of Bossuet, Maimbourg, and De Marca ! shall he rest in peace, who has dared to uproot your stand-point ?

How can we thank M. Vincenzi sufficiently for taking the spade out of our hands, and doing our work so well ? for his splendid acknowledgment that the ancient law of the Church, as stereotyped in her official records, must annihilate the modern pretensions of the Pope, if it cannot be disowned, and that the single synodical enactment descending to us, as was supposed, from the fourth century, that lends the slightest colour to them is a forgery.

But really, M. Vincenzi, why should you not go two steps further with us, having already travelled so far in our direction ? Why should all those glowing quotations from individual Fathers, that have given you such intense pleasure, be genuine articles ? and all those matter-of-fact Canons, that have caused you so much perplexity, be adulterated ? Is Rome never extolled, the Apostolic See never flattered, in those spurious works figuring in the voluminous Appendices to the Benedictine editions of SS. Athanasius, Augustine, Chrysostom, and Ambrose, &c., that were formerly given to those Fathers ? and as for interpolations, how many are the bracketed passages that meet us in the genuine treatise, '*De Unitate Ecclesiæ*,' by S. Cyprian, for instance, to name no more ? Besides, to whom is the Western Church indebted for those very Greek Canons in their Latin dress, of which M. Vincenzi complains most, but to Dionysius Exiguus, that pious monk of Rome, that earliest collector of genuine Papal decretals ? one who could not have failed in early life to have listened with eager ears to the hot discussion on the subject of the Canons in general, and the Canons of Chalcedon in particular, then raging between Rome and Constantinople ; and who himself omits the 28th Canon of Chalcedon from his collection, as not having been received by Rome ? How comes it that his collection, directly it appeared, became standard at Rome, as we are told by Cassiodorus, if the Popes of that date thought themselves injured by it, or had anything to say against any of the Canons it contained, which were neither more nor less than what it contains now ? How comes it, again, that it

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\* P. 221 et seq.

*continued* standard, till it was *displaced* by the forgeries of the Pseudo-Isidore? No! M. Vincenzi, you have hit the nail on the head for us all without intending it. It is not that *any* primitive Canons have been falsified; it is that *every* law, human and Divine, has been trampled under foot by the Popes in aspiring to be what they are. The Papacy, by claiming to be above law, convicts itself of trying to hide from others what, in its own inner consciousness, it knows full well, that it is opposed to all law whatsoever. 'The growth of the Papacy,' Pomponio truly says, 'has been gradual.'\* But its blossoming, he is shallow enough to suggest, has been the effect of a syllogism. This is putting a cart before a horse with a vengeance, or expecting the train to move without either railway or engines. Its growth is explained far more simply by the survival of the toughest, aided by favourable surroundings in a congenial soil. It would never have thriven, as it has thriven, elsewhere than in Europe, and in Europe Christianised and inhabited, as it has been, ever since the Papacy commenced. This is all the support it has received from Heaven. Its proudest claims were suggested to it by others. It was S. Irenæus and Tertullian who first told the world of the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul at Rome, and of the see founded there by their joint efforts. It was S. Cyprian who first suggested to it that the 'cathedra Petri' was a living power there still, though his friend and contemporary Firmilian is by no means disposed to concede the fact. Even Pope Julius speaks hesitatingly to the Eusebians of the tradition which he had received from S. Peter. What he claims is, that they should act in accordance with established custom. Pope Damasus, encouraged by the devotion of SS. Ambrose and Jerome, first ventured on styling Rome 'the Apostolic See'—a title which has been worth oceans of gold to his successors. Pope Zosimus started the claim to hear appeals, yet grounded it upon Canons which he called Nicene—Canons, of whose existence the rest of the world was not aware till he quoted them. It is held, indeed, that the Popes were in the habit of receiving appeals before this, and no doubt they were; but in what way, and from whom? Every scoundrel who had a heresy to bring out, a local authority to set at nought, a rival to supplant, or an ambition to qualify, betook himself to Rome, certain of a hearing in any case, and of a favourable reception in most; and owing to the position which Rome then held in the world, it was inevitable that the defenders of right and orthodoxy should follow sooner or later to counteract their intrigues.

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\* P. 183.

Among the first who tried heresy-making at Rome were Valentinus and Cerdo, whither they were followed by Marcion, to be confronted there by S. Polycarp, who was the means of reclaiming numbers from their teaching, as S. Irenæus says.\* Of Praxeas, Tertullian writes,† that he imported heresy into Rome, and turned out prophecy. By turning out prophecy, Tertullian meant that he discredited the prophecies of Montanus in the eyes of her bishop, who till then had patronised them. Worse things are reported of Pope Callistus by S. Hippolytus. In later times Pope Liberius was inveigled by the Arians into condemning S. Athanasius: Pope Zosimus, by the disciples of Pelagius, into supporting both him and them against the African Church: Pope Honorius, by the Monothelite leaders, into condoning Monothelism. Again, it was not S. Cyprian, but the excommunicate Felicissimus, that appealed to Pope Cornelius: not the bishops of Spain, but the deposed Basilides, who appealed to Pope Stephen: not S. Athanasius, who went to accuse the Eusebians, but the Eusebians who went to accuse S. Athanasius to Pope Julius. The African bishops never addressed Pope Zosimus on the subject of the profligate priest Apiarius, till they were forced to take action in self-defence. S. Augustine never addressed Pope Celestine on the subject of the offending Bishop of Fussala, till the action of the Pope forced S. Augustine to talk of resigning his see, if the appeal of the Bishop of Fussala was not dismissed.

There was another class of appellants of a higher order in the rival sees of Arles and Lyons, Milan and Ravenna, York and Canterbury, Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople. These three last involved not merely national, but imperial interests. Perhaps not one of the first four General Councils would have been held but for questions of this kind: at all events questions of this kind engrossed attention in each. At Nicæa, the 6th Canon, only second in importance to the Creed itself, upheld the rights of the see of Alexandria, which had been invaded. At Constantinople, the encroachments first of the Bishop of Alexandria, and then of the Bishop of Antioch, on the rights of that see, in ordaining to it had to be met by three Canons—the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. At Ephesus the see of Alexandria triumphed with the aid of Rome, and the see of Constantinople was condemned in her Bishop. But at Chalcedon the see of Alexandria was condemned in turn, and Constantinople retorted upon Rome by getting her title synodically defined to be the second see of the world, with jurisdiction, in

\* Ap. Euseb. 'E. H.,' iv. 14.

† 'Adv. Prax.' c. 1.

point of fact, superior to the first. From this position Constantinople could never afterwards be dislodged by any efforts that Rome could make. Rome was humbled at the fifth Council, bowed to the dust at the sixth, where, for the first time in history, not, indeed, a living, but a dead, Pope was condemned and anathematised with other heretics. Then the tide turned. Within seventy years of the sixth Council, appeal was made to the Pope to abrogate the succession to a throne, and confirm a new dynasty. In less than fifty years afterwards, he was asked to crown and inaugurate the first Emperor of the West, detached from the East. The West, bursting into new life, wanted a centre, and found it in Rome. From that time the see was lost in the court, and appeals were merged in intrigue. Justice went to the longest purse, or the strongest arm.

‘Talk of your *founder*,’ says S. Bernard to his friend Pope Eugenius, ‘Was it the case that there flocked to *him* from the whole world ambitious, covetous, simoniacal, sacrilegious, fornicators, incestuous, and other monsters of men of the same kind, that by his apostolical authority they might obtain or retain ecclesiastical honors? . . . The mode in which causes are now conducted is simply execrable, and would disgrace the very forum, let alone the Church.’\*

It would be simple profanity to contend that our Lord, by any words that ever fell from His lips, intended to lend any countenance, direct or indirect, to such a system as this. It was Europe that, wanting to become great, endowed the Papacy, on condition of finding in it a willing ally for good or for ill; and the Papacy, nothing loth, endeavoured to square this with religion. In the attempt, it made hypocrites of everybody, debased and degraded Christianity, made shipwreck of itself, and, as far as it could, of the Church, too. For it sacrificed every principle both of natural and revealed religion, of the law of Christ and of the law of conscience to its own temporal aggrandisement at home and abroad. Nothing but the inherent recuperative power of the teaching of Christ could have saved Europe from becoming pagan again under the teaching of the Papacy, which invented a Divine sanction for everything that could add in any way to its worldly possessions or worldly power. It meddled in every political embroilment of the day; in the public quarrels between State and State; in the domestic quarrels between rulers and people; and always declared for the side most likely to benefit it most in the end. The West coveted the East, and the Papacy supplied a religious excuse for the war. It was under the proudest and most domineering of

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\* ‘De Consid.,’ iii. 14.

Popes—Innocent III.—and with his active co-operation, that the Christian metropolis, that had never been pagan, and bore the name of the first Christian emperor, was sacked by Christian knights, in the hope that might could purchase what right denied—the fee-simple of the Eastern Church. It was Rome—truculent, malignant, treacherous, hypocritical, self-seeking Rome—that directed the crusade which laid Constantinople in ruins: that intrigued ever afterwards to keep the breach open by which the Turks entered at last: that is intriguing at this moment to keep them there still! Fortunately for Nemesis, Europe can take away what Europe has given: and we who have seen the temporal sceptre drop from the hands of Pio Nono, may live to see greater things before long. The foundation-stone of the Reformation was laid in the fall of Constantinople; and the ‘second temple,’ whose construction has been advancing in the hearts of men ever since, is only waiting for its recovery to be completed. *There* the ‘antient law of the Church’ first saw daylight, and is still embalmed: nor can Christendom be re-united till the reign of law has been re-established. ‘*Delenda est Carthago!*’ was the cry of the champions of old Rome when universal sovereignty was their ambition: ‘*Delenda est Roma!*’ must henceforth be our cry, who wish to see constitutional liberty restored to the Church, and Christendom reunited.

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- ART. V.—1. *The Great Canal at Suez: its Political Engineering and Financial History.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. Two vols. London, 1876.
2. *Histoire du Canal de Suez.* Par Ferdinand de Lesseps. Paris, 1870.
3. *The Suez Canal: Letters and Documents descriptive of its Rise and Progress in 1854–1856.* By Ferdinand de Lesseps. Translated by N. D’Anvers. London, 1876.
4. *Le Canal de Suez. Bulletin Décadaire de la Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez.* No. 163. Juillet 2, 1876.
5. *Affaires Etrangères. Documents Diplomatiques. Affaire du Canal de Suez* (the French Yellow Book). Novembre, 1875.
6. *Papers laid before Parliament.* 1870, 1874, 1876.
7. *Hansard’s Parliamentary Debates.* 1876.

NO recent public act has been so well received as the purchase of the Suez Canal Shares. It was bold and original, in keeping with the qualities popularly ascribed to Mr.



Mr. Disraeli, from whom the country expected some departure from commonplace. To use a metaphor with a high Parliamentary sanction, the lion was shaking the dewdrops from his mane. His drowsiness had at last come to an end. If nothing more, he had given a growl of awakening, an *adsum*, an *acte de présence*.

The surroundings furnished a scenery eminently dramatic. The whole year had been absorbed in what may be termed political finance, or financial politics. The Foreign Loans Committee, the collapse of South American Securities, the universal dullness of trade, the cheapness of silver, the Slav insurrections with their uncertainties, and, finally, the break-up of Turkish Credit, had darkened the horizon of commerce, industry, and speculation, which now covers so large a portion of society. For the despondent the purchase was a ray of light; for the speculator Egyptian would be up; for the trader and shipowner the tolls were to be lowered and freights raised; for the politician it floated the 'Vanguard'; for the philanthropist it liberated the fugitive-slave; for the patriot it was a peaceful triumph. To every one the act came home with a feeling of pleasure and hope; pleasure somewhat damped, perhaps, by later events, but hope not to be entirely blighted. Everywhere the news was received with welcome. France, which had from the first resolutely stood by the energetic, persevering, and kindly author of the work, not only cordially accepted the reparation, but frankly recognised the advantage of English co-operation. 'When England,' said the daily organ of French Finance, the day after the purchase—'when England shakes off her political lethargy, when she ceases to say by her acts and words that Continental politics have become to her indifferent, France, it appears to us, has cause for congratulation rather than for fear.' From Germany and Italy, from Hungary and Austria, and from M. de Lesseps, in this respect a Continental Power, congratulations poured forth as for a national achievement.

The world is sufficiently acquainted with the early history of the Canal. On this M. de Lesseps' own letters and Mr. Fitzgerald's careful compilation throw much light. The early struggles of M. de Lesseps, his hopes, his disappointments, his daring and resource, the windings of diplomacy, the opposition of writers and of statesmen—all these form a remarkable chapter in the history of human error—a grammar of human energy and worldly knowledge. They are lessons to the philosopher, hopes to the forlorn, guides to the ambitious, and zest to the cynic. When Cardinal Henri, aged nearly eighty, declared that  
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not in his time should the Abbé de Bernis receive preferment, the latter replied, 'J'attendrai.' 'Time is on our side,' said Mr. Gladstone in 1866, when arguing for an extension of the franchise; and if our own statesmen have exemplified the well-worn saying of Oxenstiern, no one more than M. de Lesseps has successfully demonstrated the value of Montecristo's device—'Wait and hope.'

The language with which M. de Lesseps accepted the purchase is worthy of his career. 'To-day,' he wrote, on the 29th of November—'to-day the English nation accepts in the Canal Company the part which had been loyally reserved for it at the outset; and if this act, once accomplished, can have a consequence, that consequence can, in my eyes, be, on the part of the British Government, no other than the renunciation of an attitude which for a long time has been hostile to the interests of the shareholders who founded the Maritime Canal, so energetic in their intelligent perseverance.

'I consider, therefore, as a fortunate fact, this powerful unity of interest which will be established between French and English capital for the purely industrial and necessarily peaceful working of the universal Maritime Canal.'

With this letter we may take a fresh departure, and accept the oblivion in which M. de Lesseps has buried our former opposition. The chief motive of that opposition was the fear of the establishment of French territorial influence in Egypt. That fear was met by the arbitral decision of the late Emperor. Nor can there be any danger of its recurrence. Independently of proprietary rights, the interests of the French shareholder are inseparably bound up with those of the English shipper. One cannot exist without the other. Whatever the future of political combination, the nature of Englishmen must be wholly changed, and the configuration of the British Isles completely altered, before there can be any sensible diminution in the seafaring traffic of the British people. Yet, in justice to Lord Palmerston and other statesmen, it must be shown that their opposition was not entirely captious, nor founded on mere national jealousy. The privileges enjoyed by the Canal Company, until redeemed under the Emperor's decision, gave to a French interest overwhelming preponderance in Egypt. It possessed 150,000 acres of cultivable land, besides the property of the Ouady of 15,000 acres. It was vested with exemptions from customs, postal and telegraphic dues, and was master of the Sweet Water Canal, as well as of establishments along the banks of the Maritime Canal, which made that work a strip of

French territory in ambitious hands possibly productive of much mischief.

Nothing so successful as success; and in 1869 M. de Lesseps had succeeded. The Canal was not a bubble nor a dream, but a reality and a power. The abilities which had created it were now to be directed to its maintenance and development, and the British Government, with practical good sense, at once despatched Commissioners to examine the work, and report on its adaptability to British uses. On the 30th of December, 1869, Captain Richards, R.N., and Lieut.-Col. Andrew Clarke, of the Royal Engineers, now Indian Minister of Public Works, were 'directed to proceed to Egypt, and to obtain on the spot the fullest information in their power as to the present condition of the Suez Canal, and the works proposed to be carried out in connection with it, and to report to what extent the Canal may be expected to be available for the purposes of Her Majesty's Naval Service, including the Transport Service to and from the East.'

The character of the Commissioners guaranteed a thorough investigation and report. The document is remarkable. In it we find first shadowed forth the possibility of a political organization to supplement the efforts of a commercial company charged with a great international work. The Commissioners reported that 'most of the physical difficulties which it was anticipated would operate prejudicially on the Canal, if not altogether bar it as a navigable channel, have certainly proved to have been fallacious.' No serious obstacles were found either in the tides, the evaporation, the approaches, the sand, nor the erosions. It 'must always be a monument of persevering energy and engineering skill as it now stands.' We extract two short paragraphs from this able and exhaustive paper, bearing on the points we wish to emphasise :

'We would now briefly advert to the prospects of the Canal as the grand highway for the naval and mercantile marine of Europe to the East. The real drawback to the Canal is its narrowness; and we were informed that, except at the parts mentioned previously, it is not the intention of the Company to give it the additional width, the want of which alone prevents its being pronounced a complete success as a permanent navigable route for the larger ships from sea to sea.'

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'That to increase the width of the Canal would be a perfectly feasible undertaking, the cost of which could be calculated with great accuracy, need scarcely be asserted. It is, however, very improbable that it will be undertaken by the present Company; and that it may eventually

eventually become a national or combined international engagement is a question which, depending as it must do on political and other considerations, it would be out of place to discuss here.'

Here we find, at the very outset, two practical men sent out to report on the physical adaptability of the Canal to the uses of a vast commerce, foreseeing the inadequacy of the resources of a commercial company, however powerful, for the necessary enlargement of the undertaking. If at this early period Messrs. Richards and Clarke complained of the narrowness of the Canal, what would be their report now? At that time, namely between the 27th of November, 1869, and the 10th of February, 1870, fifty-three vessels had passed the Canal. Since then, up to the end of 1875, the total number of ships that have made use of it amounts to 6219, and the number seems daily on the increase. At this early stage, however, the idea of redemption had occurred to many. It is strange that in the recent arrangements consequent on the purchase no attempt has been made either with this object, or to simplify in any way what may be called the political machinery of the Canal.

It was then patent to every one interested in the question that this machinery must undergo considerable modification. The conditions of existence were too incongruous. French management, polyglot proprietors, a mixture of French and Egyptian jurisdiction, Egyptian sovereignty, Turkish suzerainty, and practically a British and Anglo-Indian traffic, formed a commercial, moral, and political chaos, unprecedented as the work itself. Notwithstanding the large ideas of M. de Lesseps, his honest and earnest desire for the adoption of his Canal by all nations, it was still, even after its opening, as it is now, the property of a French Company, and nothing more. The Appendix to the correspondence laid this year before Parliament (Egypt, No. 2, 1876) shows how great was the importance from the very first attached on all sides to the active co-operation of this country. In December, 1870, the Viceroy expressed to Colonel Stanton his opinion that 'the only way to insure the Canal being made really serviceable for general navigation was for an English Company to take possession of it, adding that England was undoubtedly the country most interested in keeping it open.' The Khedive went on to say that he would do everything to facilitate the transfer; and the Consul-General concludes with the observation that 'a great opportunity might shortly occur of securing our communications with India by obtaining possession of the Suez Canal, a possession which would, in my opinion, be attended by most important political advantages to her Majesty's Government.'

Nor was Colonel Stanton singular in his opinion. The Duke of Argyll at once expressed his concurrence in it; and the Board of Trade, under the Presidency of Mr. Chichester Fortescue, in a long and exhaustive letter written by Mr. Farrer, the Secretary (January 26, 1871), while objecting to the purchase of the Canal by an English Company, or foreseeing the impossibility of satisfactory working by a private company of any kind, advocated the transfer of the management to an international commission, framed on the principle of that established for the Danube.

‘The mouths of the Danube,’ Mr. Farrer writes, ‘were in 1856 in a somewhat similar predicament. There was a natural navigation which only needed improvement to become the channel of a large trade between different European countries. The local Government was unable to undertake these improvements; and the rivalries and jealousies of the different nations interested were formidable obstacles to the undertaking. These difficulties were however, as Lord Granville is aware, surmounted by placing the whole undertaking in the hands of a European Commission, consisting of representatives of the various Powers.

‘That Commission has carried on its labours with signal success, owing chiefly to the energy and ability of the English Representative, and the result is that an enormous trade has been developed, two-thirds of which are British, and of which one-third is carried in British ships.

‘In that case, moreover, difficulties were found in raising the requisite funds for completing the work, and so important did the case seem to Her Majesty’s Government that they prevailed upon the other Powers to join, and upon Parliament to authorize them in joining, in a guarantee of a loan of a large sum of money required by the Commission, which is now being expended by them in completing the permanent works, and which will no doubt be easily paid out of the rapidly increasing revenue.

‘It may therefore be well deserving of consideration by Her Majesty’s Government whether an effort should not be made to establish some similar system of management for the Suez Canal. If this can be done it will probably have the effect of maintaining the Canal in an efficient state; of avoiding international jealousies, and of neutralising the trade carried through it, whilst, as in the case of the Danube, the English representative or representatives, if properly selected, will probably have the chief voice in the matter.

‘What should be the constitution of such a Commission—what powers should be entrusted to it—what financial assistance it may require, are matters which it is now premature to discuss. If this suggestion should be deemed worthy of consideration by Her Majesty’s Government, these considerations may be discussed when the further information, already asked for, has been obtained from Egypt.’

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The same opinion was urged again on Lord Granville by the Board of Trade on the 29th of March of the same year. Almost contemporaneously took place the well-known correspondence with Sir D. Lange, which forms a curious episode in the history of the negotiations. The Company was at the time in financial difficulty, the inevitable ordeal of a novel industrial enterprise. M. de Lesseps was in London, trying to raise a loan of 600,000*l.* At the same time remonstrances were being made against the pressure of the tolls levied.

According to Sir D. Lange, M. de Lesseps was willing to sell the Canal for 12,000,000*l.* sterling, plus the payment of the debenture holders. From Cairo and Constantinople came official despatches reporting the same offer by M. de Lesseps to hand over the work to the several European Governments with the view of rendering it international. The project was fully supported both by M. Thiers and M. de Rémusat. It had been mooted in the Italian Parliament, and was approved by the Italian Government, but referred by the Khedive to the Porte, and there opposed by a counter-proposal for the purchase of the work by the Porte itself.

The Board of Trade adhered to its original opinion, leaving the political part of the question to be dealt with by the Foreign Office. The Porte, however, put a stop to all these proposals, and in the absence of any suggestion or encouragement on the part of our Government, all negotiation on the subject came to a standstill. We cannot but regret that the subject was then allowed to fall through. Sir H. Elliot discouraged the proposal from the first, and seems almost to have suggested to the Porte the expediency of opposition. On the 28th of October, 1871, he writes—

‘ I said I had no reason for supposing that it ’ (the sale to European Governments) ‘ was likely to be received with favour by Her Majesty’s Government ; for, according to the best of my belief, although there was little prospect of the Canal affording to the shareholders a return for the money they had risked in the speculation, there was ground for expecting that its earnings would be sufficient to insure its being kept in working order.

‘ All the Governments have an interest in the Canal being maintained in an available condition ; but none would I thought be likely to incur expense for the sake of reimbursing the shareholders.

‘ If there should be any difficulty in keeping the Canal up, it would form a proper subject for the consideration of the Porte and the Khedive.’

Sir H. Elliot, if a good diplomatist, can scarcely be called a sound financier. His language produced from the Porte a categorical

gorical refusal of the project—a refusal that need not have been considered final in England, and that certainly could have been modified satisfactorily by a modified counter-proposal. Then was the time for an advantageous purchase. The Company were on the verge of bankruptcy. Proposals were being made for raising the tolls, so as to enable it to borrow 600,000*l.* for absolute necessities, and 2,400,000*l.* required for the completion of the works. The Board of Trade had pointed out how deeply interested were British trade and shipping in the success of the Canal. ‘In the year 1870,’ urges Mr. Farrer, March 29th, 1871, ‘563 ships, representing an aggregate tonnage of 500,000 tons, passed through the Canal, and out of that number no less than 360, of 324,000 tons (or about 64 per cent.) were British, most of them being valuable ships, carrying valuable cargoes.’

Yet, in the face of this urgency, of the approval of the French and Italian Governments, Lord Granville passes over the offer without remark, and Sir H. Elliot, no doubt under instructions from home, elicits an unfavourable reply from the Turkish Government.

It is well known that the Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Pender had devised a combination for the purchase, which broke down under the volume of cold water poured on it by the Government of the day. Some go so far as to say that a leading Minister of the period expressed the opinion that it mattered little if the works fell into the possession of Russia. If the cause of the Canal had suffered under the opposition of Lord Palmerston, the cause of British commerce suffered equally under the indifference of his successors. Even on the 22nd of January, 1872, Mr. Farrer returns to the charge, but in vain. The traffic had increased in 1871, and the percentage of British tonnage had risen from 64 to 70 per cent. Yet all seems to have given way to the objection of the Turkish Minister, as conveyed in a despatch (January 10th, 1872) from Server Pasha to Musurus Pasha, in which no attempt is made to argue the question.

The Ottoman Minister declares that the Porte could never admit, even in principle, either the sale of the Canal or the formation of an international administration on its territory. No notice seems to have been taken of the argument, yet it is difficult to see how the Porte could have prevented the sale of the whole of the shares to any purchasers, or the formation by such purchasers of an International Board of Directors, as was provided for in the Firman and the Statutes. If the proposals of M. de Lesseps had been entertained and examined, a settlement might have been achieved satisfactory  
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to the heterogeneous interests involved in the Canal. Italy and France favoured the proposal; and Mr. Farrer writes with force and even eloquence—‘The trade between Europe and the East flows more and more through the Canal; and the British flag covers an ever-increasing proportion of this trade. British interests are daily more and more concerned in keeping the Canal open and in good condition.

‘As regards the financial condition of the enterprise, it is to be observed, that if, as M. Lesseps supposes, it is about to become a profitable concern, a better bargain can be made now with the shareholders than can ever be made hereafter; whilst if it is not to become profitable, there is no expectation that the Canal will be efficiently worked or maintained by an insolvent Company.’

Colonel Stanton writes, on the 9th of March, 1871, ‘It would therefore appear from this statement that until the Company can realise the sum of 400,000*l.* a-year net, after payment of all working expenses, to enable them to meet their engagements with the debenture-holders, they may be considered as verging on bankruptcy, and liable at any time to be declared insolvent, when the holder of shares and delegations would alike be sacrificed.’ This was written before the Franco-German War was concluded. What is the state of the case five years later?

The receipts of 1875 amount to 1,233,087*l.* The total expenses of administration, maintenance, working, wear and tear, interest and sinking fund on different stocks, amount to 785,861*l.*; thus leaving for the ordinary interest and sinking fund on the shares, 403,220*l.*; and after the percentages given to the Egyptian Government, the founders, directors, and employés, as well as 14,550*l.* of reserve, a balance is left for a bonus of 30,000*l.* to the shareholders.

Sir H. Elliot’s belief that there was ‘little prospect of the Canal affording to the shareholders a return for the money they had risked in the speculation,’ has not been entirely justified, and the indispensable, but unexpected, 400,000*l.* of Colonel Stanton has risen to 986,763*l.* But as Lord Tenterden observes with grim humour, ‘the matter then dropped.’ So this chapter ends with a chance lost and a monumental blunder. Nor can we wonder at the bitterness with which the purchase of the shares was attacked by a party to whose capacity and political vigilance the history of the Canal lends so little lustre.

Hitherto we have discussed questions in connection with the Canal flowing from its financial rather than its political circumstances. But a question now arose of a character, sooner

or



or later inevitable from the mixed political condition of the work.

The administration of the Canal is logically a portion of the local sovereignty. It can only be carried on by a strict police, not of a nature to be delegated to private individuals or companies. Lord Derby points out this position completely in a despatch, dated July 7, 1874. We say this in no censorious spirit. To the energy of M. de Lesseps, and of his supporters, we are indebted for the Canal. To them be all the credit and all the profit. But it cannot be disguised that the municipal rights acquired by their concession are often incompatible with the international duties and obligations of the Territorial Sovereign; and that the latter, with his triple relations to the Company, the Porte, and to third Powers, has been, and hereafter may be, exposed to great difficulties and embarrassment.

There can be no doubt that the existence of the Company as the possessor of the artificial strait is a great anomaly. The anomaly is increased by the very physical condition of the works. M. de Lesseps himself, from the very first, laid down the impossibility of making the Canal by water taken from the Nile. It was to the system of river-water and locks that he attributed the failure of the Panama Canal, a scheme which he declared could not be carried out, except by simply cutting the isthmus from one sea to another. He writes, 'You will never succeed in making a maritime canal by conducting the water of an inland river to the sea.' The Suez Canal is the meeting of the waters of the sea, caused by dredging, and is therefore a strait. If of natural formation, it would have been subject to the laws governing straits. Those laws are only dormant from the tacit consent given by the world at large to the execution of the Canal on the terms publicly laid down in the concession.

As Lord Derby observes in his despatch before referred to :—

'The Ruler of Egypt thus constituted himself, in the concession which he granted to the Company, the guardian of the interests of people of all nations whose ships might frequent the Canal.

'He assumed this special position by the clauses of the instrument above mentioned; but it also morally belonged to him on account of the great physical change in the face of the world which he was setting on foot. His position in this respect was recognised on all sides when the great work was at length completed, and its opening was celebrated by important festivities.

'The Suzerain Power recognised this character of the work, and admitted its own responsibility for the duties assumed by its Lieutenant in the first instance.

'Such being the high international importance of the Canal, the  
instrument

instrument governing the conditions of its administration cannot be regarded as an ordinary contract, and is not to be lightly infringed. Its administrators have not the right to consider an infraction of such of its provisions as affect international rights to be only matter for simply judicial action.'

The political condition of 'Straits' is definitely laid down by public international law. Wheaton says:—

' Straits are passages communicating from one sea to another. If the navigation of the two seas thus connected is free, the navigation of the channel by which they are connected ought also to be free. Even if such strait be bounded on both sides by the territory of the same Sovereign, and is at the same time so narrow as to be commanded by cannon-shot from both shores, the exclusive territorial jurisdiction of that Sovereign over such strait is controlled by the right of other nations to communicate with the sea thus connected.'

It is interesting to follow out this argument, and Wheaton's complete theory. He says:

' In respect to those portions of the sea which form the ports, harbours, bays, and mouths of rivers of any State where the tide ebbs and flows, its exclusive right of property as well as sovereignty in these waters may well be maintained, consistently with both the reasons above mentioned as applicable to the sea in general. The State possessing the adjacent territory by which these waters are partially *surrounded and enclosed* has that physical power of constantly acting upon them, and at the same time of excluding at its pleasure the action of any other State or persons which, as we have already seen, constitutes possession. These waters cannot be considered as having been intended by the Creator for the common use of all mankind any more than the adjacent land, which has already been appropriated by a particular people. Neither the material nor the moral obstacle to the exercise of the exclusive rights of property and dominion exists in this case. Consequently the State, within whose territorial limits these waters are included, has the right of excluding every other nation from their use.'

Again, reverting to the question of straits or sounds, the same clear pen repeats the canon already laid down, but with greater precision:—

' As to straits and sounds bounded on both sides by the territory of the same State, so narrow as to be commanded by cannon-shot from both shores and communicating from one sea to another, we have already seen that the territorial sovereignty may be limited by the right of other nations to navigate the seas thus connected. The physical power which the State, bordering on both sides the sound or strait has of appropriating its waters, and of excluding other nations from their use, is here encountered by the moral obstacle arising from

from the right of other nations to communicate with each other. If the Straits of Gibraltar, for example, were bounded on both sides by the possessions of the same nation, and if they were sufficiently narrow to be commanded by cannon-shot from both shores, this passage would not be the less freely open to all nations; since the navigation both of the Atlantic Sea and the Mediterranean Sea is free to all.'

Wheaton's dictum is irresistible that the sea is an element which belongs equally to all men, like the air, that cannot be appropriated or become the exclusive property of any nation. If a nation thinks fit to make an artificial port, harbour, or bay, it enjoys the rights conceded to the possession of such waters by the common law of nations. If, instead of a harbour or bay, it manufactures a strait or sound, such a passage must equally be subjected to the same law: for the flow of the sea-water carries with it its international character. The very nature of the Suez Canal is defined in the quotations we have given from Wheaton. It is a passage from one navigable sea to another, and carries out the hypothesis of the 'Straits of Gibraltar, bounded on both sides by the possessions of the same nation,' and 'sufficiently narrow to be commanded by cannon-shot from both shores.'

M. de Lesseps argues on scientific grounds that an interoceanic canal cannot be evolved from the internal resources of a country, *i.e.* from its rivers. To make the Suez Canal it was necessary to take advantage of the two seas with the natural mechanism of their tides. These were public property, to which other nations have an indefeasible title.

Nor has the principle lying at the root of this doctrine been denied by M. de Lesseps. On the contrary, he from the first has desired to see it applied, and the difficulties that have arisen are entirely owing to the want of preliminary agreement amongst the Powers, and the assumption by a Company of a duty belonging to mankind.

On every possible occasion, M. de Lesseps designates the Canal as '*la réunion des deux mers.*' His preliminary *Mémoire* to the Viceroy Mohammed Saïd opens with the words, '*La jonction de la mer Méditerranée à la mer Rouge,*' and he foretells similar political advantages to the Viceroy from the possession of the Canal as are enjoyed by the Sultan from the sovereignty of the Bosphorus. Nay more, in the dedication of his work now before us, he designates the Canal as the Egyptian Bosphorus. It is not, therefore, through any fault of M. de Lesseps that the international character of the Canal has been perverted. From the first he seems to have borne in mind the precedents, both of the Bosphorus, which curiously enough in the French  
text

text of the Treaty of Adrianople is called 'le Canal de Constantinople,' and of the Nicaraguan Canal, the neutrality of which had been guaranteed by the celebrated Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Not only in the statutes did M. de Lesseps take precautions for the declaration of the neutrality of the Canal, but in 1856, at the time of the Congress of Paris, he urged the insertion into the treaties of clauses securing that object. To M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, he writes from Trieste, on the 28th of February, 1856, enclosing draught-clauses, the result of notes taken from M. Thiers's dictation in June, 1855. They are short, and as follows:—

'The signing Powers guarantee the neutrality of the Suez Maritime Canal for ever.

'No vessel shall at any time be seized either in the Canal or within four leagues of the entrances from the two seas.

'No foreign troops shall be stationed on the banks of the Canal without the consent of the Territorial Government.'

These clauses were clearly framed on the model of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which contemplated a work affording the nearest analogy to that of Suez. The soundness of the policy cannot be questioned. As Sir Travers Twiss, in his admirable article, tells us ('Revue de Droit International et de Législation comparée, No. IV. 1875'), this was the counsel given in 1838 by the late Prince Metternich, who was in favour of the work, to Mehemet Ali, when the project of the Suez Canal was submitted to that Prince. The advice was repeated in 1841 after the Treaty of London, which established the neutrality of the Dardanelles, Prince Metternich calling the attention of the Viceroy to this act as a precedent for the neutralisation of the Canal.

Such a guarantee of neutrality, though brought into effect during war, would clearly have given the Powers some rights of interference in the management of the Canal in time of peace. Neutrality implies the avoidance and removal of the causes of war; and the guarantee of neutrality includes the right of intervention when such causes seem near, either from intention or carelessness on the part of the State guaranteed. An international arrangement of any kind must necessarily include a share in the management, and hence, in time, inevitably lead to redemption. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is most extended in this sense. Both the contracting parties undertake not to make use of any influence with neighbouring States to obtain any advantage not enjoyed by both, and in Article 6 it is expressly laid down that all other States are to be invited to 'share in the honour and advantage of having contributed to a work of such

such general interest and importance . . . namely, that of constructing and maintaining the said Canal as a ship communication between the two oceans for the benefit of mankind on equal terms to all, and of protecting the same.'

The absence of so comprehensive and international an agreement was soon felt in the condition of the Suez Canal. The discussion on the measurement of tonnage first signally demonstrated the evils of this omission.

The question on which it arose scarcely deserves more than a passing explanation. It is this. On the 4th of March, 1872, the Canal Company adopted a resolution by which the 10 francs a ton toll levied under the concession would henceforth be raised, not as before on the net register tonnage, but on the gross tonnage. The result of this was in practice to levy 'the dues on the entire gross tonnage, as shown in the ships' papers, with the effect of raising the dues about 30 per cent.'

On this point at once arose that conflict of jurisdiction which will probably be often repeated, unless steps be taken to place matters generally on a clearer footing. By Article 73 of the Statutes, the Company, though having its corporate seat at Alexandria, elects to have its domicile for legal and jurisdictional purposes ('domicile légal et attributif de juridiction') at its administrative domicile at Paris. Hence the Tribunal of Commerce of the Seine held that it had jurisdiction, and gave judgment against the Company in proceedings instituted on the tonnage question by the Messageries Nationales.\* The Cour d'Appel of Paris pronounced judgment on M. de Lesseps' appeal, founded on the contention that 'the interpretation of the act of concession belonging of right to the Government, the author of such concession, it cannot in any way belong to a foreign tribunal.' The Cour d'Appel supported the tribunal of the Seine in holding that it had jurisdiction, but reversed its sentence on the merits, giving judgment for the Canal Company with costs, and ordering the restitution of the fine imposed by the tribunal.

The French Government, through M. de Rémusat, did not press this sentence, except as an argument in favour of the Canal Company; but the declaration of competency by the French tribunals might, unless most delicately handled by other Governments, lead to very disastrous results. A sentence obtained by a French tribunal against, say, a German shipowner adversely to

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\* Our readers cannot do better than read Lord Tenterden's very judicious summary of this discussion in the Papers laid this year before Parliament (Egypt, No. 5. 1876.)

the legal opinion of Germany, to be carried out by the Khedive in his own territory and under a firman granted by the Porte, is a shell that under existing circumstances might fall any day in the great family of nations. Fortunately on this occasion the difficulty was bridged over, and an International Tonnage Commission was announced at Constantinople. It met on the 16th of October, 1873. There is but a short distance between an International Tonnage Commission and an International Canal Commission. Lord Tenterden sums up the recommendations of the Commission.

‘The Moorsom system is declared to be the correct system of measurement. Every ship’s papers should contain a certificate giving the gross and net tonnage. This certificate to be accepted in all countries as the basis for payments of dues and charges which are to be levied on the net tonnage.’ A surtax of 3 francs per ton net was further granted to the Company, which was to disappear by a scale of reduction of 50 centimes for each annual increase of 100,000 tons, until the net tonnage reaches 2,600,000 tons. At the present rate of increase of the traffic the surtax would in 1877 have been levied at the rate of 2 francs per ton, and in 1878 at 1 franc, ceasing altogether in 1879. This arrangement has been altered in the recent negotiations between M. de Lesseps and Colonel Stokes.

But such as it was passed by the Commission it was strongly resisted by M. de Lesseps on behalf of the Company. He repudiated in this matter the interference of third nations in the interpretation of the concession. It is needless to dwell on the protests and instructions which passed between M. de Lesseps, the Khedive, and the Porte. M. de Lesseps threatened to abandon the Canal, withdraw the staff, extinguish the lights, and stop the telegraphic communications. It was only after a display of military force under General Stone, the American Chief of the Staff of the Khedive, and of Captain McKillop, the Controller of Egyptian ports, with an Egyptian frigate, that M. de Lesseps in a letter to Prince Mehemet Tewfik converted his physical resistance into a strong moral protest under which he accepted the terms of the Commission as prescribed by the Porte. Certain pretensions were raised contemporaneously by M. de Lesseps: first, asserting the jurisdiction of the French Consular Tribunals in matters connected with the Canal; secondly, claiming for the Company the right to receive official communications through the French Consulate. Both pretensions have been disposed of. The first by the abolition of the Consular Tribunals, the second by the firmness of the other parties concerned.

concerned. But while not objecting to the zeal with which M. de Lesseps fights the cause of the shareholders who stood so manfully by him in the time of ordeal and adversity, we cannot but point out how much such pretensions render necessary a more complete understanding as to the real political status of the Canal.

The question had last year become one of very great difficulty to all parties. The Canal Company had to fight for what they thought their rights. The French Government were divided between the general interests of navigation, and those of the 'numerous Frenchmen' whom, as M. de Rémusat observed, 'a patriotic thought rather than the desire of gain had induced to further by their capital an enterprise, the character of which, despite its foreign origin, was to their eyes eminently national.' England, having discovered the value of the work, was naturally anxious and bound to do the best for her shipping, which furnishes nearly four-fifths of the traffic; while the Porte and the Khedive were equally bent on a settlement of the very grave conflicts to which the claims of contending interests might give rise, and their possible bearings on the eternal Eastern question. The embarrassments were not yet over. The Canal Company, in defence of their pecuniary interests, insisted on a remeasurement of the ships passing the Canal, instead of accepting that of the ships' papers. Difficulties were raised as to the dues on tugs accompanying ships of war; and in the case of one British steamship, the 'Mesopotamia,' the Company detained the vessel until the payment of damages for a collision with one of their dredges. On this occasion the Board of Trade reverted to their original ideas, remarking that 'the present case again illustrates what has appeared from the beginning of the discussion relating to the Canal dues, viz., that complications and difficulties will be endless so long as this great highway of nations remains in the hands of a private Company.'

The question could of course not be overlooked by statesmen. In the House of Lords, Lord Derby expressed an opinion given more than once to the representatives of France in private, that with all respect for the rights and property of the Company, he would desire to see them ceded on proper terms to an International Commission. Suggestions to be mentioned hereafter came from Austria, which, with the previous declaration of Italy, betokened a similarity of opinion in three Powers largely interested in the Canal navigation. We may here give a letter from the Newcastle and Gateshead Chamber of Commerce, a very useful and active body, as showing on this subject the

the views of intelligent traders. It is addressed to Lord Derby, and was written on the 16th of December last, after the purchase had taken place.

‘ This Chamber has for long felt that the trade interests, not only of this kingdom but of all commercial countries likely to be affected by the Canal, were too vast to allow of such an important channel of communication remaining in the hands of a private Company, whose first object is naturally the profit of its shareholders; and with a view of drawing attention to this evil, in the hope that it might be remedied, this Chamber placed the following resolution on the programme of subjects to be discussed at the meeting of the Association of Chambers of Commerce held in this town in September, 1874 :—

‘ “ That, in the opinion of this Association, it is desirable that the Suez Canal should be placed under an International Commission, and that Her Majesty’s Government be memorialised, praying them to embrace any opportunity that may arise of carrying this out.”

‘ From want of time for discussion, the Resolution was withdrawn, though it is believed it accorded with the unanimous feeling of the meeting.

‘ Although the acquisition of the Khedive’s shares by Her Majesty’s Government may tend to the protection of British interests, this Chamber would attach a higher value to the transaction were it to afford an opportunity to Her Majesty’s Government of facilitating or promoting any scheme for the internationalisation of the Canal.

‘ If the Suez Canal was bought up by the countries interested in its trade, in a somewhat similar manner as was adopted in the case of the Sound dues, and if it were placed under the control of an International Commission, as has been done with the Danube, not only would all grounds for national jealousy be removed, but the regulations respecting traffic and the terms of transit might be placed on a permanent and satisfactory basis.

‘ Furthermore, arrangements might be made for the provision of additional capital for the widening and improvement of the Canal, as well as for the gradual redemption of all tolls beyond what might be necessary for its proper working and maintenance.’

And now came the crisis of the drama. It was brought on not merely by the Canal complication, but by the financial embarrassments of the Khedive—embarrassments partly caused by his promotion of the Canal, to which he also looked for some relief in his difficulties. Hence the union of the two questions in the mission of Mr. Cave.

On the 8th of November, 1875, a despatch, dated October 30, reached the Foreign Office, stating that the Khedive was very desirous of securing the services of some competent Government official, thoroughly acquainted with the system followed in Her Majesty’s Treasury, to assist his Minister of Finance in remedying the



the confusion which his Highness admitted existed in that part of his administration. On the 14th of November a further despatch was received from the Consul-General, enclosing a note from Nubar Pasha of the 4th, urging the Government to despatch two gentlemen to undertake the direction of two branches of the Finance Ministry,—the Direction of Receipts, and the Direction of Expenditure. They were not only to be conversant with the ordinary routine of such offices, but were to be acquainted with the 'economic studies which govern the development of the resources and riches of a country.'

The Viceroy asked for no ordinary officials. He required men of high capacity and experience. He had for some time been contemplating the necessity, and had spoken previously on the subject, not only to General Stanton, but to Sir Bartle Frere on his passage through Egypt when in attendance on the Prince of Wales. The needs of the Khedive were urgent. *Eastern insouciance*, a patriotic desire for the advancement of his people, a large liberality and careless administration, had reduced his ample finances to a state of disorder disquieting to an honorable and generous mind. Confident in the resources of his country, he was convinced that the regularity and system of European administration could alone replace his Treasury on a footing worthy of an enlightened Government, and notwithstanding his alliance with France, he applied to the English Government for the necessary assistance.

We have shown that this last despatch arrived on the 14th of November. Contemporaneously other events were occurring, intimately mixed up with the same question, and which revolved round the same centre. It will not be out of place for us to follow the story as current in the well-informed financial atmosphere of Paris. It runs as follows ;—

Two plans had been devised for arranging Egyptian finance. The one embraced the whole of the floating debt, amounting to eighteen millions sterling ; the other was more limited, and involved only an operation of four millions. The former combination was due to the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, which had introduced it to a powerful group of credit companies and bankers. This group held ten millions out of the eighteen millions of the floating debt at different maturities up to the end of 1876. A restricted arrangement affecting only the early maturities did not present to them great attractions. They wished to force the Khedive to grasp the whole situation, fearing that he might prefer a piecemeal arrangement to a complete settlement. The group proposed also, with a laudable object, to induce the Viceroy to reduce his army, and to agree to other practicable  
diminution

diminution of expenditure.\* The Viceroy, however, was wounded at the manner in which these gentlemen wished to intervene in the affairs of his Government. Probably without their knowledge, he hoped, with the assistance of the English employés he was asking for, to clear himself from a body who wished to impose on him too harsh conditions, and he was determined to obtain time for reflection by accepting the more limited combination offered him by the firm of Dervieu, Chenaud and Company, of Alexandria and Paris.

This house had conceived ingeniously enough the idea of turning to account, in the Viceroy's interest, the capital of the 176,602 shares in the Canal Company held by that Prince, the coupons of which he had alienated for twenty-five years. The Viceroy, pleased with the project, had given to Dervieu a contract, good up to the 26th of November, authorising them to borrow about ninety millions of francs on these shares for three months, and undertaking, if the money were not then repaid, to sell them to Dervieu in preference to any other bidder on equal terms. M. Dervieu of Paris, as soon as this contract was notified to him by his house at Alexandria, set to work to find the money. He first applied to the great group before mentioned, which, with the larger scheme in view, naturally refused its co-operation. Others thought the term too short for so great an operation, and preferred to purchase rather than to lend. For one reason and another M. Dervieu failed in his attempted arrangement.

Meanwhile, London had not been idle. Mr. Greenwood, the editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' had heard rumours of what was proceeding, and with a keen and patriotic insight into the importance of the crisis, and after strengthening himself with the local knowledge of Egypt and the commercial experience of Mr. Henry Oppenheim, he laid before the Government a scheme for the purchase. On the 15th of November Lord Derby telegraphed to General Stanton to ascertain the truth of the rumours. In reply the Government was informed that it was absolutely necessary for the Khedive to receive between three million and four million pounds by the 30th of November, and that fears were entertained by Nubar Pasha of the shares being ultimately lost to the Egyptian Government. On the 25th of November the bargain was struck. M. Dervieu, who had left Paris for London on the 24th to see if a new arrangement could be made, telegraphs on the 26th to his correspondent at Paris, 'London journals of this morning sing victory on purchase of

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\* 'Messenger de Paris.'

Suez shares. You can say that for fifteen days we have been offering the business to the *haute finance* of Paris.'

This, we believe, is the real history of the transaction; admirable in the bold rapidity which combined conception with execution. However much its strength has been boiled down in the bureaucratic caldron, the mere purchase, divested of all after-considerations, is an act worthy of an English Government seeking the prosperity of the people and the consolidation of the Empire.

Foreign countries were unanimous in their admiration of a master-stroke which combined the suddenness of war with the certainty of peace; which repaired in a week the mistake of years; which advanced the cause of England to the benefit, and not to the damage of the world.

Lord Derby, on the 20th of November, 1875, writes to Lord Lyons, reporting the conversation he had held with M. Gavard, the French Chargé d'Affaires. He says,—

'I told M. Gavard that I would answer his question in the same frank manner in which he had put it. The Suez Canal had been originated by a Frenchman, executed by French engineers, and carried out principally by means of French capital. The credit of the undertaking rested with the French nation, and it was in French hands that its direction was placed. On the other hand, of the shipping which made use of the Canal, more than three-fourths, or nearly four-fifths, was British. The interest of this country in the maintenance and proper management of the Canal, forming as it did a portion of the highway between us and our Indian possessions, was much greater than that of any other European nation. I had never concealed from the French representative or Government, and I had indeed stated publicly in the House of Lords, my opinion that the arrangement most satisfactory to Great Britain would be that the Canal, forming so important a link in our communication with India and Australia, should be under the management of an International Commission, so that its control should not rest exclusively with any single Government or body of individuals. No opportunity had, however, arisen for making or even proposing such an arrangement, and we had to look to such safeguards as we actually possessed against the risk of the Canal being managed in a way detrimental to the general interest. Of these, the possession by the Khedive of a large interest in M. de Lesseps' Company was one. The two checks which we could bring most directly to bear upon M. de Lesseps and the administration of the Canal were the action of the Viceroy in the first place, and, secondly, that of the Porte, as the Suzerain Power. Under present circumstances, it was impossible to see how far, in the future, the control of the Porte could be counted upon as efficacious. That of the Viceroy, therefore, became all the more important. The Khedive, in parting with the shares which he now possessed in the  
Suez

Suez Canal Company, would, in my opinion, surrender an important means of influencing the measures taken by the Company and its staff, and as such we could not look upon such a transaction with indifference. We should certainly be opposed to these shares falling into the hands of another French Company, so as to make the property in the Canal more French than it already was. To any arrangement for mortgaging the shares merely as a security for an advance, provided the Khedive had full power to redeem them at any moment by payment of a loan, the same objections possibly might not hold good.'

These views were explained by M. Gavard in almost similar form in a despatch addressed to the French Foreign Office, and which is found in the Yellow Book. The frank explanation given by Lord Derby should have set at rest every doubt as to the motives of the act. Let us sum up these motives in a few words, as they impressed the world generally.

First, the exclusive possession of half the shares by a French proprietary was of itself an anomaly, considering the importance to this country of the Canal. The origination of the Canal by a Frenchman, and the unfortunate opposition in the first instance of the English Government, had raised feelings of jealousy, sometimes at rest, but constantly cropping up. The further possession by Frenchmen of the half of the shares originally belonging to the Khedive would have created so great a French interest in the stock, that in any international movement the French Government would have found it difficult to act in the spirit of impartiality which all statesmen desire, but in which they are so often overruled by popular prejudice or passion.

Secondly, the purchase of the shares by the English Government secured them to this country in a manner not to be achieved by private holding, which might constantly have changed hands. Therefore, assuming that the redemption of the Canal were at any time to be carried out, the English Government are already in possession, at a moderate rate, of a large share of that proportion, the redemption of which their traffic would force upon them in case of a general international arrangement. Taking the precedent of the redemption of the Sound, Scheldt, and Stade dues, England was called upon to pay her quota of redemption in proportion to her quota of the traffic. Thus, accepting Lord Derby's figures, England, having four-fifths of the traffic, would be called upon to pay four-fifths of the redemption. She has made great progress in that redemption by the purchase of the Khedive's shares. It is plain that, had those shares fallen into the hands of a French Company, they would, in time, have been distributed amongst smaller

holders, who, in case of redemption, would have made the hardest bargain possible.

Thirdly, the possession of so large an interest in the Canal by the English Government will naturally obliterate the feeling of hostility which may occasionally arise between the shareholders and the customers. Up to the present moment the English Government has been supposed to espouse almost exclusively the cause of the latter, and has therefore been brought into constant collision with the management of the Canal. As we have already observed, the consequence of the management being in private hands produces an anomaly so great, that every effort should be made to abolish it. But, until the obstacles to its abolition are overcome, our position will be strengthened in any discussion on the question of rates, when the English Government, by proposing a reduction of them, would have to submit to any real or supposed sacrifices in common with the general body of shareholders. It may be urged that so long as these shares do not receive dividend the interest of England is not entirely the same as that of the other shareholders; but nineteen years only will have to elapse before these shares begin again to receive dividend, a very short period in the history of politics and public interests. When the time does come for these shares to rank with the others, it is clearly the interest of the English people that the interim should have been spent in making them as valuable as possible. We shall consequently, in any discussion as to the management of the Canal, be enabled to act far more cordially with France than has hitherto been the case.

Fourthly, as a mere investment, the Government really have purchased a property likely to bring a valuable return. The fund from which the money is borrowed pays an interest so low, that, assuming the interest at five per cent., guaranteed by the Khedive to be regularly paid, the difference will leave a large margin of profit. It has been alleged that the price given, four million pounds, or one hundred million francs, was too great. Against this it is seen that French financiers did not regard ninety millions of francs too high a loan on the security.

Fifthly, even if the investment should prove to be a pecuniary loss, the advantages secured by the possession of one-half the property in the Canal can scarcely be overrated. Traffic does not give rights of discipline or management. We can now argue in a double capacity. As shareholders, we have really a right to speak in the interests of shareholders, and to point out authoritatively where we think the policy of the directors can be advantageously used to conciliate the interests  
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of their constituents as well as of their customers. The purchase has been made with the consent and the approbation of Europe. Consequently, we have the right to speak on behalf of the Canal, whether politically or commercially, with far greater moral authority than any other Government; no Government but ourselves having so strong an interest in the undertaking. As mere customers we were at the mercy of the Directors and other Governments, whose jealousies, whether of our Indian possessions or of our carrying trade, might at any time have influenced a decision adverse to ourselves on the part of a Board of Directors possibly hostile. It is true that against this we might have exercised an influence at Constantinople and at Cairo; but current events show how uncertain is the future of those countries politically and financially. Who can tell ten years hence what may be the governing Power at Constantinople? Who can tell what may be the effect in Egypt of the dissolution of the Turkish Empire? It is clearly not within the immediate contemplation of British statesmen to establish any territorial hold in Egypt. They do not entertain any views of invasion or territorial aggrandisement; but with the possession of half this vast property, other countries will not require any diplomatic explanation before ascertaining that the power of England will be exercised to defend the property of England. It was clearly laid down in despatches, both to Sir H. Elliot and to General Stanton, that Mr. Cave's 'special mission must not be taken to imply any desire to interfere with the internal affairs of Egypt, but as of a purely friendly character, dictated by the interest which this country has always taken in the welfare and prosperity of Egypt.'

In the same spirit Lord Derby in the remarks, which are supposed to have been of a 'minimising' tendency, clearly referred to the projects attributed to England by the Continental press. In Italy it was stated that, with the possession of Gibraltar and of Suez, we intended to block out all issues from the Mediterranean. In France, and even in Germany, it was rumoured that we proposed, either by possession or protectorate, to establish an exclusive influence in the Government of Egypt. What we understood Lord Derby to say was this, that we intended nothing more than was implied in the actual purchase of the shares. That term includes all we desire. We have made ourselves masters of them, and we intend to defend that position, so that by maintaining our proprietary rights, we may also keep open for all the world a great highway to our Indian and Australian possessions. The act was one eminently worthy of a country whose merchants have from time immemorial been admitted

mitted to the noble guilds of the Continent. Commerce with us is not a matter of mere traffic and barter. We do not divert our commerce to purposes of political intrigue; but we insist on the political influence and other moral accessories derived from our commercial enterprise and progress.

As a consequence of the purchase, the attention of the Government was more particularly turned to the request previously made by the Khedive for the assistance of English officers to remedy the confusion in his financial department. We have already shown that the officers applied for required qualifications of a high order, and the new interest centred in Egypt rendered it necessary that any assistance rendered should be given after careful examination and consideration. Nubar Pasha asked 'that the gentlemen sent out should be familiar with the principles of political economy, which, in modern times, have been the cause of revealing the true principles which governed the development of the resources and riches of a country.' It is well known that the Khedive wished, more than once, to enlist the advice of English statesmen of rank. It has never been denied that overtures were made to Mr. Lowe and to Mr. Dodson to induce them to visit Egypt, and to give to the Viceroy the benefit of their high intelligence. Mr. Goschen is on the point of visiting that country, with a view of restoring order to a finance which he introduced to the Exchanges of Europe in a manner creditable alike to his intelligence and his sense of honour. Knowing this wish, and impressed with the importance of preserving Egypt from a financial disorder, such as that which afflicted the Suzerain Power, and which must have seriously affected the police and the whole internal order of the country, it naturally occurred to the Treasury 'that a gentleman in the confidence of Her Majesty's Government, and of proved financial administrative capacity, should be sent out to confer with the Khedive and his Government as to the financial position and administration of Egypt, in order that on his report Her Majesty's Government may be placed in a position to give the assistance which is requested from them.' Nor was it easy to find a gentleman more suited to the mission than Mr. Cave. Few members of the House of Commons so fully inspire general confidence in their ability, judgment, and straightforwardness. Few have had such varied opportunities of experience. A lawyer, a magistrate, a land-owner, a Member of Parliament, a Minister, an ex-negotiator, once a director of the Bank of England and chairman of the West India Committee, a good linguist, and a great traveller, he was necessarily a master of those very acquirements the application of which was involved in his mission.

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But the Government did not take this step without consulting the Khedive. They were informed, in reply, by telegraph from General Stanton that his Highness appeared gratified at the announcement, and desired to express his acknowledgments to the English Government for the consideration shown to his request. The attack made, therefore, on the mission of Mr. Cave was an untoward incident in a year so disastrous in the political career of Mr. Lowe. We will not enter into the wide field of Egyptian finance. We have, we think, shown how intimately connected with Mr. Cave's mission was the Suez Purchase.

We cannot but regret that the subsequent negotiations between the Government and M. de Lesseps were not more entirely left to Mr. Cave's management. The arrangement made by Colonel Stokes can only be considered of a temporary character. When the negotiations were first entered into, Colonel Stokes suggested that a compromise could be effected with regard to the surtax, provided that the Company would consent to reduce the maximum of ten francs per ton after passing a certain annual amount of tonnage. In the final arrangement we see no indication of the proposed diminution, and we have, without any prospective advantage, consented to the continuation of the surtax for a longer period than was prescribed by the Constantinople Commission. In fact, all we have gained is this, that we have been allowed, in consideration of our enormous holding, to have unquestioned ten votes at a general meeting; that one million francs are to be annually expended on the necessary works in the Canal; and that we are to submit for election three out of twenty-four Directors in the Council of the Company. Thus, except by some new arrangement, which must inevitably take place, we see no prospect of our shipping being benefited by any proceedings consequent on the purchase of the shares. Difficulties have already arisen under the late agreement between Colonel Stokes and M. de Lesseps.

Laying aside the question of surtax, which will in the course of a few years come to an end, let us examine the burdens imposed upon navigation in general, and upon England in particular, by the present tolls. At present the Suez Canal is still a novelty; the shipping interest of the world is generally grateful for it; and the *prestige* of M. de Lesseps' name still exerts everywhere almost a romantic influence. But, as in Egypt of old a Pharaoh rose who knew not Joseph, so, ere long, a generation will come which forgets Lesseps. From the 1st of December, 1869, to the 31st of December, 1875, 6275 vessels had passed the Canal. Of these, 4347 vessels were English;  
and



and these, irrespective of other imposts, such as barges, passengers, sundries, &c., had paid on their tonnage alone, 76,723,970 francs, or in English money, 3,069,000*l.* In the year 1875 alone, 1061 English ships passed the Canal, out of a total of 1494, paying 844,680*l.*, out of a total of 1,151,000*l.* By the net tonnage English ships carried 1,476,775 tons, thus giving to each ship an average of about 1392 tons. Taking this average after the surtax ceases, each English ship will have to pay as a toll for passing the Canal, one hundred miles of its road to India, a sum of 556*l.* sterling, or rather more than one-fourth of the average freight for the whole of the voyage.

The progression of traffic since the opening of the Canal, has hitherto been as follows :—

	1870	'71	'72	'73	'74	'75
Per cent. of increase in previous years	0	74	50	18	19	23

The first month of this year, if multiplied by twelve, showed a notable increase on the traffic of last year. We will not take this as the normal expansion; but assuming that the traffic increases only five per cent. per annum, the usual rate of progression in English railways, twenty years hence, at the time when our shares begin to earn dividend, the traffic will be twice what it is at the present moment. Therefore, with half the accommodation, and consequently slower progress through the Canal, we shall have to pay the same tax.

The object which we must have in view, viz., the means of diminishing the tolls while improving the facilities of traffic, can scarcely be effected by a private Company. We must, therefore, aim at the establishment of the Canal on such a basis of physical strength and durability as will meet, for years to come, the increasing demands both of the old world and of those vast regions which are daily becoming populated, or increasing in population and its commercial demands.

No assemblage of private capitalists could carry out these works on a scale sufficiently vast to establish this great universal thoroughfare, with such workmanship and materials as would reduce to a minimum the annual cost of maintenance, and of wear and tear. Such an undertaking can only be attempted by Governments to whom the annual income will be insignificant in comparison with the existence of the way, and the boon conferred upon trade by the reduction of the tolls. It may take some years before such a scheme can be thoroughly carried out, but it is one of those public benefits well worthy the devotion of a lifetime. We shall have to establish, by some means or other, a strait between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea as permanent and, if possible, as free as the Straits of Gibraltar.

Gibraltar. We must secure to this passage an acknowledgment of international right, securing it against all the eventualities of war, and render it as accessible to the smallest nation and community as to the richest and most powerful State.

For this purpose we must bear in mind two essential points: First, the interests and duties of the territorial Sovereign; secondly, the general and political interests of the world at large. Sir Travers Twiss, in the article before referred to, points out the dangers to which the traffic on the Canal may be exposed in case of war between the Porte and any other nation. The trade of the world might be hindered by the blockade of the Canal ports on the part of any one State waging war against Turkey, and as no provision has been made against such an event by a common understanding, no State, however much aggrieved, would have the right of remonstrance against the legitimate exercise of belligerent rights.

Precedents, or at all events analogies, are, as we have seen, not wanting for the political part of the question so far as it regards other countries, but we see a jealousy on the part of the Porte to the jurisdiction of an international Commission, and we must also conciliate the territorial rights and the well-founded financial pretensions of the Viceroy himself. We do not contemplate any serious difficulties in treating with the shareholders. If the worst comes to the worst, their rights last only the term of their lease, which, however long in the limited span of human life, is short for what we believe to be the duration of this great work. But if the Powers of Europe are prepared to make a certain pecuniary sacrifice, easy to nations when dealing with individual interests, the redemption of the Canal from the shareholders must be followed at once by a political condition, not difficult of achievement, if the Powers of Europe will only approach the question with a desire to settle it. We would refer our readers to a despatch from Sir Andrew Buchanan, dated Vienna, March 24th, 1875, giving the outline of such a scheme.

To what in the despatch are called crude ideas we must add some suggestions which may call to the subject the attention of politicians at a moment when a European Congress is, perhaps, imminent. First, we will suggest a common international treaty establishing the neutrality of the Suez Canal much in the form of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Secondly, negotiations should be entered into with M. de Lesseps and the Company, either for purchasing the shares at once at a price, or for converting them into debentures charged on the proceeds of the Canal, to be extinguished by rapid drawings with a bonus. Thirdly, there must be established an understanding  
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on which every country is to be assessed for its proportion of redemption, and for its share in the further works to be carried out. Fourthly, a certain annual sum should be agreed upon as a revenue to the Khedive to make up his fifteen per cent. of the profits, and as a permanent tribute for the perpetuity of the concession. This annual revenue might, if desired by the Khedive, be capitalised, by which means a large sum would be available to relieve his present financial difficulties. Fifthly, the Khedive, as Sovereign of the territory, should be held responsible under the guarantee of all nations for the repairs, police and general management of the Canal and its accessories, which should be given to him as an unencumbered property. He should be bound to publish annually an account of the expenditure; and to prepare an annual budget to be submitted to the Consular representatives at Cairo. The tolls should be charged sufficiently to cover the repairs on the Canal, the payments in respect of its present burdens, if not extinguished by common consent previously, and the annual tribute to the Viceroy, unless redeemed by a lump sum.

Thus we may open to the world a work—almost a wonder—which we owe to the genius and energy of M. de Lesseps, to the constant support of his fellow-countrymen, and to the enlightened policy of the Rulers of Egypt. Whatever arrangement may take place, the deference due to the services and character of M. de Lesseps, must be a primary consideration. We can only hope to perpetuate his achievement for the benefit of mankind by taking up the thread of enthusiasm where he may leave it. We cannot confer upon him a greater honour than to make his work an object of individual acknowledgment and world-wide gratitude, by giving to it a perpetuity and permanence with which it is not yet invested, a political condition not yet achieved, and a utility which cannot depend merely on the clauses of a private concession, or on the exigencies of a Company, however ably and uprightly administered.

At present the neutrality of the Canal depends simply upon the declaration of the Viceroy of Egypt. By the statutes this declaration of neutrality is co-existent with the concession of the Company. It is personal to the Egyptian Government, and confirmed by Europe only by the possibility of force. Merchant ships alone are affected by the stipulation. The rights given are merely municipal, and no provision is made for the crucial periods of international conditions—viz., war and the rights of belligerents.

No mind can imagine or foresee how great the disturbance of trade from peaceful states if war should find these problems  
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still unsettled. Closely examined, their early solution appears not only feasible, but pressing. The task would be worthy the daring genius of Lord Beaconsfield, and the clear intellect which has won the bâton for Sir Stafford Northcote, were they to adorn their careers with the full and lasting enfranchisement of this universal roadway.

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- ART. VI.—1. *A Collection of Prints from Pictures painted for the purpose of Illustrating the Dramatical Works of Shakespeare by the Artists of Great Britain.* Boydell. London, 1803.  
2. *The Boydell Gallery: a Collection of Engravings illustrating the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare by the Artists of Great Britain, reproduced from the originals in Permanent Woodbury Type.* London, 1874.  
3. *Illustrations of Shakespeare.* By Moritz Retzsch. 1828-1845.  
4. *The Works of Shakespeare edited by Howard Staunton.* The Illustrations by John Gilbert. London, 1864.

NO painter has ever translated a play of Shakespeare into the language of the pencil as Mendelssohn has translated the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' into the language of music. We may account for this superficially by saying that no painter who has arisen since Shakespeare has possessed a genius at all approaching that of the poet in sublimity and comprehensiveness. But a truer explanation of the phenomenon will be discovered in the fact that we rarely find one genius in exact harmony with another. Sympathetic appreciation may exist in a high degree, but yet 'deep' may not 'answer to deep.' Each artist must body out his own conceptions. Originality will make a way for itself, and create forms. It cannot be diverted into channels hollowed out by another. It was well said of Hogarth that he could think *like* a great genius, but not *after* one. Here we have the primary explanation of the inadequacy of illustrations to Shakespeare; and until a painter shall be found possessing the sympathy with the poet which Mendelssohn proved himself to possess when he composed the 'Overture' and the 'Wedding March,' we may despair of a satisfactory result. Thus it will be seen we think it best to admit at the outset that the works of Shakespeare, though they undoubtedly present to the mind's eye of the reader an endless variety of glowing and beautiful images, have not hitherto proved so deep and sparkling a fountain of inspiration to the painters as we should have at first expected. But though this article must go to show that the translation

translation of his scenes into the language of the pencil has been at best only moderately successful, still the attempts to illustrate the plays have been sufficiently numerous and important to lead us to think that a notice of them may be of some service. The review may at least show the salient errors of past attempts, and point out the richness of the mine that lies waiting to be worked. Of course, in spite of all that may be alleged, a certain class of critics will continue to say that the adequate illustration of the bard is a hopeless task; that to do justice to the Shakespeare of the pen, whose existence is almost a miracle, we must call into being a Shakespeare of the pencil, whose creation would be a miracle scarcely less astonishing. In a certain sense this is undoubtedly true; and Horace Walpole's remarks on the project of the Boydell Gallery are sure to be echoed if any attempt at a complete illustration of the dramas should be made: \* 'Mercy on us!' says Horace, writing to the Countess of Ossory, 'our painters to design from Shakespeare! His commentators have not been more inadequate. Pray, who is to give an idea of Falstaff now Quin is dead? And then Bartolozzi, who is only fit to engrave for the "Pastor Fido," will be to give a pretty enamelled fan-mount of Macbeth! Salvator Rosa might; and Piranesi might dash out Duncan's castle; but Lord help Alderman Boydell and the Royal Academy!'

The state of art in England at the time when the 'commercial Mæcenæas,' as it was the fashion to call him, started his scheme was unquestionably low; but we have learned much since, and it will not be difficult to show that, though we must count fifty failures to one success in every volume or gallery of Shakespeare pictures, there are grounds of better hope. We cannot fail to gain information by an examination, however cursory, of what has been already done; and therefore, without further preface, we may begin our rapid survey of the principal attempts to illustrate Shakespeare made during the last ninety years. Suggestions towards a more thorough accomplishment of the task will come in best when we have seen the various methods of treatment adopted by eminent artists, compared their representations of the more prominent scenes, and observed the advantages accruing to the painter from the ever-increasing insight into the poet's meaning which the labours of critics and students have afforded and are now affording.

The most ambitious and costly attempt at Shakespearian illustration was undoubtedly that of John Boydell. Though the result was far from satisfactory, we must not forget the debt

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\* 'Letters of Horace Walpole,' ed. Bohn, vol. ix. p. 83.

which

which English art owes to the labours of the enterprising print-seller. From the time of his arrival in London, in 1739, to his death in 1804, he exerted himself to forward three objects:— 1. To improve the English school of engraving; 2. To create an English school of historical painting; 3. And to make both subserve to the adequate illustration of the great poet. His services to the art of engraving are unquestionable. When Boydell began business there were no English engravers of eminence, and the cabinets of collectors were chiefly furnished by the artists of France. He lived to see the condition of his trade reversed; the importation of prints was almost entirely discontinued, and the productions of English engravers were eagerly purchased in Holland, Flanders, and Germany. Encouraged by his success in his own department of art, he attempted the far bolder and more difficult task of founding a school of historical painting; and in order to give a definite shape to his design, he resolved to set all the eminent painters of the day at work upon his Shakespeare. The pictures were collected and exhibited 'in a gallery, built upon the site of Mr. Dodsley's house in Pall Mall,' and engravings of them were issued in a magnificent folio. Thirty painters, two sculptors, and thirty-three engravers were employed in the work, and an outlay of one hundred thousand pounds attested the liberality of the projector. A clear conviction of the ruinous cost of the undertaking may have prevented the cautious Garrick, to whom the scheme was first broached, from giving it the sanction of his authority. For though it was suggested amidst the fervours of the celebrated Shakespeare Jubilee at Stratford, the proposal was not received with enthusiasm, and it was not until several years after that it was seriously discussed. 'The conversation that led to the present undertaking,' says the preface to the original edition, 'was entirely accidental. It happened \* at the table of Mr. Josiah Boydell, at West-end, Hampstead, in November, 1781. The company consisted of Mr. West, Mr. Romney, Mr. P. Sandby, Mr. Hayley, Mr. Hoole, Mr. Braithwaite, Alderman Boydell, and our host. In such company, it is needless to say that every proposal to celebrate genius or to cultivate the fine arts would be favourably received.' It is more true, but less flattering, to say that from such a company nothing but artistic mediocrity was to be expected. The presence of the Quaker Academician was unfavourable to originality. West's style, correct, but cold, seems to have exerted a

\* So says the preface to the original edition. Hayley ascribes the first thought of the undertaking to a conversation between the Alderman and Romney at the latter's house in Cavendish Square.—'Life of Romney,' p. 106.

chilling influence over most of the artists engaged, though, in his capacity of painter to the King, he was too busy at the time in Royal Commissions to contribute to the gallery more than two pictures: the 'Ophelia Strewing Flowers,' and the 'Lear in the Storm,' known from the print by William Sharp, which Leslie considered 'unequalled by any line-engraving ever produced.' On examining the illustrations carefully, we are conscious of a feeling of disappointment. The volume, on the whole, is a record of lost opportunities. Still it is interesting and valuable as a representation of the state of art in England at the time, and in one or two instances, where the painters broke away from the conventional shackles of an artificial age, we have satisfactory results. If we were asked to say which was the play best illustrated, we should find a difficulty in replying, but unquestionably the two artists who increased their reputation most decidedly by their contributions to Boydell were Fuseli and Northcote.

Henry Fuseli, painter, poet, naturalist, linguist, and wit, is one of the most remarkable figures to be met with in the art-life of the eighteenth century. His character was disfigured by eccentricity; and whether we think of him helping Cowper to translate Homer, showering sneers and curses on the noisy students of the Royal Academy, dilating with vivid eloquence on the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, or flirting Platonically with Mary Wolstoncraft to annoy his wife, we see the tendency to exaggerate and to startle constantly present. His pictures are full of the same faults that distorted his life. Grandeur of design is often thwarted by grotesque extravagance. He never outlived his 'Sturm und Drang' period. Yet everywhere in his works we see the hall-mark of genius; and above all we feel that in his illustrations to Shakespeare he displays a clearness of insight, and a glow of appreciation, to which his associates can make no possible pretence. Long before the scheme had been started at the Hampstead dinner-table, Fuseli had dreamed of a national commemoration of the poet. 'To his mind,' says Allan Cunningham, 'such a scheme had been long present; it dawned on his fancy in Rome, even as he lay on his back marvelling in the Sistine, and he saw in imagination a long and shadowy succession of pictures. He figured to himself a magnificent temple, and filled it as the illustrious artists of Italy did the Sistine with pictures from his favourite poet. All was arranged according to character. In the panels and accessories were the figures of the chief heroes and heroines; on the extensive walls were delineated the changes of many-coloured life—the ludicrous and the sad, the pathetic and the humorous, domestic

domestic happiness and heroic aspirations—while the dome which crowned the whole exhibited scenes of higher emotion, the joys of heaven, the agonies of hell, all that was supernatural and all that was terrible.

These fantastic dreams were brought into practical shape by Boydell, and the result is to be found in his eight pictures. As might be expected, he preferred to choose scenes from the plays which introduce spiritual beings: 'The Tempest,' the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Macbeth.' His 'Caliban,' his witches, and his fairies, have never been surpassed. In his scene from 'The Tempest' we stand on the beach of the uninhabited island. The wild waters, put into a roar by the magic of Prospero, are still seething in foamy tumult. The wronged Duke and Miranda occupy the foreground, and have just summoned their slave, who crawls from his cave volleying curses. Ariel, dismissed by her master to summon Ferdinand, hovers in mid-air. Tiny elves lurk around the enchanter. The apes 'that moe and chatter' dangle from the trees, and the hedge-hogs are tumbling in the monster's 'barefoot way.' But the face of Caliban fixes the spectator. It is not that of a savage or a fiend, it is that of a man-beast. The hideous lineage and the degraded nature of the creature are printed on his features. It is the son of Sycorax his very self. In the realm of fairydom which owned the sway of Oberon and Titania, Fuseli was equally at home. In our own time, two accomplished painters, Sir Noel Paton and Sir Edwin Landseer, have attempted to depict the elfin sovereigns and their trains, and have achieved a certain success. But their fairies lack the inimitable frolicsomeness of the beings Shakespeare created. They are not the sprites who hang pearls in the ear of the cowslip, kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, steal honey-bags from the humble-bees, and creep into acorn-cups when they wish to hide themselves. Fuseli makes his wood scene populous with antics to whom such sports and occupations are natural. They are the elves of the Gothic mythology etherialised by the exquisite grace of Grecian days. They belong to a world where Theseus and Robin Goodfellow, Hippolyta and Bottom the weaver, meet without apparent anachronism; the universal world of Shakespearean poetry where the lord of 'the heaven of invention' is king.\* Fuseli's

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\* In Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of 'Titania' and 'Bottom,' the spectator is struck by the admirable painting of the Ass's Head. One is irresistibly reminded of a story of Fuseli and Northcote, related by Allan Cunningham. The latter had painted a picture of 'Balaam and his Ass,' and requested the former for an opinion of its merits. The temptation was too strong for the caustic Fuseli. 'My dear fellow,' he replied, 'your picture proves you are an angel at an ass, and an ass at an angel.'



'Ghost' was the paramount attraction of the Boydell Gallery. An eminent metaphysician, we are told, when he saw it, exclaimed, like Burns' rustic in 'Hallow E'en,' 'Lord preserve me!' and declared that it haunted him round the room. We cannot say we are surprised, for though we have seen the prince of spectres represented fifty times, the shape that rises before us, when we think of the buried majesty of Denmark, always most closely resembles Fuseli's conception. The superhuman height of the figure, the frown fierce and ominous, like that which the living king wore, when

'in an angry parle  
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice;'

the compelling motion of the truncheon which it seems impossible to resist, all are admirable; but the costume is outrageously wrong, and the limbs painfully out of drawing. This offends the appreciative critic, and utterly disgusts the ordinary spectator, though probably Fuseli would have considered it a slight blemish, and declared with sarcastic indifference that a spirit was above the rules of earthly anatomy. In his 'Interview of Macbeth with the Witches,' we have the grim vassals of Hecate seated on high amidst murky clouds, not standing or crouching on the heath. We recognise in them the same genius which gave us Milton's 'Night Hag.' But they are not the beldams of Shakespeare's days, whom Hopkins hunted and Hale burnt, they are more akin to the Furies who pursue Orestes *Γοργόνων δίκην* in the 'Choephoroi' of Æschylus. In the less imaginative plays, our 'Painter in Ordinary to the Devil,' as he was often called, achieved less success. In 'Lear disinheriting Cordelia,' the face of the angry father resembles that of the Minotaur. In his 'Henry V. detecting the Conspiracy of Scroop, Cambridge, and Grey,' he has followed a hideous stage tradition ridiculed by Addison, when he says,\* 'the ordinary method of making a hero is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head than to the sole of his foot;' and in his 'Falstaff and Doll,' he has been surpassed in breadth by an artist of our own day, in every respect his inferior, Kenny Meadows.

James Northcote, who is perhaps better known to the present generation by his published 'Conversations' than by his pictures, contributed to Boydell the two best illustrations of Richard III. ever made by an Englishman. The murder and burying of the Princes, as described by Tyrrel, are well-conceived and boldly

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\* 'Spectator,' No. 42.

executed.

executed. A critic, whom we have previously quoted, and who is as hostile to Northcote as he is biassed in favour of Fuseli, describes the second of these pictures with undue severity, but he has noted the defects of Northcote's style. 'The murderers,' says Allan Cunningham, 'accompanied by torch-bearers, are represented carrying the naked children down a steep and difficult stair; and instead of conveying them the easiest and readiest way, they have laid them upon long cloths, and are lowering them into the dungeon with an excess of trouble which shows them to have been sad dolts in the way of their business. All this, however, was done in order to give the painter an opportunity of showing how well he could manage his colours; the deadly white of the naked bodies contrasts with the cloths on which they are lowered, and a torch sheds a dismal glare down the steps of the dungeon and on the faces of the murderers. One is struck with the unnatural action and "double, double, toil and trouble" sort of character of the composition.'

Far more favourable is the judgment of Horace Walpole.\* 'I am entirely of your opinion, Sir,' he writes to Sir David Dalrymple, 'that two of Northcote's pictures from "King John" and "Richard III." are at the head of the collection.' His other works may be briefly passed over, for in the 'Richard and Bolingbroke,' the 'Murder of Rutland,' and in spite of Walpole in the 'Hubert and Arthur,' Northcote attempted subjects which required exact knowledge of costume; and this important study was in its infancy in his day.

Reynolds, now sixty-four, looked askance on Boydell's scheme, and was with difficulty induced to render it his assistance. Steevens, we are told, was sent by the alderman to the President with a bank-note for 500*l.*, and this honorarium overcame his scruples. The result was that Sir Joshua painted three pictures in illustration of Shakespeare: 'Macbeth in the Witches' Cave,' 'The Death of Cardinal Beaufort,' and 'Puck.' 'Northcote,' says Mr. Tom Taylor,† 'praises the "Macbeth" for the visionary and awful character of the background, which he declares

'without a parallel in the world. I am afraid that posterity is not likely to endorse this opinion. The Hecate is the most impressive personage of the picture; but she is a reminiscence of one of Michael Angelo's Fates, and her skeleton chair is borrowed. The Macbeth is a straddling, blustering, empty figure. The dancing witches are not Shakespeare's withered foul and midnight hags, and the painter has not confined their number to the mystic trinity, which belongs to them as much as to the Fates. The whole effect of the composition

\* 'Letters of Horace Walpole,' ed. Bohn, vol. ix. p. 254.

† 'Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' vol. ii. p. 502.

is scattered and straggling, and there is a want of proportion about the accessories—bat, toad, armed head, shadowy kings—which distracts and distresses.’

Of the second picture, the same critic says, ‘The “Death of Cardinal Beaufort” is a very poor and flimsy piece of painting, with one powerful passage,\* the agonised face of the dying sinner.’ The third attempt is, with justice, more favourably characterised. ‘In the “Puck” Sir Joshua was comparatively at home. He could find hints for the mischievous merry elf among living children, and his powers of composition and execution were not overtaken by a single figure in a woody glen.’ These criticisms seem to us perfectly fair, and they amount to this: Sir Joshua Reynolds was not an historical painter; and posterity may well begrudge every hour which took him from the practice of that delightful art, which has given us such animated presentments of the faces and characteristics of his contemporaries. ‘The Shepherd Boy,’ ‘The Strawberry Girl,’ the portraits of Mrs. Molesworth, of Lady Cockburn, of Mrs. Siddons, and a hundred other works atone for comparative failures in a department of art of incomparable difficulty, entered upon without enthusiasm, at an advanced period of life.

We have almost exhausted the scenes which the Boydell artists have embodied with any energy or brilliancy. Barry’s illustration of ‘Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms,’ is sadly artificial. The figure of the world-worn king is that of an Irish harper; Cordelia is a buxom maiden, and Edgar and Albany

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\* The biographers give us a glimpse of the painter at work on this picture: ‘Mason describes his calling on Sir Joshua while engaged on this head of the conscience-stricken Cardinal. He had got for his model a porter or coalheaver between fifty and sixty, whose black and bushy beard he had paid him for letting grow. He was stripped to the waist, and with his profile turned to the painter sat with a fixed grin, showing his teeth. Mason could not help laughing, and told Sir Joshua that, in his opinion, Shakespeare would never have used the word “grin” in the line—

“Mark how the pangs of death do make him grin,”

if he could readily have found a better word; that it always conveyed to him (Mason) a ludicrous idea; and that he never saw it used with propriety but by Milton, when he tells us that Death

“grinned horribly

A ghastly smile.”

Sir Joshua, however, did not agree with him; “so the fellow,” continues Mason, “sat grinning for upwards of one hour, during which time he sometimes gave a touch to the face, sometimes scumbled at the bedclothes with white, much diluted with spirits of turpentine. After all he could not catch the expression he wanted, and I believe rubbed the face entirely out; for the face and attitude in the present finished picture which I did not see till above a year after his first fruitless attempt, is certainly different and on an idea much superior.”—‘Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds,’ by C. R. Leslie and Tom Taylor, vol. ii. p. 503.

are models who have served in the painter's 'Harvest Home,' in his 'Victors at Olympia,' and in half-a-dozen other classic scenes. We conceive, however, that Lear is beyond illustration by any art which appeals to one sense only. The living voice is wanting. Those of us who recollect the pathos of utter desertion and humiliation which Macready threw into the line, 'Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir,' know how the tones of the great actor were the best confirmation they ever had of the truth of Hallam's summary of Lear's character: 'It is a headstrong, feeble, and selfish being, whom, in the first act of the tragedy, nothing seems capable of redeeming in our eyes, nothing but what follows intense woe, unnatural wrong.' Painter and sculptor must alike fail in conveying this impression; and we cannot blame Barry for having found himself unequal to the attempt. In the easier plays, several artists were fortunate in the task of interpreting individual character, and arresting the movement of historic pageant. Westall gave us a delicate and tremulous 'Imogen entering the Cave of her Unknown Brothers;' and Stothard, whose name is the synonym for grace, revived the charms of Anne Boleyn as they glowed beneath the open admiration of Henry, at the Cardinal's festival in York Place. There are not many more pictures in the gallery worth noticing. It would be wasting time to dwell on the effeminate shapes of Smirke, who was the most industrious contributor, to notice the vulgarities of the Rev. William Peters, or to send connoisseurs back to offend their eyes with the blunders and anachronisms of Gavin Hamilton.

For a quarter of a century, from 1803 to 1828, no attempt of any dimensions was made to illustrate Shakespeare. But the years during which the painters exhibited the greatest abstinence were the years during which the students worked with the most indefatigable industry. During this period the German school of criticism arose. The immortal disquisition on 'Hamlet' in Wilhelm Meister appeared, Tieck and Augustus Schlegel produced their translation. A flood of new lights was poured on the text, and motives as profound as they were various were discovered to actuate the personages. This being so, it was not surprising that a German artist should attempt to do with his pencil what some of the most enlightened of his countrymen were doing with the pen; and it seemed almost natural that the illustrator of Göthe should turn his attention to the object of Göthe's worship. Moritz Retsch, who had illustrated 'Faust' with the sympathetic power of a genius akin to that of the creator of Mephistophiles and Margaret, devoted his

matured skill to the laborious production of one hundred and seven etchings, which have been described as 'on the whole, the most intellectual series of pictorial illustrations of Shakespeare which have yet been given to the world.' The 'Hamlet' is perhaps deserving of the highest praise. From the first outline, which shows us Claudius pouring the leperous distilment into the ear of the elder Hamlet, who lies on a couch beneath the statue of 'Retributive Justice,' to the last, when the four captains bear the dead prince, like a soldier, to the stage, and Horatio speaks to the yet unknowing world the story of his fate—all are carefully studied, and in many cases instinct with poetic intelligence. Every scene is filled, we had almost said overloaded, with incident and suggestion. For instance, when the murder is being committed, a spider descends on a butterfly, which lay innocently settled on a pot of flowers. In the Prayer scene, the King's seat is formed of a scorpion stinging its own body. The tapestry of the palace hall shows Michael the Archangel conquering the serpent. In the churchyard, a carved figure of an antic Death brandishes his scythe, as if in anticipation of the harvest he is about to reap. But though the accessories are thus elaborated, the characters fail to strike us as the beings Shakespeare drew. The Ghost is a monstrous warrior, bedizened with regal and military trappings, the Order of the Elephant round his neck, and a plume of Prince of Wales' feathers on his helmet. Polonius is invested throughout with an expression of mean cunning, and lacks all traces of the courtier. It seems impossible that 'Ophelia reading' could have been the work of the man who drew 'Gretchen disconsolate at her Spinning-wheel,' so utterly deficient in grace or attraction is the figure of the Danish maiden. The Grave-digger is a surly clown, and Hamlet himself, except in the scene where he stabs Polonius, is a pretty fellow, and not Hamlet the philosopher. The treatment of all the incidents is too realistic. In the fifth scene of the first act the Ghost is actually seen under the pavement of the castle court. Horatio and Marcellus are sworn on a cross scratched on the Prince's sword blade, not on its cross-handled hilt; and, of course, two finished portraits, of Claudius and Hamlet I., decorate the walls of the Queen's Closet, and suggest the words—

'Look here upon this picture and on this.'

The playgoers who have rejoiced to see Mr. Irving abolish this tradition and its old alternative the comparison of the miniatures, and trust to Shakespeare's words for the 'counterfeit presentment'

presentment' of the two brothers, will regard Retzsch's Closet scene with little favour; and critics like Hartley Coleridge,\* who would leave everything to the imagination, and even represent the dainty Ariel of the 'Tempest' by a wandering voice, would be yet more outraged when, on turning to the picture of Macbeth about to kill Duncan, we find the drawn dagger on a little cushion of cloud hovering invitingly near to the Thane's murderous hand.

The delineator of the celebrated 'Walpurgis Night' might have been expected to succeed to admiration in the goblin rout that people the castle of Dunsinane and the heath of Forres, and if we allow for the fault just named he need not disappoint us. The posters of the sea and land are first represented hastening to the battle where Macbeth is wresting the lion banner from the Norwegian standard-bearer. In the next outline they meet the conqueror on the heath (in a spot by the way which seems to abound in thistles), and announce to him his future greatness. The sisters are substantial beings of flesh and blood. They have not bubbled up from earth like the creations of Fuseli; and lest we should by any chance forget what they are promising, a crown is represented hanging in mid-air over the head of Macbeth, and a spirit child with orb and sceptre hovers over his partner Banquo. The interview between Duncan and Macbeth which follows is little more than a careful study of armour and costume, and the same remark applies to the reception of the King by Lady Macbeth and her attendants under the roof which the temple-haunting martlet approves by his loved mansionry. Duncan, who is never represented by Retzsch as an old man, seems conscious of coming peril, and enters the castle with hesitating steps. His horse rears and snorts as if the spirits of evil were visible to him. We next find the 'palpable gross' representation of the Dagger scene, and then the murder. Everyone knows how carefully Shakespeare has laboured to arouse our compassion for Duncan, and to enhance our idea of the pitiless wickedness of his assassination. He has borne his faculties so meek, he has been so clear in his great office that his virtues—

'Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against  
The deep damnation of his taking off;'

and in Macduff's account of the murdered man we see every effort made to aid the same impression—

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\* 'Essays and Marginalia.'

'Here

‘ Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
And his gashed stabs look like a breach in nature,  
For Ruin’s wasteful entrance.’

All this is lost in Retzsch’s version. Duncan is a hale strong man, very little older than Macbeth, and the murder, instead of being a swift, silent act, is represented as taking place during a struggle, wherein the slayer stifles the victim’s cries with his right hand, and stabs him to the heart with the poignard held in his left. The grooms lie on their rush-beds in disturbed sleep in the foreground, ghastly phantoms in shrouds flit about the chamber, a loathly imp crawls about the hangings, and the night-owl flies shrieking through the doors blown open by the tempest. All the elements of horror are present, and yet neither pity nor terror are excited. We do not feel we are looking at an illustration of Shakespeare, but at a scene from a melodrama of Monk Lewis. The murder of Banquo is hardly a scene which can be depicted in outline, as its chief effects should be the result of light and shade. We may note that the murderers remind us forcibly of the attendants at the iron-foundry in the artist’s illustrations of Schiller’s ‘Fridolin.’ The Banquet scene is too ornate. It presents us with a superb hall, fitted with carved sedilia, and crowded with glittering guests, instead of the rude chamber decorated with trophies of the chase, and filled with half-clad chieftains fresh from fight and foray. The Sleep-walking scene is vivid and terrible. Lady Macbeth does not face the spectator as an actress would do, but is seen in profile as she hurries with restless steps along the corridors. She is acting over again the never-to-be-forgotten scene. The outline does not represent her as a sort of spectre appearing to frighten the physician and the gentlewoman, which is the common mistake. She is the woman of the night of the murder, using the same hurried gestures, and uttering the same whispered tones that she used then—going over the whole crime in action as she will go over it in thought over and over again as long as life lasts. The closing etching of the series, the ‘Combat between Macbeth and Macduff,’ or as Retzsch calls it, ‘The Reward of Hell,’ also exhibits a thorough appreciation of the poet’s leading idea. ‘Macbeth,’ says Coleridge, ‘has by guilt torn himself live-asunder from nature, and is therefore himself in a preternatural state.’ Thus he is not represented as vanquished by his enemy’s sword. The power to resist is taken from him by the discovery that he has been paltered with in a double sense, and he falls paralysed with terror at the sight of the blood-bolstered Banquo,

Banquo, the crowned child, and all the apparitions of the cavern, who rise in cloudy shapes and blend with the death-mists that darken round his eyes. The outline can only indicate very imperfectly the storm which the artist supposes to be raging round the combatants; but we feel how much the scene would be heightened in grandeur, if he had had at his command the resources of light, shadow, and colour.

We cannot go through all the plays at length, and must content ourselves with naming briefly conspicuous successes, failures, or novelties of interpretation. We are not satisfied with Retzsch's 'Lear.' The characters wear the costume of Holbein's time, and the King looks like a burgomaster of Frankfurt rather than an ancient King of Britain. The 'Tempest' is, strange to say, exceedingly disappointing. Caliban, whom we should have expected to see characteristically depicted, irresistibly reminds us of the snapping-turtle. The shipwrecked King and his courtiers are mere playhouse personages, and the 'zephyr-like' Ariel is not very ethereal. The most poetic thought is found in the illustration of act v. sc. 1, where Ferdinand and Miranda are discovered playing at chess. Here birds and beasts 'tamed by magic,' according to the letterpress which accompanies the picture, are attending in loyal service on the banished Duke's daughter. We prefer to see in the dumb group—

'The helpless life so wild that it was tamed'

of a later poet's lonely island.\*

The Othello does not call for remark. Suffice it to say that the hero is a thick-lipped curly-headed negro. This, however, is not surprising, as for two hundred years the lover of Desdemona was represented as black. Retzsch, therefore, not only follows the text, but the practice of Quin, Barry, Mossop, Sheridan, Garrick, and John Kemble. It was Edmund Kean who first set the example which has been followed ever since on the English and American stage, and gave us a brown Othello.

The crucial test of an artist who illustrates 'Henry IV.' and the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' is, of course, Falstaff, and here the artist utterly fails. His 'old lad of the castle' is a vulgar bull-necked clown. It is Mr. Vincent Crummles playing Falstaff, not Falstaff himself. None of the other personages deserve notice. The Prince of Wales and Hotspur fight on foot, which, though a necessity on the stage, is a solecism on canvas, and Henry is decorated with the Order of the Golden Fleece, which was instituted eight years after his death.

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\* Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden.'



It is pleasant to turn from 'quoting deformities' to the more genial task of praise; and in the illustrations of 'Romeo and Juliet' there is literally nothing to complain of. The great German critic and the great German artist have both succeeded to admiration in their treatment of this tragedy. Schlegel's Essay on the play is a model of criticism, at once penetrating in its discernment of character and motive, and sympathetic in its echo of the impassioned love language of idealising youth. He says:

'Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem. But even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly bold declaration of love and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; then, amidst alternating storms of rapture and despair, to the death of the two lovers, who still appear enviable as their love survives them, and as by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power. The sweetest and the bitterest, love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fulness of life and self-annihilation, are all here brought close to each other; and all these contrasts are so blended, in the harmonious and wonderful work, into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind resembles a single but endless sigh.'

Now the southern spirit which Schlegel has perceived breathing through 'Romeo and Juliet' has animated Retzsch's pencil. These etchings are, as far as we know, unsurpassed in any gallery of Shakespearean illustrations. 'The enmity of the two families is the hinge on which everything turns,' says the critic, and in harmony with this hint the artist has chosen as his first subject the brawl in the street of Verona, that fitting introduction for which Göthe substituted a cold narrative, and instead of being content with giving as a last scene the deaths of the lovers, he has furnished us with an extra picture of the reconciliation of Montague and Capulet over the bodies of their children. But every scene tells its story, and not a figure is introduced that does not help the scene in which he appears. The group of masquers on their way to the house of Capulet are evidently making a business of pleasure, and contrast in their bustling festive impatience with the dreamy Romeo, who, with his mind full of Rosalind—

'The summer pilot of an empty heart,'

suddenly snatches a torch, and declares his resolution to be one of them—

'I'll go along no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

We are next conducted to the whirl and glitter of the masquerade, where, with Scapin and Punch playing their antics, amidst music and feasting, the chatter of the old and the gaiety of the young, the lovers are shown living in a world of their own, absorbed in the sweet egotism which mistakes itself for life in the being of another. In the Friar's cell we see Juliet as the trembling bride; in the loggia we see her a very incarnation of the passion of love at the crisis of its voluptuous fever; and in the Chamber scene we see the resolute wife daring anything for constancy and honour. But the artist has never failed to preserve the identity of his heroine. She is everywhere and always beautiful, everywhere and always Juliet. The general treatment of the subject is so admirable that it is needless to dwell on excellences of detail, though they are unusually numerous.

From Moritz Retzsch to Kenny Meadows is a transition from the sublime to the ridiculous, and we have no intention of wasting the reader's time with a description of this artist's plates. We cannot omit all mention of this publication, however, as it was for some years almost the only attempt at an illustrated edition of the national poet which enjoyed any degree of favour. The ease and cheapness of the process of wood-engraving induced publishers to prefer this medium, and to substitute for the old, costly copper-plates the more showy and less expensive material. Artists could produce effects in vignettes, tail-pieces, and borderings who could not have attempted a finished picture or an elaborate and accurately drawn outline. Hence arose a countless host of pictorial editions of well-known authors, and foremost in the throng came the Shakespeare of Kenny Meadows. In some half-dozen instances this artist may have hit upon a happy conceit, or found a fortunate expression for a comic character. If we recollect rightly, his 'Lance,' his 'Ford disguised as Brook,' and his 'Falstaff,' are amongst his best efforts; but it seems a satire on the taste of the day that his pictures should have been tolerated for an instant.

The thoroughly useful and well-intentioned editions of Mr. Charles Knight were in a certain sense illustrated, but the pictures were mostly views of localities, fac-similes of ancient seals, coins and coats of arms, copies of costumes, weapons, and objects of antiquarian interest. Whatever opinions we have as to the correctness of the principles on which Mr. Knight proceeded with regard to the text, we should still be grateful to the collector

collector of so much interesting subsidiary information regarding Shakespeare and his times. The important subject of costume, in which all the artists whose works we have hitherto noticed blundered from time to time in the most egregious manner, received its proper share of attention for the first time from Mr. Knight; and as a guide to authentic sources of antiquarian information his unassuming volumes will continue to be valuable. The illustrations of the scenes, contributed by the most prolific of designers, William Harvey, are effeminate reminiscences of Stothard, and are remarkable as showing how a pupil can avoid catching the faintest gleam of his original master's manner; for the timid and nerveless limner, whose attenuated heroes and lissome heroines are so alike in their languid propriety that we can scarcely discover to which sex they belong, was the pupil of the most audacious of draughtsmen, Benjamin Haydon.

An artist of a very different character, who, though he may be regarded as the apostle of the fluent school, and though his fertility of production has injured the quality of his work, yet deserves the gratitude of all lovers of Shakespeare, is Sir John Gilbert. The designs which he has so lavishly bestowed on the late Mr. Staunton's edition of the poet deserve praise for their mixture of boldness and grace. There is of necessity much mannerism in works produced so rapidly as Sir John Gilbert's sketches evidently are. He is too often tempted to be careless by the ease with which a certain amount of effect can be produced. His pencil seems to run away with him. His groups are unfinished indeed; sometimes the harder adjective, slovenly, is almost the only one we can in fairness apply to them. There is a wilfulness in the way in which he dashes in accessories and backgrounds, often allowing a mere scribble of lines to do duty for a Venetian façade, a throng of Roman citizens, or a thicket in Arden; but in spite of the provoking incompleteness of his treatment, and his inability to resist the temptation afforded by the material with which he works, his conception of many scenes in the more picturesque plays is often admirable. 'Othello' he has studied with unusual care; and his Brabantio, his stately figure of the Moor, his Desdemona, and his groups of Venetian nobles are full of character and dignity, and body forth, in no unworthy fashion, the figures of the tragic story. Though frequently mere sketches, they are true to the time and place, and suggest the men and women whom Titian and Paul Veronese painted. Our artist is, indeed, specially happy in catching the traits of old painters, and in reproducing, often merely by a hint, the manner of an artist who, had he been  
illustrating

illustrating Shakespeare, would probably have chosen the particular scene which is here treated in his style. Thus, Romeo and the Apothecary, a subject strangely passed over by Retzsch, reminds one of a sketch of Gerard Dow; and in 'Love's Labour's Lost' the King of Navarre and his fellow-votarists, led in flowery chains by Cupid, is a scene very Watteau-like in its prettiness. The knightly characters in the historical plays are, however, Sir John Gilbert's most vigorous efforts. His armour is always well done. In his more ambitious groups we recognise occasionally figures from well-known sources; but, considering how many pictures the artist has painted, we are amazed that he has borrowed so little from others.

It is obviously impossible to mention, even by name, within the limits of this article, a tithe of the pictures illustrative of scenes from Shakespeare, which have been produced by British artists in recent years. The walls of the Royal Academy, of the British Institution, and of the Water-Colour Galleries have been covered with attempts, more or less successful, to realise with colours and lines the word-pictures of the universal poet. The list includes many eminent names, and we have had, of course, sometimes vigorous and happy attempts to embody the incidents and portray the personages of the dramas. Maclise, who was all but a great historical painter, has produced two or three pictures which are, in every sense of the word, popular. His 'Malvolio,' his 'Wrestling Match' from 'As you like it,' above all, his Play Scene in 'Hamlet,' have many admirers. The Art Union of London issued a very bad engraving of the last-named work, which is as common in dining-rooms now as the mezzotint copy of Lawrence's portrait of John Kemble, as the Prince was thirty years ago. There is much stalwart strength and force in the figure of Charles, the wrestler, in the scene from 'As you like it.' Malvolio is a rather ill-natured caricature of the most Cervantes-like of Shakespeare's characters, and the 'Hamlet' is chiefly remarkable for the admirable painting of the armour, and for the swoop of ominous shadow that hovers eagle-like over the mimic-murderer on the stage, and the actual criminal on the throne. Ophelia and the ladies are Irish girls, who are more at home in the painter's illustrated edition of 'Moore's Melodies.' Polonius is a senile shadow of the worldly-wise Chamberlain, and Hamlet's expression is intense, but unnatural. It shows the concentration of effort, not of passion. The figure of Horatio, who was first painted with a cap, but was made to uncover in the Royal presence, in obedience to a hint from Macready, is the least affected and most easily-posed figure on the canvas. Leslie, whose good taste and  
grace

grace will always make his works popular in spite of their coldness, painted nineteen Shakespearean pictures. He began and ended with the poet, for his first work, exhibited in 1813, was the Murder scene in 'Macbeth,' and his last, exhibited in 1859, was his 'Hotspur and Lady Percy.' Leslie was of American parentage, but he has been described as *ipsis Anglis Anglior*, and certainly he is quite at home in Shakespeare's thoroughly English comedy, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' His 'Dinner at Mr. Page's House' is full of nicely-discriminated character painting. The oak-panneled parlour belongs to a veritable Elizabethan house, and is no scene-painter's imitation; and there is an air of reality about the personages which shows how well the painter had studied their respective humours. His best picture is perhaps his 'Autolycus.' The arch-trickster's expression was specially admired by Washington Irving, and every spectator is enchanted by the exquisite loveliness of 'Perdita,' a realisation of the most perfect embodiment of sweetness and light to be met with in poetry. The 'Twelfth Night,' which he painted twice, contains a capital Sir Toby, a character more within Leslie's grasp than Falstaff. He has been but moderately successful in Henry VIII. We have never had an opportunity of comparing his version of the 'Death of Rutland' with that of Northcote. The picture, however, will always have a certain interest, for the model of the hapless boy pleading for his life, was a certain curly-headed student at the Academy, subsequently known as Sir Edwin Landseer.

Gilbert Newton's 'Shylock and Jessica,' and his 'Bassanio reading Antonio's Letter,' a picture which is held up by technical critics as showing the charm and danger of the use of asphaltum, deserve praise. The figure of the Jew is accurate in costume and unexaggerated in expression, which, considering that most painters and actors take Lancelot's view of Shylock, and make him the devil himself, is no slight commendation. Bassanio's face always rises before us when we read the lines so pathetically true to nature—

'O sweet Portia,  
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
That over blotted paper!'

We have no space to examine the illustrations of the late Mr. Frank Howard, or those of Mr. Selous. We cannot, however, omit to notice some very eccentric *silhouette* pictures of characters from the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' by P. Konewka. These drawings can hardly be called illustrations of the play or serious attempts at depicting its scenes; but they are

are quaintly conceived and full of delicate fun. The figures are not dressed in correct Grecian habits, but are bedizened as the players of Shakespeare's day might have been when acting the piece. The celebrated 'Speech of Helena' is vulgarised by the introduction of two squabbling misses in modern dress, but this is the only blemish we can find in the book. The artist copies no one. Clowns and imps are original. His humour, perhaps, reminds one of Cruikshank, but his pencil has a grace to which the Nestor of caricaturists could never aspire. If the customs of this lower world extend to Fairydom, Mr. Konewka will some day have the freedom of the capital of Elfland presented to him in a hazel-nut by Robin Goodfellow.

We have now glanced at the most remarkable attempts to give form and colour to the poet's conceptions made during the last ninety years. Many considerable works have been of necessity omitted; but it seemed better to dwell with some minuteness on the efforts of eminent artists, and to contrast their treatment of the great scenes, than to essay to give an exhaustive list which might degenerate into a barren catalogue of names and subjects.

The relation of Shakespearean illustration to the stage is too important a point to be omitted. Wordsworth assures us that he never saw, or cared to see, what the players made of 'Hamlet.' Should those who desire to interpret his meanings with the pencil exercise a like abstinence? We may say generally that we want the painter to free himself, by a bold effort, from the traditions of the stage, and to take his stand on *terra firma*. The pictures on the canvas should be illuminated by sun or moon, and not by the glare of the gas-lamp or the lime-light. Widely as the resources of the theatre have been enlarged in our time, there is a world beyond the reach of scenic contrivance; and it is in this world that we desire to see the painters, who would illustrate our great national poet, moving with freedom and creative power. The stage has very widely extended its scope. It borrows ornaments and appliances from every art, and lays nature freely under contribution to enhance its attractions; but for all this, we are disposed to think that the artist who desires to illustrate Shakespeare will be safest when he visits the theatre seldom, and devotes himself to a profound and independent study of the immortal text. There are touches that defy the player's arts; there are tints of natural colour, and gleams of poetic light, that rouge and tinsel cannot simulate. Take, for instance, the two plays oftenest produced by managers who aim  
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at the pictorial illustration of the dramatist, viz., 'The Tempest' and the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' What are they but costly proofs of the inadequacy of the stage for the presentment of the ethereal shapes and golden visions of the poet? What *corps de ballet*, however carefully drilled, can represent Peasblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seed, and all the elfin rout? What actress can realise our ideas of the delicate Ariel? What pantomime-mask stands as the equivalent of the 'thing of darkness,' the 'poisonous slave,' the 'abhorred Caliban?' But in the plays where the action is conducted almost entirely by beings of flesh and blood, in the dramas which we may call more manageable, we see directly that we look closely at any scene with a view to its reproduction on canvas, how theatrical tradition impoverishes the subject. To take a few instances that meet one on turning over the plays:

In the second scene of the First Part of 'Henry IV.,' the Prince, after arranging for the escapade on Gadshill, dismisses Poin, and almost immediately lapses into the superb soliloquy which not only opens to us the speaker's inner nature, but gives a vivid picture of the characteristics of the Elizabethan-Englishman, which Shakespeare, by a fortunate, and perhaps unconscious anachronism, has embodied in his favourite hero. On the stage the actor must declaim these lines as well as he can, and go out. The painter who studies the theatre will, if he attempts the subject, give us in all likelihood a reminiscence of the attitude and gesture of some particular performer in the part; but the chances are, that it is a passage which will be passed over. In truth, it is a speech which is capable of the richest and most helpful illustration. The Prince and Falstaff have had a long carouse, and the former has drawn all the amusement he can from the humours of his boisterous parasite. He has made an appointment which will involve another day of dissipation and another night of wassail. Weary with the life he is leading, we fancy him flinging open the emblazoned window, and as the new-born daylight streams into the room, and the fresh-air cools a face hot with shame as well as wine, the future hero of Agincourt—who is only masking in the guise of the roysterer of Eastcheap—discerns in the rising sun a symbol and an omen, and utters the noble resolution:

'I know you all, and will a while uphold  
The unyoked humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That when he please again to be himself

Being

Being wanted he may be more wondered at  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

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So when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes  
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation glittering o'er my vault  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes,  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.'

To take another instance. Over and over again painters have attempted the opening scene in 'Richard III.,' where Glo'ster enters in soliloquy; but in every case we recollect they have marred the effect of the representation by neglecting the study of the poet's words, and by omitting to find the motives of his images and epithets—motives which are often subtle, but which are at the same time always exquisitely appropriate. Glo'ster standing in a street, and declaiming, not, perhaps, altogether unconscious of the footlights, is a meaningless figure; but the scene is intelligible if the Duke be represented gazing upon the banner of his house, as it floats over the battlements of the Tower, with the silver sun—the cognizance of York—brightening in a gleam of wintry sunshine, and almost calling up to the lips the lines:

'Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by *this sun of York*.'

Take again the Ghost in 'Hamlet,' that marvellous apparition whose spectral attributes and 'accrescence of objectivity'—as Coleridge calls it—are so astonishingly brought out by the side-lights thrown on the figure in the speeches of the mortals to whom he shows himself. His preternatural dignity has, as we have seen, been well caught by Fuseli; but the student of the play sees more than this. The painter should depict the luminous northern night bright and calm as the southern moon. At the back should rise the rude log-built palace of Claudius, its windows streaming with ruddy light—for the heavy-headed revel is going on within. Further in the distance we should see 'the cliff that beetles o'er its base into the sea;' and yet beyond we might catch a glimpse of the masts of unfinished war-ships on which the 'impress of shipwrights' are at work. Hamlet and his friends should stand on a terrace covered with Christmas snow—their shadows well-defined and sharp in the moonlight.



moonlight. The Spirit should not be transparent, as he is often painted. He should be a warrior in complete steel, but *he should cast no shadow*. By this distinction the apparition would wear a spectral aspect, and yet preserve the identity marks of 'the King that's dead.' It is strange that so simple an expedient has never occurred to the painters.

These instances must suffice. A few general remarks on the possible future of Shakespearean illustration remain. Are we entertaining too sanguine a hope if we venture to look forward to the day when that which Boydell attempted shall be carried out on a far grander scale? In spite of the declarations of pessimists, the British School of Painting has in it the signs of life and the stir of activity. It is unfortunate for the early realisation of our project that nearly all its highest triumphs lie in landscape and *genre* art. The genius of the nation lies in this direction, and landscape painters and *genre* painters cannot cope with the grand plays of Shakespeare. The Vicar of Wakefield was for years the favourite subject for illustration by competitors for the honours of the Academy, and men with the level aims that suffice for most students were undoubtedly wise in choosing subjects from the most charming domestic idyl ever written. But we would not discourage the *genre* painters or the landscape painters from attempting Shakespeare. In his pages there is something for everybody. The genius of Turner might have found inspiration in the gorgeous cloud-picture in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' the home-loving pencil of Wilkie might have employed itself with Dame Quickly and Sir Hugh Evans. We do not deny that the adequate illustration of Shakespeare implies the existence of an historical school of painters, but not such a school as poor Haydon attempted to found. To adopt the somewhat antiquated terms of a controversy, which in its essence can never become obsolete, we want a romantic not a classical school. The success of individual painters with particular scenes and characters gives us hope that something may be done. Mr. Millais has twice chosen Shakespeare subjects, 'Ophelia' and 'Ferdinand lured by Ariel.' Mr. Holman Hunt, though he has latterly addicted himself to sacred art, made flesh and blood men and women of those somewhat dainty shapes 'Valentine,' 'Sylvia,' and 'Proteus.' Mr. Marks has caught the humours of Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph, in his 'Falstaff's Ragged Regiment.' In the less ambitious walk of book illustration we have seen that Sir John Gilbert has frequently seized with rare tact the spirit of a character, and the picturesque and dramatic point of a situation. Though we are told that to theatrical managers Shakespeare spells ruin, we may trust that  
to

to painters the poet's name may be one of happier augury. The circle of Shakespearean students is ever widening, and the national taste we trust is growing higher and purer. Some of the poet's creations must remain unrealised until a kindred genius shall arise to embody them on canvas. We have seen how inadequate have been the attempts of many richly gifted men to translate the immortal poetry of 'Lear' and 'Macbeth' into the language of the palette. We may still confess our failures, and say with Horace Walpole, 'Salvator Rosa might;' but as in the universe so in Shakespeare, there are more worlds than one; and though the world of imagination, passion, and terror, lies beyond the reach of all save the mighty masters, whose appearance on our planet makes an epoch in its intellectual life, we have the other world of pathos, humour, and action, and here English artists might fairly be expected to excel. Shakespearean painters must steer their way between the Scylla of the high classical school and the Charybdis of theatric imitation, for the characters in the dramas are not statues or stage-players—they are men and women. Even the Homeric heroes in 'Troilus and Cressida' are not the heroes of the Iliad; but take the robuster shape given them by the strength and pregnancy of the Gothic mind,\* and the players in 'Hamlet' are not always 'robustious periwigged-pated fellows' but commonplace mortals talking in natural voices before they don the buskin and the spangles. Turner's style was said to have been 'based on Nature and Girtin.' It would be a glorious thing to see an English School of Painting based on Nature and Shakespeare, and paying back its debt to its founders by illustrating the creations of the 'dauntless child' in the multiform shapes, profuse colours, deep shadows, and dazzling lights of the 'mighty mother.' For if we have discerning eyes we shall see that Shakespeare, of all men, had discovered the secrets of composition, and that there is a sense in which 'Lear' is as instructive to the artist as the ceiling of the Sistine, and the masque in 'The Tempest' as fruitful in suggestion as Raffaele's arabesques. We shall learn that the true principles of proportion and harmony, on which professors dilate and over which academies wrangle, are illustrated in the just and artful balance of the tragic and comic elements which Shakespeare is now acknowledged to have everywhere observed.

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\* Coleridge, 'Table Talk.'

ART. VII.—*Parliamentary Papers on Turkey.* 1875–6.

RESERVING for our concluding article the examination of the conduct of the Ministry and the chiefs of the Opposition in reference to the Eastern Question, we propose in the following remarks to consider, by such light as History affords us, what has led to the existing condition of Turkey, and why at the present moment her fate and fortunes are of such importance to the peace of Europe. Such a preliminary inquiry will, we trust, enable our readers to understand more fully, and to appreciate more correctly the difficulties of the present situation.

There is a curious passage just preceding the magnificent peroration to Raleigh's 'History of the World,' in which he summarises his own views of the state of Europe as it appeared to him more than two and a half centuries ago. He speaks of the Turks and Spaniards as the two Powers most threatening to the independence of Europe, 'the one seeking to root out the Christian Religion altogether, the other the truth and sincere profession thereof; the one to joyne all Europe to Asia, the other the rest of all Europe to Spaine.'\*

These were the deliberate opinions of one of the most accomplished and most far-seeing of the soldier-statesmen of Elizabeth's age, and his views were shared by the most practical and sagacious politicians of his time. Europe no longer dreads being subjugated by Turk and Spaniard, yet still the fate and fortunes of Turkey are matters of absorbing interest to European statesmen.

The Ottoman Turks appeared towards the close of the thirteenth century as conquerors in Asia Minor; whence they crossed to Thrace, and took Adrianople in 1361. It was nearly a century later (1453) that Constantinople was taken by Mahomed II. Another century was occupied in completing the conquest of the Balkan Peninsula and the Morea, of Egypt, Syria, and North Africa; and the empire had attained its greatest dimensions in the time of Solymán the Magnificent—a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth. The Turks had then overrun the greater part of Hungary and the Lower Danubian Provinces, with much of Poland and South Russia; their fleet was by far the most powerful in the world, their artillery heavier and better served than that of any other army, and they were probably never more formidable than in Raleigh's youthful days; the battle of Lepanto (1571) marking the turn of the tide as the first of

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\* 'History of the World,' chap. vi. § 12, pp. 668–9, ed. 1614.

the serious reverses which, with little intermission, have indicated the gradual decay of Turkish power throughout the last two centuries up to the present day. Conquests from the Venetians in the seventeenth century were more than counterbalanced by the victories of Sobieski before Vienna. Later on, the victories of Prince Eugene secured Hungary, Transylvania, and Sclavonia to the Austrians, and large provinces to the Russians, Poles, and Venetians. The eighteenth century was a period of continued disaster to the Turks. In their wars with Austria and Russia they maintained, indeed, their character for courage and endurance, but the final result was uniformly disastrous, and had not the outburst of the French Revolution diverted the attention of Europe to more pressing dangers, it is probable that the Turkish empire in Europe would hardly have lasted to the present day.

The Turks were, in fact, up to the end of the last century, among the newest of the European dynasties. They have never taken any real root in Europe. When the French Revolution broke out they were anxious to remain neutral in the great European contest. Hobhouse, in his 'Letters on Albania,' graphically describes the Sultan's position as spectator of a contest between Russia and England, on the one hand, against France, on the other—a contest of which the Sultan himself 'was the unwilling umpire, the ostensible object, and the proposed prey. The victory of either party alike menaced him with ruin. He had to choose between the armies of France and the fleets of England . . . both to all appearance able to destroy, but neither capable of protecting him against his antagonist.'\*

From this period may be said to date the present position of Turkey in the family of European nations. For nearly four centuries from their first appearance in Europe to their wars with Catherine of Russia the Turks had been the common enemies of all Europe and Christendom, and as Europe and Christendom gained strength, so the Turkish power waned. But with the French Revolution came the necessity to Austria, Russia, and England, of securing the co-operation, or, at least, the neutrality, of the Turks; and since that period Turkey has remained supported against the aggressions of any one of her neighbours by the jealousy of other surrounding Powers, propped up when seemingly most lifeless by the opposing pressure of states around her.

From the French Revolutionary War also dates the active interest of England in Turkish affairs. Since Elizabeth's first treaty

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\* Hobhouse's 'Letters on Albania,' vol. ii. p. 289, new ed.

with the Turks (1579), eight years after the battle of Lepanto, the trade of the Levant had always been an important branch of British commerce ; but it was not until the great Revolutionary War that our interests in India convinced us of the necessity of a postal route more direct and secure than even our supremacy at sea could ensure to us on the voyage round the Cape. Hence the postal line *viâ* Constantinople and Bagdad, which has continued up to the present day. Hence, too, our ever-increasing interest in Egypt.

To the exigencies of the Revolutionary War may also be attributed, not the first, but the most sanguinary of the military insurrections which have occurred in consequence of attempts to introduce European improvements and discipline into the Turkish military and naval establishments.

The insurrection of 1807 led to the death of Selim and the postponement of the meditated reforms. The campaigns of 1811 and 1812 followed, and the Turks would probably have been then driven from Europe, had not the French invasion of Russia induced the latter Power to make a peace, which, though it secured Bessarabia and part of Moldavia to Russia, gave a brief breathing-time to the exhausted Turkish empire.

Sultan Mahmud took advantage of the peace to consolidate his distracted empire, and to carry out the reforms which had cost Selim his life. But the Greek insurrection in 1821 ended after eight years in the emancipation of Greece ; and though the janissaries were at last crushed, and a disciplined army substituted for them, the war with Russia, which broke out in 1828 and ended in the peace of Adrianople, was disastrous to the Turks ; and when Mehmed Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, turned his arms against his Sovereign, the intervention of Russia, Austria, and England alone saved the Sultan from utter defeat by his victorious vassal.

What might have happened had another and more vigorous dynasty been then substituted for that of Osman may be matter of interesting speculation ; but for a time the intervention of the Christian Powers deferred the change. More recent events are within living memory. Symptoms of real progress, such as the formal admission of Christians to office in 1849, alternate in Turkish History with provincial rebellions and discontent up to the Crimean War (1853-56), into the causes real and ostensible of which we must not now diverge. Our present concern is only with its results ; and, looking back twenty years, we can now see how disastrous these were to the Turks. Turkey gained, it is true, time and territory, military repute, assurance of a long respite from external aggression, sincere sympathy, as well as  
European

European advice and a vast amount of European capital; but all was carving on rotten wood. Magnificent promises and grand paper reforms only make more conspicuous the utter absence of progress, or of any sign of healthy vitality in the existing political or social machinery. In the annals of Turkey since 1856 the first of a vast series of loans, which have never been repaid—the first link of a railway system, no portion of which has ever been thoroughly completed or efficiently worked—the opening of the first bank—the giving of the first ball which the Sultan attended—the Sultan's first visit to Western Europe, alternate with rebellion in Montenegro—massacres in Judda one year, and two years afterwards in Lebanon and Damascus—the practical independence of Roumania from Turkey by the union of Moldavia and Wallachia—persecutions of Christians—repeated revolts in Montenegro and Herzegovina, of Maronites and Cretans—the immigration of Circassian hordes; all culminating in the late revolution, of which we have yet to see the end. No one who looks back at the history of Turkey during this present generation can fail to see that the great empire which seemed to Raleigh to overshadow Europe in so threatening a fashion, subsists but in name; its coherence and vital power are gone. No formal introduction into the society of civilised states, no galvanising with civilising influences, can infuse energy into the paralysed corpse-like despotism which still bears nominal rule at the capital of Constantine.

Why, then, does not the corpse fall, and be removed? Simply because there are so many antagonist powers on every side, that it is supported by the pressure of opposing forces. No one of these could give way without bringing the whole fabric to the ground. Meantime the day of organic changes is clearly at hand. It may be by revolutionary ferment from within, which would re-arrange the materials of empire, or by change of dynasty, or by a partition of the empire, whether gradual or sudden, among surrounding Powers.

We shall better appreciate the difficulties which beset each solution if we consider the part which Turkey has played, and which any successor in Turkish empire must continue to play, in our modern European Cosmos.

There is, of course, the function of ruling the various provinces and nations which make up the empire; no light task, whether we consider the interests of the provinces and nations themselves, or of their neighbours. But this might be done, at least as well as heretofore, under almost any conceivable dynasty or form of government.

The more important imperial function of Turkey, in which  
all

all Europe is interested, is the trusteeship of the Bosphorus—the custody of the keys of the Black Sea. This is the duty which Turkey cannot delegate nor abdicate, because other nations in Europe cannot permit it to pass into other hands without taking ample security for the exercise of the trust. The importance to Europe at large of this function consists in something more than the traditional influence, the command of the resources of vast provinces and of many nations, which such a position gives. It is the preponderating authority which any power holding the Bosphorus can exercise over the Mediterranean, and over all the nations around its shores or using its waters as a high road.

To understand this influence we must go back to the earlier days of our modern European international arrangements and necessities, and to the French Revolutionary War, with its alliances and hostilities. It is not necessary to go further back, because for centuries before that period Europe at large had cared little, and India and China still less, for what occurred on the shores of the Black Sea, or who dominated its waters. The Turks had been for ages the enemies of all Western Europe, and were much more formidable for what they could do from the ports of the Morea and the Greek Islands, from Egypt and Barbary, than from their possessions east of Constantinople. The Euxine and the countries on its seaboard had counted for little in the commerce of Europe since the Genoese and Venetians had ceased to trade thither, nor were they much considered in diplomacy. Russia had hardly entered into the family of European nations; the great interests of Germany were on the Rhine and Upper Danube; the politics of the Lower Danube and the Balkan Peninsula might concern the Poles, the Bohemians and Hungarians, but to England, France, Spain, Italy, Prussia, and Holland they were of little importance, except as affecting nations which, when not employed in thinking of their Moslem neighbours to the south and east, were apt to be troublesome elements in the politics of Western Europe.

All this was changed with the outburst of the French Revolution, and the change was first apparent to the nations most remotely connected with Turkey.

Englishmen in the days of Chatham and Pitt had at least as strong instincts as ourselves regarding the national value of Indian and Colonial empire and commerce; nor had Frenchmen forgotten the dreams of Eastern empire which inspired the travelled soldier or politician of Louis XIV. and XV., and which sometimes even moved the statesmen of the corrupt, careless Court at Versailles. When the Revolution broke out, French  
soldiers

soldiers and adventurers, as well as Englishmen, were looking to India as affording a more promising career to men of courage and ability than their home service. The Revolution for a time turned the current of their thoughts, but the French expedition to Egypt was simply putting into national action ideas which had long dwelt in the minds of those who dreamed of extended French empire. The result of that expedition impressed on French, as well as on English statesmen, the conviction of the great importance of the command of the Mediterranean to any European empire in India, and the powerful influence which Turkey could exercise in her weakest moments over the naval powers in the Mediterranean.

From that period dates the interest of France, as well as England, in Turkish affairs. That interest has been occasionally diverted for a time into collateral channels, but it always centres in the possession of the Bosphorus, and is only increased by any fresh evidence of want of power in the Turk to maintain his position, or of the difficulty of finding any substitute for him as janitor.

And what is it that the Turk guards? To answer this we must examine, if we can without national bias, the causes of the naval supremacy which England undoubtedly maintained at sea, but especially in the Mediterranean from the battle of the Nile (1798) to the end of the war.

We must put aside for the time, at all events, all theories of one English sailor being equal to two or more of any other race, or to our having any naturally superior advantages in abundance or excellence of the raw materials of ships or navies. The more the question is examined, the clearer will it become that our English navy was superior to all other navies of the world combined, not so much on account of superior number or inherent natural advantages, as for the very simple reason that the genius of our commanders secured for us that constant practice and familiarity with the sea, without which the largest fleets and best manned navies are but useless toys.

If we take almost any year of the war, and reckon up the ships of the French navy and their allies then at war with us, we shall find that they far surpass our navy in total numbers of men and ships, and in size of guns. The comparison is not difficult to make on a limited scale, if we take from a naval history the numbers and force of our own squadrons, and compare them with the numbers and force of the squadrons they were employed to blockade or observe.

How, then, was the English command of the sea preserved? Simply by blockading every great port and arsenal,  
and



and preventing the exercise and concentration at sea of the separate squadrons. The blockading squadron would be often of necessity inferior in numerical force to the squadron it blockaded. But it made up for its numerical deficiencies by higher discipline and more constant practice. There may still be found 'old salts' who served in their youth in ships blockading Brest or Toulon. Let any of our readers ask one of these veterans for a detail of the regular routine of duty on board one of the blockading squadrons, and he will soon learn one great secret of the English naval superiority. The problem was to watch the harbour-mouth by day and night so narrowly that no ship could get in or out unchallenged; to keep under weigh for months at a time without letting go an anchor; in 'close-reefed-topsail gales' of many weeks' duration never to be blown off shore out of sight, nor driven on shore; never to lose spars and get disabled, so as to be wrecked or captured by the enemies' forts or ships; to get supplies of stores, and food, of wood and water, which could only be obtained by each ship running in turn to some distant point. No easy matter this when steam was unknown, and when the failure of a rope or of a spar might cripple or lose the best ship in the squadron. Nor were the ordinary duties of the blockading ship less arduous. Take, for instance, the supply of daily food and water. There were in those days no iron tanks neatly fitted and never requiring to be moved at sea, to hold the water and provisions. The casks full of water, and of salt junk and biscuits (often years old and hardly fit for food), were necessarily kept securely ranged, and fastened deep in the hold below the empty casks. The 'empties,' as a rule, could not be taken to pieces and made into compact bundles, for they might be wanted any day to be filled up and used again. All must be hoisted out of the hold, perhaps in a heavy seaway, at least once a week, and secured from rolling whilst the week's supply of full casks was drawn up and lashed to the bulwarks for use. Nothing but the strictest care, unceasing vigilance, and constant practice, could make this possible with crews often recruited from the dregs of the population, and requiring an iron rule to enforce discipline. Again, to fight the guns effectively in a brisk breeze required a combination of strength and dexterity, of quickness and coolness, which only long practice at sea could give. All this the sailors of Howe and Rodney, and, still more, those of Nelson and Collingwood, learnt to perfection; and the result was that they were able to shut up the squadrons of the enemy in separate harbours, and to deny them that practice at sea without which the harbour-trained sailors, however brave or well taught in theory,  
were

were no match for the ocean-bred seamen who had been exercised in many long winters of blockading.

The despatches of Napoleon contain constant evidence of how keenly he felt the necessary inferiority of his best-equipped fleets as long as they were debarred from practice at sea. If his squadrons could but elude the blockade, if they could once combine and get to sea, they could sweep the ocean or the Channel ; and the Indies, East or West, or the shores of Albion would be open to his resistless armies. But the untiring vigilance of Nelson and his fellow-captains never gave the brave sailors of the Continent the chance of obtaining the requisite practice, and many years before the great war ended, the navy of England was greatly superior in fighting power, though numerically inferior to the combined navies of all the other naval powers in Europe.

It was whilst these things were fresh in the minds of European statesmen as well as of sailors, that the navies of Russia and Turkey began, both under foreign training, to occupy a distinct position in the political estimates of European military power, and that the truth, which had long been apparent to Russian statesmen, began to dawn on their brethren in the West of Europe. They saw that the custody of the Bosphorus and the command of the Black Sea were of the last importance to naval supremacy in the Mediterranean. All materials for constructing and manning a great navy abound on the shores of the Euxine. Given the most necessary element of all, a great commerce and corresponding mercantile navy, such as existed from the days of the Kings of Pontus down to the capture of Constantinople, and such as must certainly spring up with peace and good government—given also the power to build, to man, and exercise a fleet in those storm-vexed seas, undisturbed by British or other blockading forces, and to issue at will through the Bosphorus,—every shore of the Mediterranean might be at the mercy of the Sovereign of such a fleet ; and the British supremacy at sea, even on the distant ocean, would be no longer unquestioned.

These were long only dreams which occupied the thoughts of Russian statesmen and soldiers, speculating on the future of their empire ; but as the decrepitude of Turkey became more evident, the vision of a great naval power nursing its forces in the Euxine and issuing thence to conquer and command beyond the Bosphorus took form and permanence, and began to trouble the repose of French and English statesmen ; and whilst it gave point to the Russian aggression which led to the Crimean War, it assured the more far-seeing among the politicians of Western Europe that the contest was not to maintain Turkish power, or for any idle point of honour, but to avert the great danger  
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of an overbearing military despotism capable of dominating over the whole of Southern Europe.

Even now, looking back by the light of twenty years' experience, it is impossible to say that those fears were groundless. Turkey was almost universally believed to be absolutely effete and powerless, so entirely dead as regarded all influence in European affairs, that nothing but the rival interests of several possible heirs hindered the summary division of the rich Ottoman inheritance.

Austria, distracted and exhausted by recent domestic strife, humiliated by the necessity of having accepted help from Russia to restore Imperial authority in Hungary, and by the debt of gratitude so unwillingly incurred,—dreading above all things any fresh outburst of Slavonic patriotism in her own provinces,—was little inclined either to thwart Russia or to cherish schemes of extended dominion for herself on the Danube. The great North German Empire was as yet undeveloped, and Prussia watched the contest as one which could only affect her interests by its results to her powerful neighbours. Greece seemed little better than a Russian outpost, and the intervention of Sardinia was regarded by her great allies with a sort of half-contemptuous approval, rather as a proof of commendable spirit than as indicating any present practical interest in the battle of the giants. It was clear from the first that but for France and England, Russia might carry out her designs with little active opposition from the other great nations of Europe, and few then doubted that those three Powers combined might have disposed at will of the 'Sick Man's' heritage. The spoil expected was so large that the leavings, after the great Powers were satisfied, would have appeared sufficient to secure the acquiescence of minor claimants.

All Europe at the time had an immensely exaggerated opinion of the military strength of Russia for foreign conquest. There were few competent judges who then doubted the ability of Russia, if England and France would only stand aside, to seize and hold Constantinople and the Bosphorus, even if she could not at once replace the Turk in every province of his empire. Least of all did the Emperor or his army doubt their power to execute such an enterprise. They had few misgivings as to what Germany, Austria, or Sardinia might say or do, or what the people of the Turkish provinces might feel on the subject: all that was necessary was that England and France should either share the enterprise, or remain neutral.

Why did England and France not only decline to share the spoil, but refuse also to stand by as silent spectators of its division?

sion? There were large classes, including some of the best men in both countries, who favoured the latter course, and passionately urged a policy of absolute neutrality and non-interference. Why did the national verdict declare for war, and what was it we fought for?

Much was said and felt at the time, of the infraction by Russia of the compacts, implied as well as written, which held together the European family of nations. Turkey had been admitted into that society, and if Turkey could be ejected and her inheritance divided, simply because she was weak, and her Government effete and powerless, who could feel safe? The action of Russia was a proclamation of the right of the strongest, in its crudest and harshest form; and most Englishmen felt it was wise and right to resist by force so glaring an infraction of the common law of Europe. This feeling was strengthened by the argument that, as regards their general conduct as members of the European family of nations, the Turks had up to that time shown no absolute incapacity to amend and improve. There was much to favour the assertions of their friends that the Porte was willing and able to abandon the vicious practices of former ages, and to enter on the paths of civilised, if not of constitutional, government. There was no inherent impossibility in the prospect, whilst much of the experience of the last generation justified the hopes of those who believed in the capacity of the Turks to reform themselves. At all events they had never been fairly tried, and till they had been tried and had failed, it was not fair to condemn the attempt as hopeless.

That the Turks were the weaker party; that English travellers generally liked the Turks, who were 'gentlemen' and Freetraders; these and similar considerations made the war popular here, as it was in France for other reasons. The mere hope of military glory told, perhaps, more on our neighbours than on us; and we certainly did not, as a nation, share the satisfaction with which so many good Catholics in France regarded a contest with the Imperial protector of the Eastern Church.

But with statesmen in both countries the most weighty of all arguments was the great danger to the peace of Europe and its commerce if Turkey were to disappear from the list of European nations, and if her place on the Bosphorus were to be taken by such an active naval power as Russia might speedily become, with the command of the Black Sea—a case in which Russia, combined with either France or England, might sweep all other fleets from the Mediterranean.

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It was true, as argued by the advocates of abstention from war, that the sharers in any partition of Turkey, like the sharers in the partition of Poland, would be certain, sooner or later, to quarrel among themselves over the division of their spoil, and that their mutual jealousies would form a serious obstacle to any combination unfavourable to the liberties of other countries. But this would have been a slender reed to rely on, when we knew that neither Russia nor France disclaimed the wish of territorial aggrandisement at the expense of their weaker neighbours. Had we repelled France when willing to join us in defending the existing European political system from changes which had no better justification than the right of might, we should inevitably have thrown her into the arms of Russia. It is possible that France might have elected to fight single-handed the battle of civilisation and order, of respect for treaties and international rights, against the rule of simple brute force; but it is equally possible that the easier and more profitable course of connivance with Russia might have found favour with the rulers of France, and, after a passive acquiescence in the partition of Turkey, we should have had no logical ground for objecting to any changes which would have given Belgium or the left bank of the Rhine to France, or Scandinavia to Russia, or Holland to Germany. Such self-effacement of British influence in Europe could have had no better effect on the peace of the world than a proclamation would have on the peace of London, that every man must defend his own property, and not look to the police or to his neighbours for help against robbers. It would have been a simple return to that rule of might which can only be seen in perfection in Ashantee or Dahomey.

Such were the grounds which justified our going to war to assist Turkey to repel Russian aggression in 1854. A moment's consideration will show how entirely the situation of every one of the parties concerned is now changed.

Austria has passed through the fiery furnace of reverses, which more than once threatened her existence as a European Power, and the result has been to place her in a position of greater real influence than she has occupied since the beginning of the century. The loss of the first place in Germany, and of all her provinces and authority in Italy, have proved to Austria the greatest and most substantial of gains, by re-uniting the Austrian and Hungarian elements in the government of the empire, and in forcing the adoption of reforms in her internal policy and administration which, except under the pressure of adversity, even the genius and tact of Count Beust could never have carried

carried out.\* Austria now occupies a position on the Danube of far greater *possible* influence than at any former period of her history. With Germany and Italy willing to be her allies, instead of rivals and enemies, she may feel safe from foreign interference in her hereditary provinces, whilst millions of Slaves are willing to accept her as the arbitress of their destinies in the border-provinces of Turkey, as Protectress, if not as Empress, of a federation of Slave States.

The weakness of Austria lies, first, in the reluctance of the old Austrian nobility and Camerilla to accept the situation in Germany. This is constantly tempting them to coquet with anti-Prussian influences—a tendency which may any day arouse suspicion or hostility at Berlin, where cordial confidence is most essential.

But Austria's greatest difficulty lies in the extreme delicacy of the balance established between German and Magyar interests and influences in the Imperial Government. Any considerable accession of strength to either excites fears lest the balance should be disturbed and the Government again plunged into the perplexities which followed the close of the last war with Prussia. Moreover, the Magyars themselves dread, above all things, any great accession of the crude Slavonic element, and some of the Slavonic States would not willingly accept any foreign Imperial rule; they would prefer to await the course of events which might enable them to erect an empire of their own on the ruins of the European Turkish dominion. Still it is clear that there are large masses of Slavonians who would willingly attach themselves to Austria if she unreservedly declared herself as the protectress of Slavonic autonomy. But to the Magyar mind Slavonic aspirations are generally synonymous with Republicanism, Socialism, and every form of disorder. The spectre of Kossuth and his premature schemes of a Southern Slavonic Republic are ever present to the mind of the Hungarian noble. Thus Austria stands shivering on the brink, afraid to take the plunge which may lead to extended empire, but which may also end in the disruption of the present truce between conflicting interests in the Austrian Government.

Yet more changed is the situation of Germany.

From a position which gave her hardly any ostensible direct interest in the Eastern question, Prussia, at the head of the German

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\* A clear account of the difficulties which beset Austria, after the close of the war with Prussia, and of the policy of Count Beust in overcoming them, will be found in the 'Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Policy of Count Beust,' Chapman and Hall, 1870.

Empire, has advanced to the very first rank among European Powers; and, apart from the interests which she has in Roumania, with a Hohenzollern Prince as the founder of a new dynasty, Germany has interests in the Eastern question which would render her assent necessary to any settlement which claimed to be permanent. She has now direct interests in the Black Sea; but, without any reference to what may become of the Turkish Empire or its constituents, nothing can strengthen or weaken Russia or Austria, or any great European Power, without directly affecting Germany, and she is now in a position to insist on being heard whenever it pleases her to speak. Since the Crimean War the friendship or neutrality of Russia has been the fulcrum on which the great master builder of the German Empire has depended in some of his most important movements. The alliance is neither quite natural nor in accordance with the traditional Russian policy, which was to divide and weaken Germany; but it was obviously necessary whenever great operations, whether in Bohemia or on the Rhine, were in prospect. There are still, in both directions, probable complications which may render it impossible for Germany to feel indifferent to Russian friendship or hostility, and it is certain that there has been no more ominous sign in the present condition of affairs in the East than the studied silence of the great German Power for many months past.

Italy, again, has changed and, from a mere geographical expression of several disunited and often discordant States, has become a great Power more directly interested than any of the Latin nations in the future of Turkey. Her position is all the more important because her present interests are quasi-insular. Italy has for the time no reason to seek an extension of her European possessions, and she occupies the position of a possible disinterested mediator, whose chief wish must be, for many years to come, the preservation of European peace.

Still there are occasional indications that Italy, or at all events Italian opinions and tendencies, may, at no distant period, have considerable influence east of the Adriatic. The extreme republican and democratic party, and all the loose socialism, which was at first so threatening to the permanence of Italian unity, has been discredited as the Italian monarchy has consolidated, and many an ardent republican enthusiast, despairing of seeing his opinions prevail on the banks of the Tiber or the Po, consoles himself with visions of an Italian republic east of Venice which shall unite the ancient Venetian provinces of Dalmatia with the enfranchised Slave population of North-Western Turkey. The dream may be unsubstantial, but it finds perpetual encouragement

ment among Slavonic patriots repelled at Vienna, and mistrustful of Russian encouragement.

Let us not omit to notice, in passing, that the cession of Italian subjects and Italian territory to France, must, for many years to come, constitute a disturbing element in the general confidence which other Powers would feel in the pacific intentions of Italy. We may hope that the mass of Cavour's countrymen have long since acquiesced in the necessity of the sacrifice which was wrung from the great Italian statesman as the price of French aid in the creation of the Italian monarchy. But generations must elapse before the recession of Nice and Savoy will cease to be pointed at by any diplomatic Mephistophiles as possible bribes which might draw Italy into an European war. Possibilities of this kind have a weight with the jealous and suspicious statesmanship of Continental Europe, which seems to English politicians wholly disproportioned to the practical probabilities of the situation.

Greece is still suffering from the reaction which followed the exaggeration of her powers and prospects during the War of Independence. The enthusiasts, who expected that all the political virtues and graces of Hellas and Helvetia were to blossom forth in a province just freed from the Turkish yoke, were sorely disappointed to find that their new *protégé* possessed but few of the elements calculated to make a powerful State, able to stand alone and command respect among the nations of Europe. They visited on the unhappy little kingdom the disappointment which naturally followed their exaggerated expectations. It was scarcely the fault of the Greeks that their territory was so small, their lands so wasted, their agriculture so backward; and much excuse might have been found for the vanity and selfishness, the absence of real public spirit, and of so many elements of material greatness which could hardly have been expected in a people long crushed under the iron heel of Turkish despotism. Greece has probably never sunk so low in English estimation as during the Crimean War; and when, but a few years ago, the terrible realities of brigandage were rudely brought home to the feelings of all the upper classes of English society, there were not wanting men, with some reputation as politicians, who would have acquiesced in the extinction of Greece as an independent European Power.

Yet to any one who impartially compares the Greece of to-day with Greece as described by Hobhouse and Byron, there can be no doubt of the injustice done by the current English estimate of Greek progress. It is true that the poetry of a generation ago has turned to the baldest of prose, and that the  
country



country is as backward in many of the most necessary elements of modern progress as a newly annexed province in India. The roads are so bad that the finest of wheat grown within forty miles of the Piræus is undersold at the Piræus itself by wheat from Egypt and even from India. The courts of justice are ill-paid, and have a bad repute as regards purity and every judicial qualification. The land-tax is so ill-assessed and ill-settled, that no one when he sows can tell what he is to pay when he reaps. There are great abuses in the collection of all taxes; the finances are in a state of disorder; there is no surplus revenue; no railroad ten miles from the capital; a heavy debt, and no credit.

This is not the picture of a model State; but to estimate aright how much worse things might have been, and would certainly have been had the Turkish rule continued, let any one refer to the pages of travellers like Hobhouse, in the last generation, or compare Greece with any province still under direct Turkish administration. Progress of some kind is everywhere apparent, though it everywhere falls short of expectation, and the wide disproportion between project and performance, between the talk and the work of Greek reformers and improvers, which is so annoying to practical Englishmen, is at least an improvement on the stolid indifference, and apathy to all reforms, which characterise the administration of every State and every province under Turkish rule. In school education great progress—some Philhellenes think too much progress—has been made; brigandage has been suppressed since the sad occurrences of a few years back, and there is everywhere evidence of possible rapid development of prosperity if the impulse were once given.

In addition to the natural advantages of the country, its excellent geographical position, fine climate and fertile soil, its population very intelligent and easily governed—and in the lower ranks frugal, sober, and laborious—Greece has, in the protectorate of the great Powers, the advantage of a very moderate military and naval expenditure. The King is highly esteemed, and popular with all the best men of all parties, himself full of enthusiasm and of plans for the advancement of his kingdom; and by dynastic connection and the personal qualities of his family, the Greeks have all that could be desired in the founder of a dynasty.

What then is wanting to the establishment of a powerful Greek kingdom, and to the realisation of all the hopes of ardent Philhellenes? The answer is of some importance, not only to Greece itself but as a beacon to warn us against great dangers in any arrangements for the self-government of detached provinces

provinces which may follow the disruption of the Ottoman Empire.

First, there is the want of adequate territory, such as is necessary to complete independence. If Greece had twice her present area, her influence in every way would be far more than doubled; she might then easily assume the position of the kingdom of the Greeks—a position not readily accorded to her at present by multitudes of the nation who do not look to Athens as their capital. But the great obstacle to all rapid progress lies in the defects of the existing Constitution, which is as generally condemned by the Greeks themselves as by foreigners.

The first Greek Constitution was not happily devised. There was an Upper Chamber of Senators for life, who, when once elected, having no interests or feelings different from those of other deputies, sought popularity in perpetual opposition to the Government and at last brought the administration to a dead lock. King Otho was weak, his Queen unpopular, they had no family, and the succession to the Crown was doubtful. The more intellectual among their subjects, instead of minding their own affairs and improving their own country, ran after grand shadowy ideas of Eastern empire till they came to be regarded by Europe at large as an idle, unimproving, faithless people—which, in the mass, they certainly are not—and Greece was looked on as the youngest spoilt child of the European family, whose existence was a mistake and a misfortune to Eastern Europe, by hindering any re-arrangement of the political map of Turkey.

When the present King succeeded, a new Constitution was hurriedly inaugurated, but either from ignorance, haste, or inadvertence the worst mistakes of the old Constitution were not rectified, and a clause, of the 'Law of the Medes and Persians' type, was introduced, which adjourns for ten years all amendments, however obviously needed. There is no Upper Chamber, and the net result, joined to universal suffrage, is a dead lock to all useful government. Ministries are perpetually changed, lasting only a few months, and often only a few weeks. No one can reckon up the administrations which have been in power during the past few years, and every one is tired out, except the few scores of advocates and place-hunters who make a profession of turning one another out of office and securing a few weeks—or at most months—of salary for themselves and their friends.

There are generally at present five parties in the Assembly, and if, by infinite trouble and intrigue, a coalition of three of these is effected, it cannot long hold out against the compact

opposition of the other two, reinforced by a few free-lances and by malcontent members of the Ministerial parties. No party professes any distinct principles, the following of each leader is purely personal, and the difficulty of Government is not, as in the French Assembly, how to frame measures to suit the ideas and catch the votes of parties and subparties, but how to corrupt votes and detach the personal followers of opponents.

Of course reformation, with such materials, is simply a twisting of ropes of sand. This absence of anything like a stable or permanent Government will more than account for the tardiness of improvement and the many faults of administration. Nor is there, even among the Greeks themselves, much difference of opinion as to the only remedy; all affect to desire a revision of the Constitution, but unless an assembly of self-seeking place-hunters could be brought to reform itself, such a revision is only practicable in two ways,—either by a *coup d'état*, or by consent of the great Powers—a consent which is difficult to obtain whilst each Power has views of its own regarding the policy of making Greece more independent and more respected.

Hence, apart from possible extensions of territory, Greek patriots can hardly help looking to any misfortune of Turkey which would lead to a re-casting of the materials of empire, as the most likely means of obtaining a reform of the Greek Constitution. Any extension of territory would reconcile the Greeks to considerable changes; and anything like a firm Government, under the present King, might easily re-establish financial credit, attract capital, make railways and roads, and reform the administration of taxes.

The history of Greek independence offers more than one warning to those provinces of Turkey which are sighing for relief from the Ottoman yoke. Could the declaration of Greek independence have been deferred for twenty or even ten years, the kingdom of Greece might now have embraced a much larger area and occupied a far more commanding position than at present; and had we not insisted on giving the country a democratic Constitution of the most approved modern type, the progress of improvement would have been infinitely more rapid. Still, after allowing for every drawback, there is much in the present condition of Greece to excite the envy and stimulate the ambition of other Christian provinces of the Porte.

A very noteworthy feature in the late history of Greece is the decline of Russian influence, notwithstanding the strong and popular dynastic link formed by the Queen being a Russian Princess. Patriotic Greeks, especially Churchmen, look with something more than suspicion on Russian influence in Church

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or State. They have much more confidence in the counsels of England, whose obvious interest it is to aid in establishing a powerful and independent kingdom in Greece, and who has shown, by the cession of the Ionian Islands and in other ways, that it is no part of her policy to seek territorial aggrandisement in the Eastern Mediterranean.

On none of the nations concerned in the Crimean War did the contest, and the twenty years of peace succeeding it, effect such changes as we find in Russia. Before that war the popular English idea of Russia was a great and semi-barbarous nation, with a superabundance of population, ready to swarm in armed hordes over Europe at the bidding of an absolute military despot, almost invulnerable, owing to the vast extent of territory which no civilised army could safely invade, and capable of domineering at the same moment on the shores of the North Sea and the Euxine, on the Vistula and on the Indus. The exaggerated estimate of Russian military power was not confined to untravelled Englishmen; it was more or less shared by statesmen throughout Europe, and by the Emperor and governing classes in Russia itself.

The Crimean War taught a lesson of sober truth to more than one of the combatants, and to none was the lesson more emphatic, and by none was it better apprehended, than by Russia. Her adversaries learned how steadfast and devoted were the loyalty and courage of her soldiers, and how many high motives and aspirations beyond mere lust of conquest actuated multitudes, both of the leaders and their followers, in the Russian host.

But the result of the war also proved how vulnerable was the great Colossus when attacked by Powers which combined wealth and all similar appliances with the dogged courage of Englishmen and the chivalrous valour of France.

The distant theatre of the work imposed a heavy task on England and France, but the strain on Russia was simply such that it could not have been continued without the most serious peril to the empire. The enormous cost in money and loss of life, entailed by the efforts necessary to keep up the Russian armies, drained both the treasury and the population whence the soldiers were drawn. It was not only on the battle-field, but along hundreds of miles on every route leading to it, that the skeletons of her soldiers reminded Russia how ruinous was the contest under existing conditions. Political spectres of various hues and forms haunted the cabinets of ministers far removed from the seat of war; and when the present Emperor succeeded, it was evident that, if Russia was to avoid disruption

or to preserve her existing limits and influence, a long period of peace was necessary, and that it must be devoted to internal improvements of communications, to the development of agriculture and commerce, and to reforms of the most far-reaching character in almost every branch of political, social, and administrative organisation.

It cannot be denied that the present reign has been fertile in reforms of the kind required, and they have the merit, almost unique in history, of being largely due to the personal influence and direction of the absolute monarch whose irresponsible powers they all tend to limit and regulate. The emancipation of the serfs would alone have been sufficient to entitle the Emperor to the gratitude of his people in all time to come; and it has been accompanied and followed by a series of reforms in the army and navy, by the development of a vast railway system, and by a general impulse to the sources of national wealth, which must all tend to enable Russia to keep the place she has claimed since the commencement of the century as a leading great European Power.

But it is not given to the most devoted of monarchs nor to the wisest counsels in human affairs to repair in one generation the faults or omissions of ages. It is impossible to stir the torpid energies of nations whose political aspirations have slumbered for centuries, or to battle with administrative corruption so widespread and deep-rooted as that of Russia, without evoking forces which are in their nature revolutionary, and which, if ill-controlled, may be utterly subversive of existing social order and political organisation. Never since the days of Peter the Great has Russia been really so far advanced on the path which leads to a first rank among European nations, and never has she been surrounded by so many and such great dangers, all rendering European peace almost essential to continued existence in her present shape and under her existing political conditions.

A moment's reflection will explain the seeming paradox. Russia has on hand more than half-a-dozen different enterprises, none of them undertaken during the present generation, but all of them the bequests of former ages, inherited in forms which do not admit of their being repudiated or long postponed, and all of a magnitude to require for their perfect achievement the undivided devotion of all the resources of a great empire. To enumerate only some of those connected with foreign politics—the development of a great power in the Northern Pacific; such as shall be the natural consequence and crown of the sovereignty of Siberia, and shall not leave to China, Japan, or Western America the sovereignty of those seas—the subjugation or extirpation

pation of the robber hordes which for five hundred years have turned to a desert the ancient kingdoms of Samarcand and Tartary—the extension of Russian influence at least to the frontiers of British India—the conversion of the Caspian into a Russian lake, as a base whence Russia may dominate Armenia and Northern Persia—the emancipation of the Christian races in European Turkey, and the restoration of the Cross to the pinnacles of St. Sophia—the establishment of Russia as the great Power in the Baltic, with a preponderating influence in Scandinavia and the North Sea: all these are the avowed objects of Russian ambition; and even in the moderate form in which we have stated them, the achievement of the smallest would be an enterprise worthy of the successors of Peter the Great. Let us note that most of these undertakings are not only a part of the inheritance of the Russian monarchy, but a necessity of Russian position; for, as we have ourselves experienced in India, a great Power like Russia, surrounded by barbarisms, has no natural limits. She is compelled to spread in every line of least resistance till she meets some impassable barrier—an Himalayan chain or the ocean, or the frontier of some civilised Power, where she may find other means of solving frontier disputes than by perpetual appeals to force.

Now, if we calmly consider any one of these schemes of extended empire and reckon the cost and means of carrying it out, we shall at once see how much it would task the energies of a thriving, united, wealthy, and prosperous country to accomplish it without undue strain on the resources of the empire, and without risk of weakening the cohesion between provinces far distant from each other. Merely to complete the system of railways which is needed to the firm establishment of Russian power on the Amour or the Oxus, or up to the Elbruz or the Bosphorus, would alone in each case be a great achievement, after allowing for every aid which can be expected from the development of water-carriage; and our Indian administrators can tell us how much beyond the winning of battles and the formation of good roads is needed to carry forward the real frontier of a civilised government over the shattered ruins of neighbouring and barbarous kingdoms.

When we consider that this advance of the Russian frontier is going on, often at the rate of scores of miles in a single year, along the whole frontier from the Sea of Kamtchatka to the Euxine—that throughout this whole distance there are scarcely 200 miles where the Russian frontier commander can feel that he has a well-defined permanent natural frontier, or a neighbour across the border on whose most solemn promises he can place  
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the slightest dependence—we may form some notion of the task which is before the Imperial Cabinet, and we can account for the nervous anxiety with which every one employed upon it must look forward to the day when they may find their onward path marked with the British broad arrow, and when they shall become aware that they must exchange the rough and ready ways of Oriental conquest, for diplomatic discussion with an old European neighbour.

But it will be said that this is not the case in Europe, where every frontier is strictly defined by treaties, and where every difference may admit of adjustment by other means than by an appeal to arms. Nevertheless, the Russian statesman who reckons what his country has to do, and her means of doing it, can hardly find unmixed ground of self-gratulation when he turns from the Asiatic to the European frontier. He will, it is true, see in Turkey an ancient enemy of Russia, more feeble and helpless than ever, and in Austria an ancient rival, distracted by the offer of more than one path to Danubian Empire, but all beset by more or less hazard of failure. Still, alongside the prospect of empire on the Bosphorus which might thus have seemed opened out, arises the form of a united German Empire; grown up, it is true, since the Crimean War, but already knit together into a great military Power of the most formidable proportions, requiring to be consulted, or at least reckoned for, regarding every move from the Frozen Sea to the Euxine, and already possessing on the shores of the latter something more than indirect and contingent interests.

Nor will he find much comfort when he considers the present condition and feeling of the kindred Christian races still under the Turkish yoke, for whose emancipation Russia has for generations past made such immense sacrifices. Since the Crimean War they have become enormously enriched by foreign commerce, and by the development of their own agriculture. The influence of strangers from Western Europe, seeking yet further to develop the natural resources of their country—foreign travel of the upper class, and home education for all—have given to the more intelligent among the Christian subjects of the Porte ideas and aspirations very different from those which actuated them previous to the Crimean War. They may still look to Russia as the natural champion of their race, and feel assured of Russia's willingness to assist in expelling the Turk; but here their sympathy ends. They have more than doubts whether it would be for their happiness in the long run to exchange the effete despotism of Stamboul for the active autocracy of St. Petersburg; they have shrewd suspicions as to the practical

practical possibility of a Panslavic Empire; the religious-minded among them have no inclination to exchange the practical independence of their national Churches for submission to a Russian Patriarch or Emperor; and the sceptical and ultra-democratic among them have good cause to dread the advent of a Russian police, backed by the direct authority of a Russian Chancellor. In a word, all their aspirations point to union with Russia only until the Turks are expelled. After that, provincial autonomy, with the slightest possible dependence on any Imperial centre, may be considered the form in which the hopes of the vast majority of the Christian subjects of Turkey shape their wishes for the distant future.

Let us suppose that the Russian statesman proceeds to weigh the internal condition of Russia proper, and the changes in domestic affairs which may be noted since the close of the Crimean War. He will see at the present moment, no doubt, immense national enthusiasm, ready to support the Emperor in any measures necessary to emancipate their kindred in race or religion from the yoke of Turkey. There is much to encourage a minister anxious for war and military glory. But how is the account likely to stand when peace returns, whatever measure of victory may meantime attend the Imperial arms? How are other Powers to be reckoned with as regards the division of the spoil; and, above all, what will be the effect on the population of Russia itself?

A great war may adjourn revolution, but the financial burdens and other results of a war are apt seriously to intensify those social discontents which at present form the greatest danger of the Russian Empire. Russia has long since outgrown the state in which military success can add to the real strength of an autocrat. The addition of fresh Slavonic provinces abounding in heretical sects, and likely to become the natural homes of socialist and democratic influences, and of liberal tendencies of every complexion, would be a fatal gift to Russia, even if it did not carry with it the jealous hostility of such powerful neighbours as Germany and Austria. It would directly tend to increase yet further that separation of interest between Northern and Southern Russia, which has more than once threatened to divide the hereditary dominions of the Emperor into two hostile camps.

How stand Russia's relations towards her late adversaries in the Crimea? What are the relative positions and interests of Turkey and her Western allies now, as compared with the period of the Peace of Paris? We have already noticed the changes in the position and interests of Italy. As regards  
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France, the first great alteration to be noted is the absence of one main inducement which certainly weighed with the French Government, if not with the French people, when they declared war against Russia. There is no longer any question of the Holy Places to be decided. It may be supposed, from the tone of the Papal press, and from the Pope's utterances on the subject, that the authorities of the Western Church, and the great Ultramontane party, have not the same sort of religious sympathy with their Eastern fellow-Christians as that which is now pervading every class of Russian and Slavonic society; but it would probably be quite impossible to get up any religious feeling in France which could support the Government in taking any part hostile to Russia. If desire for military glory had any share in the spirit with which France entered on the Crimean War, it is certainly not on the same fields, nor against the same foe, that France would now desire to measure her strength. There is a wide-spread settled determination in the French people to keep aloof from strife for any such barren purpose, and to husband their powers for possible contests of more direct national interest to them nearer home. France would, no doubt, now, as formerly, protest energetically against any such flagrant infraction of the European peace as that of which Russia was guilty in 1853; but in her present temper she would be likely to leave the task of vindicating the rights of distant nationalities to others more nearly concerned in them; and in the event of a general European war arising out of any Eastern question, it by no means follows that she would be found opposed to Russia.

Indeed, it is quite possible that doubts on this point have had a great effect in suspending the action, and possibly in restraining the utterances, of Germany on the subject of recent Turkish politics. If Russia were forced into a war which rendered the aid of foreign allies necessary, or even desirable, the position which Germany might take up would be of the utmost importance to Russia, not only directly, but as affecting the feeling and possibly influencing the action of France. Any forcible recasting of the balance of power in the East can hardly fail to affect the balance in Western Europe; and doubts as to what France might do or desire in case of an Eastern war, and as to the inducement which might be offered to France to take an active part in such a war, have probably much effect in producing the somewhat studied appearance of indifference to Eastern affairs on the part of the German Government.

Not less changed from the position of twenty-three years ago is the present position of England with regard to Turkey. The opening

opening of the Suez Canal, and other circumstances, have tended to increase our interests, always so great in Egypt, in Syria, and in everything bearing on India and the way thither. The increasing stringency of the Russian Protective Tariff has rendered us more than ever alive to the solitary advantage which a moderate customs' tariff confers on our commercial interests in Turkey, and experience has confirmed the estimates of the friends of Turkey as to the enormous natural resources of every kind at the command of her Government, and the ease with which they might be made available. Notwithstanding all these strong reasons for attracting the friendship and closer alliance of England, the Turks have contrived, with singular infelicity, to cut away almost every one of the grounds on which the sympathy of England rested during the Crimean War; and the studiously guarded utterances of Lord Derby and Mr. Bourke would have convinced any Government less infatuated than that of Turkey, of the utter impossibility of any English Ministry proposing active measures in support of the present *régime* in Turkey to the generation of Englishmen who had heard and believed the stories of the Bulgarian massacres. Much fault has been found with the declaration of the Prime Minister that the measures of Government would be regulated, not with reference to this or that 'policy,' but by a simple regard for the interests of the British Empire; the words used, however, expressed as clearly as was compatible with the ordinary courtesies of diplomacy that the day of appeals to 'sympathy with our old and faithful ally,' to the 'policy' of supporting Turkey, and the like, were gone by, and that in future we should be guided entirely by what our own interests required.

What those interests would require is a separate question, which the Turks and our Continental neighbours would have less difficulty in answering, if they would give us credit for freedom from diplomatic finesse, and cease to believe that there was always some tremendous Machiavelian 'policy' hidden under the apparent simplicity of our intentions. Delusions on this head are not confined to Continental diplomatists. Many of our home politicians seem wholly incapable of understanding that whatever may be the personal views or wishes of an English Minister, he can act on them no further than he can carry with him the opinions of a majority of his countrymen.

And what, it will be asked, would the people of England, if they could all turn their attention to the subject, and thoroughly understand it in all its bearings—what would they be likely to think that the honour and responsibilities of our country required?  
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what are our children a generation hence likely to say we might and ought to have done?

First, as regards our duty and our honour. We are bound to clear ourselves—to ourselves and to all mankind—of any complicity, direct or indirect, with the misdeeds of the Turks or their Government. We shall have to revert to this subject, and will only here note that unless it can be shown that some act of our Government—such as sending the fleet to Besika Bay—produced the cruelties which preceded that act in point of time, or encouraged their repetition afterwards, or that some remonstrance which was not delivered could have prevented the atrocities, it is difficult to see how our responsibility can be greater than that of the physician, whose patient, saved from death by the skill of the physician, subsequently commits murder. It is easy to say the world would have been better had the future malefactor been allowed to die; but the duty of saving his life was clear and obvious, and could not have been neglected without moral guilt, whilst his subsequent misconduct could not have been foreseen.

Further, it is clearly our duty neither to be parties to, nor to connive at, any breach of international justice, nor at any act of international violence. The European family of nations is made up of members of various grades of national merit: most of these nations in their own estimation, some possibly in the estimation of all their neighbours, are useful and valuable members of the family; others are very much the reverse. But all have an inherent right to live, free from apprehension of any extinction at the hands of their neighbours, as long as they do not give such neighbours any just cause for war and its consequences.

The contrary doctrine would involve such a complete subordination of the weaker Powers to the arbitrary will of the stronger, that it is unnecessary to prove by argument how intolerable it would be in practice.

How far it is the duty of a powerful State like Great Britain to use its power to resist the wrong-doing of other nations must depend on our responsibilities in connection with the parties concerned. We are clearly not bound to protect every weak African chief from the causeless aggressions of his powerful neighbours. A better case for calling on us to interfere might be made out of a causeless aggression on a neighbour of our own; and in the case of a well-governed State, like Holland or Belgium, the national conscience would certainly hold us bound to be satisfied that good cause for war existed, before we left our neighbour unassisted to resist the aggressions of a powerful antagonist.

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So with regard to interference on the ground of internal misgovernment. By the common consent of all civilised nations such interference is justifiable only in cases where the interests of the stronger Power are directly at stake.

It is clear, then, that the extent of the responsibility or interest which any great Power possesses in the existence or the good internal administration of a weaker State is an essential element in the right to interfere with its existence or domestic administration, and that this right is not based upon selfish considerations, but on the moral necessity for having a *locus standi*, a ground of right, apart from merely ambitious designs, or lust of empire.

What, then, are our interests or responsibilities in Turkey? None certainly in her misgovernment. All our interests are the other way. We deliberately and, as we ourselves know, most sincerely abjure all desire to appropriate her provinces or islands, even those which might be convenient as links with our Eastern Empire.

We want a right of way to India *viâ* the Suez Canal, but that does not necessarily imply that the Sultan must always rule in Europe, or command the Bosphorus. We should be glad of a good road from the Mediterranean to Bagdad, but that could hardly be less likely to be given to us under any possible Government of Syria than it is at present.

We may take it for granted that Turkey would be as well governed, as good a customer to us, would pay her debts as punctually, and would in all respects be as useful to us, under almost any other dynasty as under the Ottomans.

Why, then, may we not leave Turkey to fall to pieces by natural process of decay, or to be torn in pieces by hungry neighbours?

Simply, it seems to us, because either process would involve an amount of European disturbance such as no one can contemplate without horror, and of which no one could possibly see the end.

The practical obstacle is not only the difficulty of disposing of the Turks as the dominant race in Turkey (for they are a warlike race, and would not give up their supremacy without a long and desperate struggle), but also in the far-reaching ulterior consequences of any form of Turkish dissolution or expulsion, and in the difficulty of saying what shall take the place of the present Government.

To estimate these difficulties aright, we must revert to the changes which have taken place in Turkey herself since the date of the Crimean War. They may be summed up in the sentence that she 'has been tried in the balance and found wanting. There is no chance which could have been given her which has  
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not been afforded to her; of none of them has she had the strength to avail herself. No experiment can be thought of as likely to give her a hope of prolonged existence without organic changes in her constitution. In considering these possible changes, let us bear in mind what has to be done, and the appliances available for doing it; for the present let us confine our attention to European Turkey.

We must presuppose, on the part of our readers, a general acquaintance with the main divisions of the peninsula and its principal natural and ethnological divisions; and for some of the Provinces more immediately concerned we may refer for much recent and useful information to Mr. Forsyth's 'Sclavonic Provinces.' Let us bear in mind that the independence of Roumania, Servia and Montenegro, has been so far secured since the close of the Crimean War, that the question with regard to them is hardly one of internal administration. Herzegovina, Turkish Croatia, Bosnia and Bulgaria are all, we may hope, more or less advanced towards the same condition; Roumelia and Macedonia, Thessaly and Albania have hitherto of late years put forward no such claims. But all questions of interest regarding them centre in the great question, Who is to reign, and what is to be the form of government at Constantinople?

We would strongly recommend any one who wishes to understand the existing state of things to begin by reading some of the older travellers, and especially Hobhouse's account of Constantinople in 1809-10. He was not only a well-read and observant traveller in the days when voyagers had to read and observe for themselves, and when they had leisure to do it, but he happened to be in Constantinople during the transition period, when Turkey, emerging from the Oriental isolation of the previous four centuries, was being courted as a new and important addition to the European family of nations. The reader will find there described the machinery and materials of government as they existed before the reforms of Sultan Mahmud; and, if he compares Hobhouse's account with the descriptions of later travellers, he will be able to judge of the character and depth of the changes which have been wrought during the lapse of the last sixty years.

We are told by the Turks themselves that their decline may be dated from the brilliant reign of Soliman the Magnificent: 1. Because himself always at the head of his army, the great Sultan left too much power to the Council of State and the Grand Vizier—2. Because the influence of the harem was then first sensibly felt—3. Because of the system then introduced of farming the revenues to Jews, Greeks, Armenians, and others  
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not of Islam—4. Because of the prevalent nepotism which then began to supersede the claims of distinguished military chiefs—5. Because of the luxury which corrupted all classes. Whatever may have been Soliman's share in introducing these elements of decay, it is certain that not one of them has diminished in intensity during the three centuries which have since elapsed.

The reforms of Mahmud II. were an energetic attempt to arrest the progress of decay by centralising power in the hands of an able Sultan. This was a distinct departure from the ancient traditions of Turkish history. In theory, the task of government was still divided between the Sultan and the 'Porte,' a term which in common parlance embraces much more than the Porte, strictly so called, and includes the whole central government of the State.

The general form of the administrative machinery remains now much as of old. The Koran is still the only unquestionable recognised source of civil and religious law; and the Mufti, its interpreter, is the supreme authority with regard to the legality of all religious, civil and political acts. His subordinates, the Sheikh-ul-Islam Kiayazi, and separate Muftis for daily affairs, for legal, and ecclesiastical degrees, form his Council. To them even the Sultan himself refers in every act of importance. He does not declare war nor conclude peace till he has asked the Mufti and 'his Ulema, or 'wise men,' whether 'it is conformable to the law,' and the Mufti decides by a decree (*fetwa*). A similar process must be gone through by the successful leaders of a rebellion to justify the deposition of a Sultan. The Ulema comprise all the great judges, theologians and jurists, all the great teachers of literature and science who may be summoned by the Mufti.

The temporal administration comprises three classes of 'Dignities of the Pen:' 1. The Sublime Porte of the Grand Vizier who presides over the State Council with three Ministers—for home and for foreign affairs, and for executive acts—with six under-secretaries, the most important of whom is Kanunji or Minister for revision of decrees, who is supposed to be answerable that all acts of the Ministers are conformable to the law of the Koran.

2. The Porte of the Defterdar, or Minister of Finance, comprising sundry Ministers in various branches of finance, Keepers of the Seal, who are styled Viziers, and whose Council is known as the Diwan.

3. The Agha, which used to comprise a large number of civil and military officers of State of a special dignity or in close relation to the Sultan's person, such as the Commander of the Guard

Guard of the Gardens, the Commandant of Artillery, the Bearer of the Standard of the Prophet, the Prefect of Markets, the Grand Chamberlain, and many others, some of whose offices have fallen into disuse, and whose numbers and duties have been much altered by recent changes.

The 'Dignities of the Sword' comprise viceregal and provincial Governors in three classes: Pashas and Beys. The Pashas are at once military and civil commanders, judges and receivers of taxes, the latter being accounted for in an infinite variety of fashions; sometimes the Pasha is only Receiver-General, sometimes farmer-general; the only invariable feature of the system being the endless variety of openings it affords for corruption, oppression, and maladministration.

The greatest reforms of Mahmud II. were in the army. The Janizaries, so long the backbone of the Turkish armies, in process of time, when the Sultan ceased himself to go to war, degenerated into a lawless, licentious rabble, formidable only to the Government and to the peaceable people whom they plundered. They were, however, sufficiently numerous to resist for years the reforms of Sultans Selim and Mahmud, but after dethroning and murdering more than one Sultan and Prime Minister, they were at last utterly crushed and exterminated in 1825, since which period the Turkish armies have been drilled and organised like the other armies of Europe.

But the chief executive, or rather the recognised origin of all executive power in the State is still as of old the Sultan; and for an account of him and his family, his seraglio and household, as they were a generation ago, we must refer the reader to Hobhouse and Macfarlane, and to a host of later travellers and newspaper correspondents for a general idea of the changes which have come over the royal house, and all that surrounds it during the past fifty years; remembering always that nothing more characteristic of their history from the earliest times, nothing more entirely in the ordinary course of Turkish events could be named, than the terrible series of tragedies which have been brought so vividly before us during the last twelve months.

We will, however, draw special attention to the fact, much insisted on by all Turks, that the Sultan is not an absolute and irresponsible Sovereign, reigning despotically according to his own will. If the exponent of the Turkish Constitution is a Turk of the old school, he will say that the Sultan's will is law only as long as he wills and acts according to the law of the Koran; and that the latter is to be interpreted, and the Sultan controlled through such interpretation by the Sheikh-ul-Islam and the Ulema, much as the Supreme Court in the United States interprets

interprets the law, and by such interpretation controls the action, of the Legislature and Executive, and keeps them within the limits of the Constitution. If, on the other hand, the exponent be a Frank or a representative of young Turkey, he may show how the 'Porte,' like the Senate and Congress in the United States, aid the Sheikh-ul-Islam and Ulema in keeping the Sultan to the paths of the law, and the ancient traditions of the Empire. He will explain that the Porte is not a mere *camerilla* of palace parasites; that it embraces representatives of the best hereditary, legal, financial, diplomatic, and military intelligence, and experience of the Empire; that, though occasionally overborne for long periods at a time by a vicious or strong-willed despot, the Porte is the real governing power in the State, and that in a reform and extension and definition of its powers lies the secret of the regeneration of Turkey. Both exponents will probably agree that at present an able and capable Sultan is a necessity to the action of the State machinery, and that there is no remedy provided for restraining a vicious or incapable Sultan save by deposition, after what in other countries would be called a revolution.

If, again, the exponent of the Turkish Constitution be a foreigner or member of the diplomatic corps, he will add the limitation that the whole Turkish Government is subject by treaty to diplomatic control through the representatives of the great Powers, who have not only been made more or less directly parties to the arrangements between the Porte and the semi-independent rulers of provinces like Roumania and Egypt, but who have by the settlement following the Crimean War a diplomatic right to control the Porte in its relations with its own subjects in provinces which have no claim to provincial self-government. That on any question on which the great Powers are united their decision is necessarily imperative on the Porte, though the varying views and interests of the Powers form a practical limitation to the frequent exercise of such power, and that their rivalry on most questions affords to the Porte its only claim of exercising anything approaching independence of action on most of the great questions of State. That this is no new condition of affairs will be seen by a reference to the dictum of Hobhouse more than sixty years ago that 'the mismanagement, forbearance, policy and mutual rivalry of the English, French and Muscovites are looked on (A.D. 1810) as having been the best protectors of the Ottomans. No one imagines that the inherent strength of the people can offer any obstacle to immediate subjection.'\*



All these authorities will, however, agree in one thing, that the Sultan is an essential part of the present constitution, if constitution it can be called, of Turkey.

Setting aside then, for the present, any idea of 'turning the Turks out of Europe,' of substituting some other nation for the Turks in the sovereignty of Turkey, is there any chance of so improving the existing machinery of administration that reasonably good government may be secured? Can the Porte be reformed and extended so as to represent the interests of the Christian as well as the Moslem races? Can a Sultan be maintained who shall be a permanent chief of the Executive, exercising his authority not despotically, but under limitations? Can the diplomatic interference of the great Powers be regulated in any mode which shall not annihilate the independence of the Turkish Government?

These are, no doubt, problems of great difficulty; yet in their solution with the acquiescence of all the great Powers lies the only chance of avoiding the armed interference of some one Power, and a consequent struggle over the spoils of the Turkish Empire, which can hardly fail to end in a general European war.

Arduous as the task undoubtedly is, it does not seem to us a hopeless one. To arrange for the administration of the several provinces which have claimed, or are likely to claim, local self-government, is not beyond the ordinary powers of diplomacy. What has been already done, within living memory, in Egypt and Roumania, in Servia, Montenegro, and in other parts of the Turkish Empire, may be done again in Bosnia, in Herzegovina and Bulgaria, however the latter province may be defined. Between the virtual independence of Roumania or Egypt, and the scant measure of self-government accorded to Lebanon or Crete, there is a wide field for selecting such a form of provincial government as shall satisfy the reasonable wishes of the people, and secure a nominal suzerainty with payments of a fixed tribute to the Central Government at Constantinople. At present no two of these provinces wish for, or would accept, union with any other. The desire will no doubt come in time; meanwhile its absence removes the only insuperable difficulty to securing the acquiescence of the Porte and of such Powers as Austria. They would have no objection to a number of small States, each independent of its neighbours, and practically self-governed. They would dread any kind of federal union, which might create another great European Slavonic Power on the Lower Danube.

The first great difficulty is the reform of the Porte, so as to make  
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the Great Council of Constantinople an adequate representative of all interests in the Empire. It is now exclusively Moslem. It must be made to comprehend representatives of other creeds, whose votaries in the Sultan's dominions form important sections of the population. It at present consists in great part of Court parasites and personal favourites of the Sultan. It must be made a permanent body, in which every great interest of the Empire shall find a voice, and every province a virtual representative.

Here, again, we are not expecting more than experience shows to be possible. If we compare the present administration of Egypt with what it was at the beginning of the present century, or even forty years ago, we shall find an instance of a great and gradual amelioration in the Central Government, brought about with the materials which were on the spot, and capable of further ulterior improvement in the direction of European progress. The result may still be far from all we can desire; but, at any rate, it does not present any hopeless features of immobility or of hostility to European ideas. It might have been well for all parties concerned if, at some periods of recent history, the advice of disinterested external Powers had been more distinctly expressed to the ruler of Egypt, or better followed; but no one can say that there has been any indifference on his part to European opinion, or any want of desire to adopt European ways and modes of government. If the Khedive's diplomatic advisers could only agree as to what ought to be done, there can be little doubt but that the attempt to do it would be made in all good faith.

There is probably among the Sultan's own subjects ample intelligence as to what can be and ought to be done. The great difficulty is to enforce its being attempted with the real intention to do it. In this respect, the power and influence of Great Britain, as the most disinterested friend of Turkey, may be most usefully exerted. But it will require all the pressure which can be brought to bear to obtain effectual guarantees that what is required shall be actually done, and not merely promised.

If this part of the work can be carried out effectually, the necessary limitations of the Sultan's arbitrary powers will follow, as a matter of course, and diplomatic interference of the great Powers may be restricted within narrower limits than has heretofore been usual.

But we must abandon once and for ever the fiction that the Sultan's office is other than a trust. The scope of his duties may be anything from the active head of the whole executive

to the titular sovereignty of a Mikado or Grand Lama. If the good fortune of the house of Othman should produce a Sovereign who can comprehend the real necessities of his position only as well as any person of ordinary capacity who has resided for a few years in his capital, the difficulties of the task may be infinitely lessened, even if the Sultan should lack the intelligence of Selim or the energy and firmness of Mahmud II. Otherwise it may require all the pressure which a union of the European Powers can put upon him to effect the necessary reforms without the prelude of a general European war.

It is this difficulty of uniting the European Powers for the persistent pursuit of any common object which is the real problem of the Eastern question—not the mere coercion of Turkey; and it will task all the firmness and temper of English statesmen to direct effectually the influence of the only Power which can approach the subject free from any direct interest in the ruin or dismemberment of the Turkish Empire.

If we have succeeded in conveying to our readers our own impressions regarding the present state of affairs in the East, we need scarcely repeat our conviction that the present crisis is one of the most momentous to the whole civilised world which has occurred since the French Revolution; and that it may in its ultimate results produce an upheaving of social forces, and a recasting of dynasties and nations, even exceeding in extent that which we and our fathers have witnessed since the revolutionary outburst of eighty years ago. We believe that England is destined to take a very prominent part in directing, as far as human agency can direct, the course of events arising from the decay of the Turkish Empire. We hold that her position is one of commanding influence, not so much from her great national strength and resources as from her interest in the peace and welfare of the countries concerned, and in the absence of any sordid motives of territorial aggrandisement. We are convinced that the due discharge of England's great national duties requires not abstention from the strife, or political self-effacement, but a wise husbanding of her strength and influence, to be used only in the cause of justice and of right. We are assured that it is above all things necessary that at such a time the statesmen who grasp the helm of public affairs should feel they have with them, apart from party allies, the cordial support of the British people, and that they should keep their judgment calm and their purpose clear, as they are hurried along amid the whirlpools and breakers of an intricate and perilous navigation.

ART. VIII.—*Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* By Theodore Martin, C.B. Vol. II. London, 1876.

THE Second Portion of the 'Narrative of the Life of the Prince Consort' fulfils the rich promise of the first, and confirms the singular felicity which secured the choice of a biographer so well qualified to do justice to a theme, of all others, the most difficult to treat with equal freedom and discretion.

Rare, indeed, are the qualifications indispensable to the writer of such a Life as this; of a Prince who but yesterday was a living presence in our midst; whose words and actions were a part of contemporary English and European history; who was the beloved Consort, the intimate confidential counsellor of a reigning Queen. Not only should the biographer bring to his work a wide and various culture, a trained comprehension of public affairs, a keen historic sense, a constant tact, discrimination, and discernment, a perfectly disinterested and dispassionate habit of mind; he should know how to arrange and set in order his narrative with a due regard to proportion, and, above all, he should abound in sincerity and simplicity, and let the Life he is portraying tell as much as possible its own tale without superfluous comment.

These conditions of success in a most arduous and anxious task are, it seems to us, fully satisfied by Mr. Theodore Martin, who, in this second volume, combines, to a larger extent than in the preceding chapters, the historian with the biographer, equally unobtrusive and unembarrassed in either capacity; whether in recounting the events of a year of Continental revolutions and reactions, or in the exposition of questions and measures of domestic policy, always perspicuous, accurate, and succinct. In the occasional glimpses which the Life affords of the home and family life of the Prince, it would not have been difficult for a biographer less sure of his own good taste and feeling to have marred the charm of such passages by misplaced emphasis. Mr. Martin's discretion is never at fault, and he has used the materials unreservedly confided to him by the Queen in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired by the most curious reader or regretted by the most fastidious.

In the concluding pages of the first volume the Revolution of February, with the sudden overthrow of the dynasty and government of Louis Philippe, and the crowd of hurrying consequences of that catastrophe, found the Prince Consort less astonished perhaps than the victims or even the victors of those disastrous days. All these movements were watched by him

with the closest and most vigilant attention, and, more especially as regarded Germany, with the most anxious interest. In the first volume of the 'Life' we have seen by his Memorandum on German affairs how clearly he had calculated the means and methods by which alone violent changes might be prevented, the national institutions re-invigorated and reformed, and the common cause of liberty and unity be advanced, without spoliation or disturbance, if the King of Prussia had courage and constancy enough to lead the way. Unhappily, that element in the calculation was wanting; the King was a fervid and irresolute sentimentalist, alternately caressing a maddened populace, and repudiating the aspirations of an enthusiastic people. Prince Albert and his excellent old friend and teacher, Baron Stockmar, both desired to see the Fatherland in the enjoyment of a substantial national unity, and of public liberties; but the veteran statesman twitted his pupil with having too much faith in the dynastic evolution of constitutional reform, and with looking at German affairs from a British point of view. Both, however, discerned in Austrian jealousy the most dangerous enemy to German aspirations, and in Prussia the natural and rightful champion of the German cause.

With regard to Italy, we have seen by the Prince's Memorandum on Lord Minto's strange and questionable mission in 1847, how firm a friend he was to the cause of Italian independence, how clearly he discerned the dangers and difficulties besetting it, and how decidedly he urged that England should insist upon the right of every State to manage its own affairs, without the interference of any foreign Power. In all the Prince's counsels we discover the constant principles of justice and moderation, the conviction that national liberties must be organically developed, not artificially imported or imposed; the abhorrence of all despotisms, whether of monarchs or of mobs. Such, indeed, were the principles he had been taught by Baron Stockmar, whose somewhat grim humour and doctoral stiffness of style are the only characteristics of an almost instinctive aptitude for statesmanship, which remind us that he was not an Englishman born. In his political ideas and sympathies the Baron was, in all but a certain superiority of culture, and a tendency to clothe his principles in abstractions, as thoroughly English as the most loyal and devoted subject of the British Crown.

There were not wanting in those days in the metropolis and in the great provincial centres needy and unscrupulous agitators, harebrained enthusiasts, miserable plagiarists of the Parisian revolutionary heroes, who did their little worst to provoke disturbance

turbance and disorder in the streets. But this contemptible rabble was speedily put down by the police, and the noxious demagogues, who called themselves 'The People,' were rendered innocuous by ridicule:—

'Our little riots here,' writes the Queen to King Leopold, 'are mere nothings, and the feeling here is good.' The same letter wishes the King joy 'of the continued satisfactory behaviour of my friends the good Belgians; but,' adds Her Majesty, 'what an extraordinary state of things everywhere! *Je ne sais plus où je suis*, and I could almost fancy we have gone back into the last century. But I also feel that one must not be nervous or alarmed at these moments, but be of good cheer, and muster up courage to meet all the difficulties.'

The easy suppression of riots in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Manchester, and other places, gave the Government strength and confidence in dealing with the memorable Chartist insurrection of the 10th of April. That day of dupes has never been better described than by Mr. Martin. While revolutionary sympathisers over the water were convinced that before night Great Britain would be a Republic, poor Feargus O'Connor's processionists, reduced from half a million to eight thousand, were 'finding their way back to their homes' (from Kennington Common), 'in broken order, as best they might,' and their monster Petition, reduced from 5,700,000 to 1,975,496 signatures, of which a large portion were fictitious, was being conveyed to the House of Commons 'by back streets in three common cabs.' Some 170,000 special constables had been put to inconvenience by the loss of a day's business or pleasure, but the British Constitution was saved without firing a shot, and not a soldier or a piece of artillery was visible in the streets. Nevertheless, the danger was a real one; and though, as Mr. Martin acutely remarks, 'when the day had passed, people were half disposed to smile at their own fears, the relief with which the tidings were received throughout the kingdom showed how great was the alarm which had been generally felt:—

'The Queen, yielding to the representations of Her Ministers that it was better the Court should be out of London on the 10th, had retired with Prince Albert to Osborne two days before, and just three weeks after the birth of the Princess Louise. On the 11th she was able to write to King Leopold:—

'“Thank God! The Chartist meeting and procession have turned out a complete failure. The loyalty of the people at large has been very striking, and their indignation at their peace being interfered with by such wanton and worthless men, immense.”

'The same day a letter from the Prince bore the welcome news to Baron Stockmar. “We,” he writes, “had our revolution yesterday,  
and

and it ended in smoke. London turned out some hundreds of special constables; the troops were kept out of sight, to prevent the possibility of a collision, and the law has remained triumphant. I hope this will read with advantage on the Continent. Ireland still looks dangerous."

"What a glorious day was yesterday for England!" were the Prince's words, in a letter of the same date to his Secretary, Colonel (afterwards Sir Charles) Phipps. "How mightily will this tell all over the world!"

The state of Ireland was far less reassuring. Crime and sedition were stimulated by misery and famine, of which ecclesiastical and democratic incendiaries did not fail to take advantage. But here the firmness of the authorities was sufficient, with the aid of the exceptional powers granted by an Act of Parliament, and the usual discords of Irish factions, to silence and disperse the leading fomenters of disaffection, and to terminate Mr. Smith O'Brien's brilliant attempt at a rebellion in the celebrated cabbage-garden. In both countries the triumph of law and order was complete, but at the cost of not a little suffering and distress among those classes of the population whose precarious fortunes are the first to feel the bad effects of public uneasiness and turbulence. The Prince's letters to his old friend at Coburg are full of grave reflections on the anarchy abroad and the depression of commerce and industry at home; but his faith in the security of English institutions was never for an instant shaken. At Osborne he finds relief from public cares in his favourite occupations of farming and gardening; and, in Mr. Martin's words, 'grave and earnest as the general current of the Prince's thoughts at this time was, the admirable gift of humour which never failed him, no less than the wise cheerfulness (to use Wordsworth's happy phrase) of a mind that had disciplined itself to take a broad and patient view of the vicissitudes of life, stood him in excellent stead, and helped him to sustain the spirits of Her Majesty, and of others about him, upon whom they acted as a salutary tonic.' We hear of him in the leisure moments snatched from incessant and multifarious occupations of a sterner sort, adapting the music of a chorale of his own composition to the words of the hymn now well known as the Gotha tune, for the christening of the Princess Louise. But in the hearts of royal personages public anxieties and private sorrows are often intermingled, and amidst the Court ceremonies and gaieties of an unusually brilliant London season, the pressure of saddening thoughts was often painful.

The Prince's sympathy with the labouring classes, and his  
solicitude

solicitude for the improvement of their condition, were manifested at this period in a speech delivered from the chair of a public meeting held by the Society of which he was the President. Some members of the Government were apprehensive of an unseemly demonstration by the rabid demagogues who were daily inveighing against monarchy. Lord John Russell appears to have sent the Prince some inflammatory trash to read, and in acknowledging its receipt the Prince wrote :—

‘ The book which you sent me certainly shows great disposition on the part of some mischievous folks to attack the Royal family ; but this rather furnishes me with one reason more for attending the meeting, and showing to those who are thus to be misguided, that the Royal family are not merely living upon the earnings of the people (as these publications try to represent) without caring for the poor labourers, but that they are anxious about their welfare, and ready to co-operate in any scheme for the amelioration of their condition. We may possess these feelings, and yet the mass of the people may be ignorant of it, because they have never heard it expressed to them, or seen any tangible proof of it.’

In this generous spirit he presided over the meeting, and delivered an address of which it may be said, without flattery, as of so many other subsequent utterances from the same lips, that it anticipated and summed up in a few brief, energetic, penetrating sentences all that has since been said or done in the same wise direction and for the same good cause.

We must be content to recommend as a model of clear and concise narration Mr. Martin’s chapters on the revolutions in Germany at this period, which occupied, as may be supposed, no inconsiderable place in the Prince’s thoughts and in his correspondence with Baron Stockmar. We have already referred to a certain divergence in the views of the pupil and the preceptor, not as to the objects to be sought for, but as to the means and methods of their attainment. Substantially the Prince and the Baron were in accord, whether as regarded the National Parliament at Frankfort, or the struggle for supremacy between Prussia and Austria, and the obstacles presented by the latter Power to the unity and independence of Germany. Time has disposed of these questions, if not in the manner, with the results which the far-sighted Stockmar would probably have predicted, and certainly desired.

In the midst of all these convulsions, the confirmed stability of the Belgian kingdom was a source of comfort to the Queen and the Prince. ‘ Belgium,’ the Queen wrote to King Leopold, ‘ is a bright star in the midst of dark clouds. It makes us all very happy :’—

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'It is easy to conceive how welcome to the Queen and Prince was the assurance that one kingdom had remained unshaken amid the general upheaval, and that the kingdom of one who was endeared to them by so many ties. What they had endured since the outburst of the revolutionary tempest in Paris will be best shown by a few words from a letter of Her Majesty on the 6th of March to Baron Stockmar: "I am quite well—indeed particularly so, though God knows we have had since the 25th enough for a whole life,—anxiety, sorrow, excitement, in short, I feel as if we had jumped over thirty years' experience at once. The whole face of Europe is changed, and I feel as if I lived in a dream."

'Besides the anxieties, specially due to their position, which were occasioned to the Queen and Prince by the course of public events abroad, they had to suffer much from natural sympathy with their relatives, to whom these events had brought misery and disaster. As one by one the members of the French Royal Family arrived to claim their sheltering kindness, the terrible contrast to the circumstances under which an affectionate intimacy with them had grown up could not fail to excite deep emotion. "You know," writes the Queen, in the letter to Baron Stockmar just cited, "my love for the family; you know how I longed to get on better terms with them again. . . . and you said, 'Time will alone, but will certainly bring it about.' Little did I dream that this would be the way we should meet again, and see each other all in the most friendly way. That the Duchess de Montpensier, about whom we have been quarrelling for the last year and a half, should be here as a fugitive, and dressed in the clothes I sent her, and should come to thank *me* for *my kindness*, is a reverse of fortune which no novelist would devise, and upon which one could moralise for ever."

The habit of unreasonable suspicion, so often attributed to French republicans, is not, we are ashamed to own, peculiar to our neighbours. The following passage is but one of many similiar references in the course of this volume to the base insinuations whispered in society, and more or less coarsely suggested at public meetings, and even in respectable journals representing more than one party in the State, and credited with some sort of inspiration from politicians of the rank of statesmen, with which our Royal House was assailed. That robustness of which Englishmen are so proud is apt to bear an unpleasant resemblance to brutality, and there is a certain acridity in British humour which occasionally seeks a relief from dulness in the excitement of slander for slander's sake, and not, as in France, for the sake of a bitter epigram. Prince Albert endured all this idle and ignorant malice with perfect equanimity, and when a joke against himself was obviously without malice, he enjoyed it.

'There were some who were disposed to infer from the personal kindness

kindness shown by the Queen and Prince to the Orleans family, that the establishment of a Republic in France was regarded at our Court with active hostility. Speaking on the 28th of February, Lord John Russell had anticipated such mistaken surmises by stating, that while it was not the intention of the Government to interfere in any way whatever with any settlement France might think proper to make with respect to her own government, he did not believe "England would refuse to perform any of those sacred duties of hospitality which she has performed at all times to the vanquished whoever they were, whether of extreme royalist opinions, of moderate opinions, or of extreme liberal opinions. Those duties of hospitality," he added, amid the cheers of the House, "have made this country the asylum for the unfortunate, and I for one will never consent that we should neglect them." But even the jealous suspicions of the French Provisional Government, which took the shape, a few days afterwards, of an official complaint on account of the kindness shown in England to the ex-Royal Family, might have been quieted, could they have known in what terms the Queen had written to King Leopold on the 1st of March, three days before Louis Philippe reached the English coast.

'About the King and Queen we still know nothing. . . . We do everything we can for the poor family, who are indeed sorely to be pitied. But you will naturally understand that we cannot make *cause commune* with them, and cannot take a hostile position to the new state of things in France. We leave them alone; but if a Government which has the approbation of the country be formed, we shall feel it necessary to recognise it in order to pin them down to maintain peace and the existing treaties, which is of the greatest importance. It will not be pleasant to do this, but the public good and the peace of Europe go before one's personal feelings.'

The attention of readers of this volume will doubtless be arrested by the chapters concerning Lord Palmerston's removal from office after the *coup d'état*; the International Exhibition of 1851, of which the conception, the design, and the execution were worked out by the Prince in the face of difficulties which would have paralysed a weaker will; the preliminaries of the Crimean War, the question of the Commandership-in-Chief of the Army and the development of the national defences, and the position of the Prince himself as the nearest counsellor of the Crown. Besides these salient topics, there are the deliberate opinions of the Prince on such still burning questions as Church Government and discipline; on the position of the Bishops in the House of Lords; on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, recorded from time to time in those Memoranda, in which it was the Prince's habit to sum up in a few terse, closely-reasoned sentences, for the consideration of the responsible Ministers of the Crown, his own careful conclusions on all the

the most important questions of the hour, and on those cases of policy which were ripening for decision in the councils of the State. We are persuaded that every reader will be struck, as we have been, by the maturity of wisdom and the calm vigour of expression which distinguish every one of these remarkable documents, and give them quite a monumental value now that their author has passed away. Some faint idea of the public work accomplished by the Prince may be gathered from the fact related, on the authority of Lord Palmerston, in a letter (10th June, 1849) from Lord John Russell to the Prince, that during the year 1848 no less than 28,000 Despatches were received or sent out at the Foreign Office. 'These 28,000 Despatches in the year,' the Prince says, in his reply, 'Lord Palmerston must recollect came to you and to the Queen, as well as to himself.' Those who entertain the notion that the Head of the State has no duties to fulfil, or business to transact more laborious than signing a name, or presiding over Court festivities and State ceremonies, will be shocked by this discovery.

With regard to the affair of Lord Palmerston's removal from the Foreign Office, in the chapter which deals with this subject, Mr. Martin has justified the fulness and particularity with which he has treated a painful episode. Among the felicities of Lord Palmerston's career, no one who desires to cultivate as they deserve the memory and renown of that statesman's services would be disposed to reckon the busy band of flatterers and partisans, who served as camp-followers among his troops of friends while he lived, or the more disinterested, but not more discreet or more excusable, panegyrists who have thought to minister to his glory by indiscreet and inexact representations of facts which will not bear the light of an impartial scrutiny. Like many greater men, he had faults and failings, which were often only exaggerations and perversions of his better qualities; but to paint them in heroic colours, as if waywardness were independence of character, and arrogant self-will an impatient and intrepid patriotism, is but a sorry tribute of respect to a well-earned fame.

Although the enforced resignation of the Minister of Foreign Affairs actually occurred after the *coup d'état* of December 1851, and was among the minor consequences of that event, it dates, at least in its antecedents, from the debates in Parliament in March, 1848, on the Foreign Minister's Despatch to the Minister at Madrid, urging the Queen of Spain to take warning by the expulsion of the Orleans dynasty from France, and to strengthen her Executive Government by widening its bases, and calling the men on whom the Liberal party had  
confidence

confidence to her councils. The effect of this despatch was as striking as Lord Palmerston could have expected, but hardly so satisfactory as he might have desired. The British Minister received his passports, with a peremptory order to quit the kingdom within forty-eight hours. The House of Commons was not likely in such a case to accept the humiliation by acknowledging that it was deserved; but the Foreign Secretary's despatch was condemned by all save a few personal partisans, and by none more emphatically than by Sir Robert Peel, whose last words in Parliament two years after were a solemn and eloquent protest against Lord Palmerston's treatment of the case of the notorious *Don Pacifico*, when he sent a whole British fleet to back the extortionate demands of that enterprising Jew of Gibraltar, and narrowly escaped a rupture with France and Russia, by bringing into contempt the friendly mediation of the former of those co-Protectors of the Hellenic kingdom, and ignoring the latter altogether. On both these occasions Lord Palmerston escaped the censure of the House of Commons by the aid of a party majority, and was condemned by the honest and independent opinion of the country.

In the letters to his brother, which have been published by his biographer, Lord Palmerston describes the attack upon his policy in the *Pacifico* affair by the most eminent statesmen of both parties in Parliament, as 'a shot fired by a foreign conspiracy, aided and abetted by a domestic intrigue.' Such, too, was the language of his advocates in the press; and, after a lapse of a quarter of a century, his biographer accepts and adopts the extravagant absurdity as an historical revelation. Mr. Martin's authoritative statement of the whole case is supported by the testimony of documents of unimpeachable authenticity, showing, amongst other things, that in April, 1850, Lord John Russell had communicated to the Queen his determination 'no longer to remain in office with Lord Palmerston as Foreign Secretary;' and had only been prevented from carrying this resolution into effect by the duty of standing by a colleague, and maintaining the constitutional principle of the responsibility of the whole Cabinet, when the policy of a single Minister was impugned in Parliament.

The despatch of the 16th December, 1851, was only the last of many similar indiscretions. In his letter, announcing the painful conclusion 'that the conduct of foreign affairs can no longer be left in your hands with advantage to the country,' Lord John Russell, while expressing his concurrence in the foreign policy of which Lord Palmerston had been the adviser, and his admiration of the energy and ability with which it had  
been

been carried into effect, complained of the 'misunderstandings perpetually renewed, and violations of prudence and decorum too frequently repeated,' which had 'marred the effect of that policy.' Lord Palmerston's apology for the conversation with Count Walewski respecting the *coup d'état*, and for sending the despatch to Lord Normanby which had never been seen nor sanctioned by the Queen, was that the conversation was unofficial, and the despatch a mere answer to a question which regarded himself personally. Nothing then remained but to submit the whole correspondence to the Queen, and to ask her Majesty to appoint a successor to Lord Palmerston in the Foreign Office. After a careful and attentive perusal of the correspondence, the Queen signified her acceptance of Lord Palmerston's resignation. The following letter from the Prince to Lord John Russell disposes of the ridiculous insinuations to which we have referred :—

' Windsor Castle, 20th December, 1851.

' MY DEAR LORD JOHN.—You will readily imagine, that the news of the sudden termination of your difference with Lord Palmerston has taken us much by surprise, as we were wont to see such differences terminate in his carrying his points, and leaving the defence of them to his colleagues, and the discredit to the Queen.

' It was quite clear to the Queen, that we were entering upon most dangerous times, in which Military Despotism and Red Republicanism will for some time be the only powers on the Continent, to both of which the Constitutional Monarchy of England will be equally hateful. That the calm influence of our institutions, however, should succeed in assuaging the contest abroad must be the anxious wish of every Englishman, and of every friend of liberty and progressive civilization. This influence has been rendered null by Lord Palmerston's personal manner of conducting the foreign affairs, and by the universal hatred which he has excited on the Continent. That you could hope to control him has long been doubted by us, and its impossibility is clearly proved by the last proceedings. I can therefore only congratulate you, that the opportunity of the rupture should have been one in which all the right is on your side.

' The distinction which Lord Palmerston tries to establish between his personal and his official acts is perfectly untenable. However much you may attempt such a distinction in theory, in practice it becomes impossible. Moreover, if the expression of an opinion is in harmony with the line of policy of a Government, it may be given officially; if differing, it must mislead, as it derives its importance only as coming from the Minister, and not from the private individual.'

The Cabinet condemned Lord Palmerston without a dissentient voice, and the course taken by the Prime Minister was distinctly approved by both Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Wellington. A noteworthy incident in this disagreeable

able affair is the letter from Baron Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador, to Lord John Russell, offering him his public assurance that the change in the Foreign Office had nothing to do with any representations of foreign diplomatists. This officious communication was, of course, courteously acknowledged by the Prime Minister; but Her Majesty, who, as Mr. Martin remarks, was under no such obligation of official courtesy, 'gave expression in the following terms to the feeling which the assumption on which the Baron's letter was based might have been expected to arouse:—

'Baron Brunnow's letter is in fact very presuming, as it insinuates the possibility of changes of governments in this country taking place at the instigation of Foreign Ministers, and the Queen is glad that Lord John gave him a dignified answer.'

When Parliament met on the 3rd of February, 1852, Lord John Russell stated at length the reasons which had 'made it impossible for him to act any longer with his noble friend in that situation in which he had shown such distinguished ability,' and took occasion to read the Queen's Memorandum of the 12th of August, 1850. The effect was overwhelming, and the long vindication which Lord Palmerston had prepared was, as he himself afterwards avowed to one of his supporters, 'all upset.' His biographer describes the reading of the Queen's Memorandum as an unfair surprise. It was so little a surprise, that Lord John Russell had given notice to Lord Palmerston of his intention to read it; but, 'somehow,' said Lord Palmerston afterwards, on accounting for his failure, 'I did not believe it.' Although his impetuous friends in society and in the public journals broadly hinted at the time that the Prince Consort had been the chief instrument of his fall, 'in after years no man spoke more warmly of the Prince, or was readier to acknowledge his services to the country.' In proof of this Mr. Martin prints a letter addressed to himself by Colonel Kemeys Tynte, formerly member for Bridgewater, and an intimate personal friend of Lord Palmerston's:

'Shortly after the return of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness from their visit to the Emperor and Empress of the French [in August, 1855], I called one morning upon Lord Palmerston at Cambridge House. I congratulated him upon the, in every respect, very successful visit of Her Majesty and the Prince to France, remarking, "what an extraordinary man the Emperor was!" "Yes," replied Lord Palmerston, "he is, but we have a far greater and more extraordinary man nearer home." Lord Palmerston paused, and I said, "The Prince Consort?" "Certainly," he replied. "The Prince would not consider it right to have obtained a throne as the Emperor

Emperor has done; but in regard to the possession of the soundest judgment, the highest intellect, and the most exalted qualities of mind, he is far superior to the Emperor. Till my present position"—he was then Premier—"gave me so many opportunities of seeing His Royal Highness, I had no idea of his possessing such eminent qualities as he has, and how fortunate it has been for the country that the Queen married such a Prince." These are as nearly as possible Lord Palmerston's words, which made a deep impression upon me.'

After reading this we cannot but agree with Mr. Martin that 'it is hard to believe that Lord Palmerston would have wished the letter to his brother of the 22nd January, 1852, attributing his removal from the Foreign Office to the hostile intrigues of the Orleans family, and to the poisoning of the minds of the Queen and Prince against him by the emissaries of certain Continental Powers, to appear as embodying his final convictions.'

We have noted this affair the more attentively, because it has been so persistently misrepresented, and is now finally made clear beyond dispute. But we gladly turn to other and pleasanter passages of the Prince's manifold experience of public life in England. Nothing escaped his indefatigable activity, and one never ceases to be astonished at the vast amount and variety of work he was able to press into his days.

'He held it,' says his biographer, 'to be one of the duties of the Sovereign, whose other self he was, that she should be, if possible, the best informed person in her dominions as to the progress of political events and the current of political opinion at home and abroad. That our Constitution demands a passive indifference on the part of the Sovereign to the march of political events, was in his view a gross misconception. "Nowhere," he states in a private memorandum, written in 1852, "would such indifference be more condemned and justly despised than in England." "Why," he continues, "are Princes alone to be denied the credit of having political opinions, based upon an anxiety for the national interests, their country's honour, and the welfare of mankind? Are they not more independently placed than any other politician in the State? Are their interests not most intimately bound up with those of their country? Is the Sovereign not the natural guardian of the honour of the country? Is he not necessarily a politician?" Ministers change, and when they go out of office lose the means of access to the best information which they had formerly at command. The Sovereign remains, and to him this information is always open. The most patriotic Minister has to think of his party. His judgment, therefore, is often considerably warped by party considerations. Not so the Constitutional Sovereign, who is exposed to no such disturbing agency. As the permanent head of the nation, he has only to consider what is best for its welfare and its honour; and his accumulated knowledge and experience, and his

his calm and practised judgment, are always available in Council to the Ministry for the time without distinction of party.

‘The extent and accuracy of the Prince’s information on every subject of political importance impressed all with whom he came in contact. Ministers of State found him as familiar as themselves with the facts immediately connected with the working of their own departments. Ambassadors returning from their legations were struck to find how completely he had at command every significant detail of what had happened within the sphere of their special observation. Diplomats proceeding for the first time to some Foreign Court learned, in an interview with the Prince, not merely the exact state of affairs which they would find awaiting them, but very frequently had the characters of the Sovereigns and statesmen with whom they would have to deal sketched for them with a clearness and precision which they afterwards found of the utmost practical service.

‘This mastery of details could only be gained by great and systematic labour, in itself quite sufficient to absorb the energies of a busy man. But to the claims of politics had to be added those, which science and art, and questions of social improvement, were constantly forcing upon the Prince’s attention. An extensive correspondence also took up much time, and thus a comparatively small portion of every day was left for that domestic and social intercourse for which the Prince was, by his quick observation and natural brightness of spirits, peculiarly fitted, and in which he delighted to throw off for the time the weight of graver cares. He was habitually an early riser. Even in winter he would be up by seven, and dispose of a great deal of work before breakfast by the light of the green German lamp, the original of which he had brought over with him, and which has since become so familiar an object in our English homes. The Queen shared his early habits; but before Her Majesty joined him in the sitting-room, where their writing-tables stood always side by side, much had, as a rule, been prepared for her consideration,—much done to lighten the pressure of those labours, both of head and hand, which are inseparable from the discharge of the Sovereign’s duties.’

We catch a pleasant glimpse of the Prince ‘stealing’ a quiet moment in the early morning, before the world was astir, to write a message of affection to the old home. In the midst of all his labours and anxieties, the playful humour and affectionate disposition peep out in his private letters. With Baron Stockmar, his correspondence touches graver matters; and what strikes us as the charm of his relations with that wise old mentor, who was always astride on a maxim, or mounted on a principle, is the tone of loving, deferential trust, and almost filial reverence, which inspires the continual appeals for counsel and direction.

Among the sharpest public and personal sorrows of the Prince in those years was the death of Sir Robert Peel, with  
whom



whom he had been closely associated on the Commission of the International Exhibition, and whose character, as a member and as a statesman in or out of office, he had learnt to hold in the highest admiration. This strong regard was fully reciprocated; and it was at the Prince's own request, after Sir Robert had left office, and abandoned all expectation of returning to power, that the cordial relations which official intercourse had created were continued and confirmed. It is evident that Sir Robert was a man and a statesman after the Prince's own heart; the dignity and moderation of his foreign policy, the enlightened liberality of his administration at home, the magnanimity of that self-sacrifice with which he had finally renounced all but the ambition of serving his country for no other reward than the testimony of his own conscience—these were qualities and acts which the Prince's nature could appreciate. The loss of such a counsellor was felt by the Queen and the Prince to be irreparable, and it was mourned for as the loss of an inestimable friend. It is easy to understand the affinity between two noble natures, and it may be that the Prince's sympathy with the fallen leader of a great party was deepened by his own experience of obloquy and misrepresentation silently endured.

Perhaps the culminating satisfaction of the Prince's most cherished ideas and aspirations was the success of the long-meditated project of the International Exhibition. The realisation of that marvellous enterprise was a triumph of those qualities in which the Prince excelled—patience, perseverance, largeness and generosity of purpose, fulness and variety of general knowledge combined with an extraordinary grasp of details, a lofty ideal tempered and restrained by practical good sense. It was a scheme beset by all manner of difficulties from its novelty, its boldness, and its strangeness to English eyes. The Prince could well afford to laugh at the vulgar prejudices which found vent in eccentric and facetious public speeches and in the columns of influential newspapers. But to overcome the objections of 'society' to the temporary appropriation of a portion of Hyde Park, to secure a guarantee fund for an expenditure that scarcely admitted of calculation, and was to be covered by problematical receipts, to decide upon the structure, and to obtain the support of foreign nations and Governments, and of the commercial and industrial community at home, to a project, as it seemed, not immediately or directly profitable to exhibitors, at a time when the employers of industry had scarcely recovered from the shocks of a revolutionary and a financial crisis, surely all this was enough to daunt the strongest purpose. It may well be imagined how, when the Prince stood under the radiant arch

arch of glass before the Queen, on that bright May day, to present the Report of the Royal Commissioners, in the presence of the immense multitude of all nations and tongues, and of the collected treasures of the old world and the new, he may have been conscious of but one misgiving in the midst of that magnificent assemblage.

‘ . . . . For, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.’

The Queen describes that opening day as the proudest and happiest of her life, and loses no opportunity of indulging her enthusiasm for that prodigious peaceful victory achieved by the Prince Consort. To the Prince himself, overwhelmed as he was with the cares and labours which it entailed upon him, the Exhibition was a source of the purest intellectual and moral pleasure from first to last; and upon the closing, as upon the opening, day his happiness at the fulfilment of what was once a dream was expressed in words of gratitude and thanksgiving to the Providence which had permitted and protected such a festival of concord and good-will. The idea of such an enterprise might have been borrowed from Germany or France; but the Prince had secured for England the glory of initiating a new epoch in the history of modern civilisation. Nor were the fruits of the enterprise all gathered when the Palace, which had risen ‘like an exhalation,’ disappeared more rapidly than it rose. At home and abroad it has borne ample fruit, if it has disappointed the visionary promises of universal pacification which its founder, if too generous to discourage, was too wise to entertain. The disposal of the surplus fund in the hands of the Commissioners was the subject of a Memorandum by the Prince (it is given in the Appendix to this volume), suggesting a scheme which has been as yet only partially accomplished by the South Kensington Museum, with its dependencies, so long the subject of ridicule and suspicion, and now acknowledged as one of the most remarkable institutions of our time, and a lasting honour to the country. No doubt the Prince’s scheme will be fulfilled sooner or later; meanwhile the story of the Exhibition of 1851, as it is told by Mr. Martin, will add, if that be possible, another to the Prince’s titles to national affection and esteem. Never was his devotion to the national interests more signally manifested, or a public responsibility accepted and discharged with a severer or more sensitive conscientiousness, or a more exact and scrupulous fidelity.

It would take a volume, rather than an article, to dwell, as we  
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should like to dwell, on the lessons and examples which are taught by every page of this biography. We are continually impressed with the fact that the Prince had anticipated and sketched out five-and-twenty years ago what are at the present date the last conclusions of statesmanship, whether upon questions of foreign or of domestic policy. Take, for instance, his scheme for the enlargement of the course of studies at the University of Cambridge. It required consummate tact and discretion on the part of the Chancellor of that University to conciliate the favour and conquer the objections of a body constitutionally jealous of innovations, and proud of standing from generation to generation upon the ancient ways. Cambridge was won over to reform, and her sister University has not lagged too far behind. Or take the question of Church Government and discipline, of the position and duty of the Bishops in the Legislature, of the Irish University, and the problem of national education in a Catholic country; of Sanitary Reform and the utilisation of sewage; of Provident and Friendly Societies; of the improvement of the homes of the poor; of the creation of an Army Reserve. Upon all these questions the Prince was not only in advance of his own time, but of many a later day.

His Memorandum on the Church Crisis was written during the excitement of the 'Papal Aggression.' That excitement, by the bye, was certainly not shared by the Queen and the Prince Consort, if we may judge by the following extract from a private letter:—

'I would never,' Her Majesty writes, 'have consented to say anything which breathed a spirit of intolerance. Sincerely Protestant as I always have been and always shall be, and indignant as I am at those who call themselves Protestants, while they are in fact quite the contrary, I much regret the unchristian and intolerant spirit exhibited by many people at the public meetings. I cannot bear to hear the violent abuse of the Catholic religion, which is so painful and so cruel towards the many good and innocent Roman Catholics. However, we must hope and trust this excitement will soon cease, and that the wholesome effect of it upon our own Church will be lasting.'

The Prince's 'Memorandum' deserves careful attention, but we can only find room for the concluding paragraphs.

'Let us apply these considerations to the present crisis. We have intense excitement and animosity of parties, and the most heterogeneous elements, views, and interests, joining in the outcry against the Pope, and particularly against the Puseyites. There will be no want of proposals in the next session of Parliament for special measures of detail; assembling of the Convocation; alteration of the Rubric;

Rubric; change of the Thirty-nine Articles; removal of the bishops from the House of Lords; increase of the bishops; alteration of tithes: separation of Church and State, &c. &c. And it is very likely that the fire of indignation against the Romanisers will spend itself, and the end be general discontent and a weakening of the Church.

‘If this is not to be the inevitable consequence of the present movement, those who mean to lead it ought to be content with the assertion of some intelligible and sound principle, and should endeavour to find some proper formula for expressing it.

‘The *principle* will easily be found if the *common cause* of discontent, which has occasioned the *excitement*, has been ascertained.

‘If strictly analysed, this cause appears to be *the introduction of Romish doctrines and practices by the Clergy of England, contrary to the will and feelings of the Protestant congregations, under the assumption that the Clergy alone had any authority in Church matters.*

‘If this be the fundamental evil, against this ought the remedial Principle to be directed—and this principle might be thus expressed:

‘That the Laity have an equal share of authority in the Church with the Clergy.

‘That no alteration in the form of Divine service shall therefore be made by the Clergy without the formal consent of the Laity.

‘Nor any interpretation given of Articles of Faith without their concurrence.’

When in 1850 the Duke of Wellington proposed to facilitate by certain departmental changes the future assumption by the Prince Consort of the command of the army, the Prince explained his motives for declining it. The Duke was convinced by reasons which had not occurred to him, looking at the question from another point of view, and Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel equally concurred in the Prince’s objections. It is not very pleasing to remember that Club politicians were imputing to the Prince something like an intrigue to obtain the post, at the time when he was writing to the Duke the letter published by Mr. Martin, which reflects such honour upon his judgment.

A few lines quoted by Mr. Martin from a reply of the Prince’s to Baron Stockmar, written shortly after the death of the Duke of Wellington, suffice to mark the uprightness of the man who was content, says Mr. Martin, ‘to sacrifice all personal ambition, and to have his best efforts ignored, or even misunderstood, so that only they strengthened the monarchy and raised the prestige of England.’

‘Windsor Castle, 15th October, 1852.

‘. . . Your appeal to me to replace the Duke for the country and the world shall stimulate me to fresh zeal in the fulfilment of my

duties. The position of being merely the wife's husband is, in the eyes of the public, naturally an unfavourable one, inasmuch as it presupposes *inferiority*, and makes it necessary to demonstrate, which can only be done by deeds, that no such inferiority exists. Now *silent influence* is precisely that which operates the greatest and widest good, and therefore much time must elapse before the value of that influence is recognised by those who can take cognisance of it, while by the mass of mankind it can scarcely be understood at all. I must content myself with the fact that constitutional monarchy marches unassailably on its beneficent course, and that the country prospers and makes progress.'

The Constitutional position of the Prince Consort was more elaborately discussed in January 1854, in consequence of the incessant and virulent attacks of a certain section of the press. So outrageous and persistent was the malignity of the assailants, that the present biographer has been compelled to devote an entire chapter to the subject. The Eastern Question, which in those days had arisen from a dispute between the protectors of the Latin and the Greek Church about the keys of the Holy Places at Jerusalem, had gathered fast and far, and was now overspreading the horizon like a fiery cloud. A Russian army had crossed the Pruth, the Porte had answered the challenge by a declaration of war; Prince Menschikoff's threatening mission to Constantinople had come and gone, and the last negotiations of the British Cabinet to avert the impending storm had been torn to shreds by the destruction of the Turkish squadron in the bay of Sinope. At home the war-fever was at its highest; the lassitude of a long peace, the busy hum of preparation in the dockyards and arsenals, the spectacle of a naval review at Spithead and of a camp at Chobham, had thoroughly aroused the pugnacity of a nation which, in spite of all its shopkeeping instincts and aptitudes, dearly loves a fight. Russia had insisted, in the form of an ultimatum, on a convention with the Porte, virtually creating in her own behalf an exclusive protectorate over the Christians of the Eastern Church, and annihilating by a stroke of the pen their allegiance to the Sultan. The policy of our Government at this conjuncture is lucidly described by Mr. Martin; and the letters of the Prince Consort to Baron Stockmar have a strange effect upon the reader who remembers how freely he was charged by ingenious gossip with Russian sympathies.

On the 27th of September, 1853, the Prince had written:—

‘ Balmoral, 27th September, 1853.

‘ But how now to avoid an European war? For only with the most *dishonourable* cowardice on the part of the Powers could the demands be

be conceded by them which are now set up. Austria, indeed, is capable of this moral degradation, and an Imperial visit, with orders, &c., can do much; but we, I trust, will never sink so low. I cannot disguise from you, that the course of the whole affair has done Aberdeen infinite injury with the public, and the outcry against him and Clarendon will soon become loud, *unjustly* so; but the mass of mankind judges only after the event. . . . He is quite right, and is to be honoured and applauded, for maintaining, as he does, that we must deal with our enemies as *honourable* men, and deal honourably towards them; but that is no reason why we should think *they are so in fact*; this is what he does, and maintains it is right to do.

‘The worst symptom of all is the danger to which Turkish fanaticism has already given rise in Constantinople. Our fleet is under orders to run in there, should the lives of the Christian population or of the Sultan himself be in danger; and four ships have accordingly sailed for the Bosphorus. The greater the tumult, the better are the Russians pleased.’

The violent manifesto of the Emperor Nicholas to his subjects appeared a few days later, and at the same time ‘the Emperor addressed an autograph letter to our Queen.’

‘This letter was at once submitted by the Queen to Lord Clarendon for his and Lord Aberdeen’s perusal, and opinion as to the answer to be returned. When this had been obtained, Her Majesty replied on the 14th of November. The following passage, which alone it is necessary to translate from the original French, answered the appeal in very explicit terms :

“Being heartily anxious, Sire, to discover what could have produced this painful misunderstanding, my attention has been naturally drawn to Article 7 of the Treaty of Kainardji; and I am bound to state to your Majesty that, having consulted the persons here best qualified to form a judgment upon the meaning to be attached to this Article, and after having read and re-read it myself, with the most sincere desire to be impartial, I have arrived at the conviction, that this Article was not susceptible of the extended meaning which it has been sought to attach to it. All your Majesty’s friends, like myself, feel assured that you would not have abused the power which would on such a construction have been accorded to you: but a demand of this kind could hardly be conceded by a sovereign who valued his own independence.

“Moreover, I will not conceal from your Majesty the painful impression produced upon me by the occupation of the Principalities. For the last four months this has caused a general commotion in Europe, and is calculated to lead to ulterior events, which I should deplore in common with your Majesty. But as I know that your Majesty’s intentions towards the Porte are friendly and disinterested, I have every confidence that you will find means to give expression and effect to them, so as to avert those grave dangers, which, I assure you, all my efforts will be directed to prevent. The impartial  
attention,

tion, with which I have followed the causes, that up to this time have led to the failure of all attempts at conciliation, leaves me with the firm conviction, that there exists no real obstacle which cannot be removed, or promptly surmounted with your Majesty's assistance."

'Her Majesty's letter was of course submitted to Lords Aberdeen and Clarendon before being despatched, and was by them "thought excellent." It was known in St. Petersburg that a letter had been written to the Queen of England. Nor was it long before our Ambassador there heard how much the Emperor had been mortified by the tenor of the reply. He regretted "that he had not followed Nesselrode's advice and kept clear of politics in his letter, for the Queen had in fact gone heart and soul with her Ministry." Count Nesselrode was very anxious to learn from our Ambassador, if he knew the contents of the Queen's reply. To him, as well as to his other informant, Sir Hamilton Seymour could only answer that he did not. "These correspondences," he added, "between sovereigns are not regular according to our Constitutional notions; but all I can say is, that if Her Majesty were called upon to write upon the Eastern affairs, she would not require her Ministers' assistance. The Queen understands all these questions as well as they do."'

The day after this reply was sent off (15th November), the Prince wrote to Baron Stockmar from Windsor Castle.

'The Eastern complication becomes every day more dangerous, and the chances grow less and less of escape from a European war. Still all our energies will be directed to this object . . . We had made some way, when the new Manifesto of the Emperor, full of insolence and falsehood, threw us back where we were; it was the same before Olmütz, with Nesselrode's *Note explicative*. In short, every document from the Russian Chancery has proved to be Russia's worst enemy.

'The Emperor has written to Victoria with an exposition of his case, has again talked of his word of honour, and on this ground besought her, "*de juger entre lui et le gouvernement anglais*." Victoria has sat in judgment, but her judgment must be against her Imperial brother, and I hope in a way to make him feel that some amends to honour are still due.'

By way of interlude to these troubles in the East, a Ministerial crisis—occasioned, not by the Eastern question, but by a proposal of Lord Aberdeen's to vacate the Premiership in favour of Lord John Russell, and by the expressed determination of Lord Palmerston never again to serve under the colleague who had dismissed him from the Foreign Office—had almost shattered the Coalition Cabinet. It was not the burning question of Russian ambition, but the wrath of Achilles, and his opposition to the project of a Reform Bill which Lord Russell would fain have brought forward in the paternal capacity of Prime Minister, that provoked this outbreak of hostilities in Downing Street on the  
16th

16th of December. Lord Palmerston had suddenly resigned, and some public instructors discovered in the almost simultaneous occurrence of the Minister's resignation and the disaster at Sinope, the shadow of a sinister influence behind the throne. Ten days later, however, Lord Palmerston was back again in office, and the Prince humorously depicts the angry bewilderment of a credulous public at these Ministerial manœuvres.

'The defeat at Sinope has made the people quite furious; treachery is the cry, and, guided by a friendly hand, the whole press has for the last week made "a dead-set at the Prince" (as the English slang-phrase goes). My unconstitutional position, correspondence with Foreign Courts, dislike to Palmerston, relationship to the Orleans family, interference with the army, &c., are depicted as the causes of the decline of the State, the Constitution, and the nation, and indeed the stupidest trash is babbled to the public, so stupid that (as they say in Coburg) you would not give it to the pigs to litter in.

'Now Palmerston is again in his seat, and all is quiet. The best of the joke is, because he went out the Opposition journals extolled him to the skies, in order to damage the Ministry, and now the Ministerial journals have to do so, in order to justify the reconciliation (?) . . . I fear the whole affair will damage the Ministry seriously. Palmerston gulps down, it is true, all his objections to the Reform Bill (which is to be altered in none of its essentials), but he will lead the world to believe that it is to *him* concessions have been made.

'Meanwhile, we are getting nearer and nearer war, and I entertain little hope of its being averted. The Emperor of Russia is manifestly quite mad. We shall now be compelled to take possession of the Black Sea, so as to prevent further disasters like that of Sinope, and he may very well regard this as a war measure, and himself declare war; or it may be brought on any day by the fleets coming into collision. God be merciful to the world, if it come to this! . . .'

The Prince bore up under this tempest of abuse with the calmness of a conscience at ease, if not with an unwounded heart. Such imputations, says his biographer, although he might despise them, were especially painful to him after all he had done to win the confidence of this country.

To Baron Stockmar the Prince wrote:

'Physically we are all well, except a catarrh on my part. Morally, in this new year, as in the old, we have a world of torment.

'The attacks upon me continue with uninterrupted violence, only with this difference, that the Radical press has given them up, and the Protectionist papers now vie with each other in the unscrupulous falsehoods and vehemence with which they persevere in them. There is no kind of treason to the country of which I have not been guilty. All this must be borne tranquilly until the meeting of Parliament on the



the 31st, when Aberdeen and John Russell are prepared to undertake my defence.'

Again, on the 11th of January, he writes :

'I will write you only one word about the unceasing attacks upon me in the press here, which have really reached an incredible height. I do this in no spirit of petty complaint over what I am quite able to bear calmly and in reliance on my good conscience, but only to keep you *au courant*.

'Parliament meets on the 31st, and till then not the least notice will be taken of all that has been said; but it will then come in all probability to an *éclaircissement*, should those who stab in the dark not be afraid of an open conflict. My health is tolerable; I am somewhat teased with rheumatic pains in [the shoulder and with catarrh.'

To Lord Aberdeen the Queen wrote :

'In attacking the Prince,' she wrote (4th January, 1854) to Lord Aberdeen, 'who is one and the same with the Queen herself, the throne is assailed; and she must say, she little expected that any portion of her subjects would thus requite the unceasing labours of the Prince.'

Baron Stockmar, in a letter which Mr. Martin correctly describes as an 'essay,' examines curiously this morbid condition of the public mind, and brings all the wisdom of his long experience to bear upon the investigation of the causes of such attacks upon the Prince. This 'essay' is nothing less than a complete manual of political philosophy and constitutional doctrine. The functions of the Sovereign, the relations between the Crown and the responsible Ministers, and of the Three Estates, are expounded by him with unerring acuteness of insight. With regard to the special case to which his attention had been called, he states his opinion with characteristic distinctness and sincerity. The Baron concludes :

'Now, as to the accusations which have been raised in the press against the Prince, they amount, *after separating calumny from truth*, to no more than this—"that the Prince has acted and now acts as the Queen's private secretary." The ministers have therefore to point out, that all that is true in the accusation is, that the Prince acts as the Queen's private secretary, and that all else is simply calumnious. Then the right of the Queen to appoint as her private secretary whomsoever she chooses will have to be explained and vindicated; and finally it has to be shown that the Queen could select no better private secretary, or one who by his position offers more moral guarantees, than her husband, the father of the heir to the throne, and the Regent appointed by law in the event of a minority.

'If, however, over and above the moral guarantees, constitutional  
guarantees

guarantees be demanded from *this* private secretary, then these two are secured by the fact, that the Prince has taken the oaths as a Privy Councillor. For if this circumstance suffice, in the judgment of the most competent jurists, to give Lord John Russell the character of responsible adviser of the Crown, and to justify the leadership of the Lower House, then it must also extend to qualify the Prince for the post of private secretary.

‘Finally, if the Ministers have a mind also to expose the wickedness and folly of the charges, they can easily do so, by pointing to the fact that *Nature existed before the Constitution*. They will on this head ask people to consider, whether a Princess, who makes light of the duties of wife and mother can be a good Queen; and whether, therefore, it is just and equitable to expect of the Queen, that she should depose her husband from the position he is entitled to as such, and place him in one *which must be fatal to the intimate confidentiality of the married state*.

‘Perhaps it may be added, that from none would such a demand have less been looked for than from the English. For if the confidentiality of husband and wife is carried so far among them—as I had occasion to learn when the last Ministry was formed, and told Lord Aberdeen at the time—that the deliberations of the husband with the wife on important affairs of state modify the expressed opinions of the *husband*, surely it is not by these same Englishmen that the wife will be reproached for invoking the advice and assistance of her husband in the conduct of her affairs.’

‘In this remarkable letter,’ Mr. Martin truly observes, ‘the deepest student of our political history will find much to learn and profit by,’ and yet the writer was one of those foreign advisers of whose counsels Englishmen had been warned to beware. The Prince’s reply is equally vigorous and keen in its dissection of the popular prejudices and misunderstandings. After dealing with the higher sections of society, the Prince proceeds as follows:

‘Now, however, I come to that important substratum of the people on which these calumnies were certain to have a great effect. A very considerable section of the nation had never given itself the trouble to consider what really is the position of a Queen Regnant. When I first came over here I was met by this want of knowledge and unwillingness to give a thought to the position of this luckless personage. Peel cut down my income, Wellington refused me my rank, the Royal Family cried out against the foreign interloper, the Whigs in office were only inclined to concede to me just as much space as I could stand upon. The Constitution is silent as to the Consort of the Queen;—even Blackstone ignores him, and yet there he was, and not to be done without. As I have kept quiet and caused no scandal, and all went well, no one has troubled himself about me and my doings; and any one who wished to pay me a compliment at  
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a public dinner or meeting, extolled my "wise abstinence from interfering in political matters." Now when the present journalistic controversies have brought to light the fact that I have for years taken an active interest in all political matters, the public, instead of feeling surprise at my reserve, and the tact with which I have avoided thrusting myself forward, fancied itself betrayed, because it felt it had been self-deceived. It has also rushed all at once into a belief in secret correspondence with foreign courts, intrigues, &c.; for all this is much more probable than that thirty millions of men in the course of fourteen years should not have discovered that an important personage had during all that time taken a part in their government. If *that* could be concealed, then all kinds of secret conspiracy are possible, and the Coburg conspiracy is proved to demonstration.

'Beyond this stage of knowledge, which was certain sooner or later to be reached, we shall, however, soon have passed; and even now there is a swarm of letters, articles, and pamphlets, to prove that the husband of the Queen, as such, and as Privy Counsellor, not only may, but in the general interest must be, an active and responsible adviser of the Crown; and I hope the debate in Parliament will confirm this view, and settle it at once and for ever.

'The recognition of this fact will be of importance, and is alone worth all the hubbub and abuse. I think I may venture to assume that the nation is ashamed of its past thoughtlessness, and has already arrived at a just understanding of my position; but it needed some hard hitting to open their eyes.'

When Parliament met on the last day of January, the *éclaircissement* which the Prince had patiently waited for was decisive and complete. Lord John Russell and Lord Aberdeen for the Government, Lord Derby and Mr. Walpole for the Opposition, disposed of the calumnies by a simple statement of the facts, and bore earnest testimony to the character and conduct of the Prince. 'If Mr. Disraeli was silent on this occasion, doubtless it was because he felt that to say more than had been said by Lord John Russell and Mr. Walpole would have been superfluous, for, in a letter written to a friend a few days before, he had said, "The opportunity which office has afforded me of becoming acquainted with the Prince filled me with a sentiment towards him which I may describe, without exaggeration, as one of affection."'

The Queen and the Prince lost no time in announcing to their faithful old friend in Germany 'the triumphant result of the debates in both Houses.' 'The position,' writes the Queen, 'of my beloved lord and master, has been defined for *once and all*, and his merits have been acknowledged on all sides most duly. . . . We are both well, and I am sure will now recover the necessary strength and equanimity to meet the great difficulties and

and trials which are before us.' 'The impression,' writes the Prince, 'has been excellent; and my political status and activity, which up to this time had been silently assumed, have now been asserted in Parliament, and vindicated without a dissentient voice.' Indeed, the cruelty and cowardice of insults which could not be, in the Prince's exceptional position, resented, and of calumnies which could only be met with the silence of disdain, might have struck any fair and generous mind. But the depth of their ignorant unreasonableness and injustice can only be measured by the documentary evidence which has now been brought to light. 'Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart.' The gentle humourist, who embalmed that reflection in his poignant and pathetic verse, was moved by the immense indifference of a populous city, in which, as in a boundless sea, so many wrecks of wasted and abandoned lives go down unregarded, without a hope of rescue. The words have a closer application. How many reputations of public men, eminent in station, and charged with the most momentous responsibilities, have been recklessly pursued with obloquy and vituperation by ready writers and fluent speakers, who had not taken the trouble to sift the quality of the evidence upon which these facile suggestions and these ingenious suspicions were based! And this is how what is called public opinion is manufactured in haste and corrected at leisure; it may be when the victim of the hasty judgment has passed beyond the reach of tardy reparation.

It is impossible to read the following Memorandum without being struck by the singular opportuneness of its publication. After the lapse of twenty-three years nothing more or better remains to be said or written—whether by orators charged with the destinies of humanity, or by statesmen entrusted with the interests of the British Empire—on this most perplexing of all the questions that vex the peace of the civilised world:

*'Memorandum for the Consideration of the Cabinet.'*

Windsor Castle, 21st October, 1853.

'The questions involved in the Oriental dispute, and the motives which have guided and ought to guide the conduct of the European Powers, and of England in particular, are so complicated and interwoven, that it is very desirable to separate and define them before we can judge of what will be the right future line of action on our part. When Prince Menschikoff had obtained the concessions which, in our opinion, Russia was entitled to demand, and made new demands not borne out by any treaty, we declared these demands unjust and untenable, and Turkey in the right in refusing compliance with them.

'When Russia invaded the Principalities, for the avowed purpose  
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of holding a pledge in hand by which to coerce Turkey into compliance, we declared this an infraction of International Law, and an act of unjustifiable aggression upon Turkey, and justifying the latter in going to war. We advised her, however, at the same time to remain at peace. We took upon ourselves the task of obtaining from Russia by our negotiations a diplomatic settlement of the dispute, not involving the concessions which we have said Turkey ought not to make, and securing the evacuation of the Principalities.

‘These negotiations have hitherto been unattended with success. We have in the meantime sent orders to our fleet to protect and defend the Turkish territory from any Russian attack.

‘Throughout the transaction, then, we have taken distinctly the part of Turkey as against Russia. The motives which have guided us have been mainly three :

‘1. We considered Turkey in the right and Russia in the wrong, and could not see without indignation the unprovoked attempt of a strong Power to oppress a weak one.

‘2. We felt the paramount importance of not allowing Russia to obtain in an underhand way, or by a legal form, a hold over Turkey, which she would not have ventured to seek by open conquest.

‘3. We were most anxious for the preservation of the peace of Europe, which could not fail to be endangered by open hostilities between Turkey and Russia.

‘These motives must be pronounced just and laudable, and ought still to guide our conduct. By the order to our fleet, however, to protect the Turkish territory, and by the declaration of war now issued by the ‘Turks, the third and perhaps most important object of our policy has been decidedly placed in jeopardy. In acting as auxiliaries to the Turks we ought to be quite sure that *they* have no object in view *foreign* to our duty and interests; that they do not drive at war whilst we aim at peace; that they do not, instead of merely resisting the attempt of Russia to obtain a protectorate over the Greek population incompatible with their own independence, seek to obtain themselves the power of imposing a more oppressive rule of two millions of fanatic Mussulmans over twelve millions of Christians; that they do not try to turn the tables upon the weaker power, now that, backed by England and France, they have themselves become the stronger.

‘There can be little doubt, and it is very natural, that the fanatical party at Constantinople should have such views; but to engage our fleet as an auxiliary force for such purposes would be fighting against our own interests, policy, and feelings.

‘From this it would result that, if our forces are to be employed for any purpose, however defensive, as an auxiliary to Turkey, we *must insist* upon keeping not only the conduct of the negotiation, but also the power of peace and war, in our own hands, and that, Turkey refusing this, we can no longer take part *for her*.

‘It will be said that England and Europe have a strong interest, setting all Turkish considerations aside, that Constantinople and the  
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Turkish territory should not fall into the hands of Russia, and that they should in the last extremity even go to war to prevent such an overthrow of the balance of power. This must be admitted, and such a war may be right and wise. But this would be a war not for the maintenance of the *integrity of the Ottoman Empire*, but merely for the interests of the European powers of civilisation. It ought to be carried on unshackled by obligations to the Porte, and will probably lead, in the peace which must be the object of that war, to the obtaining of arrangements more consonant with the well-understood interests of Europe, of Christianity, liberty, and civilisation, than the reimposition of the ignorant, barbarian, and despotic yoke of the Mussulman over the most fertile and favoured portion of Europe.'

During the period with which the present volume is concerned Baron Stockmar was seldom in England; his visits were far between and of short duration. The increasing infirmities of age, ill-health, and the perturbations of German politics detained him at home. As a representative in the Diet, he had a part to play which evidently taxed to the utmost his philosophic patience and equanimity; the organised anarchy of the National Assembly at Frankfort, and all the folly and violence of the revolutionary leaders depressed and disquieted, if they could not bring him to despair of the ultimate issue of the struggle out of that morass of impotence and imbecility to the firm ground of a free, compact, and united Fatherland. He did not live to see the hour or the man, for the great Chancellor to come was then comparatively unknown; but his letters show that he despaired of a peaceful emancipation from Austrian pretensions, or a peaceful reconstruction of the federal polity; and that he had as little faith in dynastic as in popular wisdom. But it is his letters to his beloved pupil about England, which for the better part of his life had been his second country, that supply some of the most instructive pages in this volume. There is a letter of his on the education of the Royal children, and especially of the Heir to the Throne, in which even the sturdy Philistinism of the honest British Radical will not easily discover a reactionary or a servile spirit, such as a German Court and the intimacy of Princes might be expected to inspire.

The reciprocal affection of the Prince and his old master, is alike honourable to both and delightful to the reader of this story of a noble life, or rather of two noble and beautiful lives made one by that perfect wedded love, which every joy and every sorrow seems to consecrate afresh, and death itself can only make immortal.

The political chapters of this Volume, or perhaps we should say the chapters which relate to political and public affairs,  
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are so rich in varied interest and instruction, that we have not unreluctantly passed over many charming fugitive sketches of that happier life of the Prince—the life of peace and quietness, which at rare intervals he was able to snatch from public duties and the cares of State. How insistent and incessant were these demands upon his precious hours, how rare and scattered the moments of leisure and retreat, how unrelaxing the strain upon his energies and spirits, Mr. Martin has shown in a summary of a single fortnight's occupations.

The present volume covers rather less than six years ; but of no life can it be more truly said than of this that it cannot be counted by the clock. One year of such indefatigable beneficence is worth half a century of self-seeking ambition or self-indulgent ease. Nor, when we speak of years, can we escape the mournful recollection that it was six years out of a span of twenty, and that only seven remain. Chequered as the common human lot were these six years, as recounted by the biographer. We have glimpses of great happiness, but it is for the most part of that happiness which is only to be found in 'the city of the soul.' The Queen and the Prince had more than their share of those partings and bereavements which are the most certain and constant admonitions of our mortal destinies. The deaths of Queen Adelaide, of Louise, the Queen of the Belgians, of Count Mensdorff, were more than transient afflictions. They made the life of the mourners lonelier than before. Lord Melbourne had passed away in his seventieth year, Mr. Anson in the prime of manhood. Other losses there were in the Royal circle, less poignant, but affecting as the associations of early days which have suddenly passed into memories. There was the double and doubly irreparable loss of the tried and trusted adviser in affairs of state, the cherished personal friend, in the untimely departure of Sir Robert Peel. These repeated sorrows are brought home to us as they are recorded by the Queen in those fragments of letters with which Mr. Martin's narrative is interspersed ; letters, one can see, written with a trembling hand and often blurred with natural tears.

With the happy art that knows how to distribute the lights and shadows of a picture, Mr. Martin agreeably diversifies his chapters of political history with an admirably fresh and vivid narrative of those Royal visits to Liverpool, to Manchester, to York, to Grimsby, to the southern coasts, and above all to Ireland, which, after the memorable experiences of famine and insurrection, brought out in strong relief the amiable and affectionate instincts of an impressionable and suffering people. We confess that Mr. Martin's account of the enthusiasm of the  
population

population of Cork, Dublin, and Belfast, makes us regret that the kindliness of a nation so disposed to be loyal has not in later years enjoyed more frequent opportunities of indulgence. Not that we would grudge Her Majesty's affection for her Highland home, of which we discover the germs and the growth in the first of the visits to Abergeldie, before Balmoral had become the property of the Queen. It is evident from Mr. Martin's description of the Queen's first sojourn at Holyrood that the romance of Scottish history had touched her heart long before Balmoral became endeared to her, not so much by its comparative privacy and its keen, invigorating air, as by the hallowing remembrance of a voice that is hushed, a face that has vanished, and a footstep that will never more return. Like Balmoral Castle, Osborne House, too, with its terraces and gardens, was a creation of the Prince Consort's; and his biographer describes the sense of freedom and enjoyment with which the Prince, released for a few days from the trammels of state, would resume the avocations and pursuits of a country gentleman; laying out his new domain, pruning and planting, superintending his model farms, surveying with a master's eye his cattle, his crops, his gardens, his fields. Perhaps one of the causes of the imperfect sympathy of a certain class of English society with the Prince's tastes and aims was due to the fact that, although an active and even ardent sportsman at his own times and seasons, a bold rider, and a good shot enough, he had never the ambition to qualify himself for the post of a 'whip' or a game keeper, and could never bring himself to believe that sport was the one thing worth living for, out of town. To cultivate the arts, to be a student of the sciences, to seek a recreation from politics in social economy, in practical philanthropy, in schemes of University reform and national education, in providing comfortable homes for the poor and re-constituting their Friendly Societies on a sounder basis of self-help, besides being an occasional foxhunter and deer-stalker—all this many-sided activity may have seemed a little 'un-English' to worthy gentlemen who never read a book, and who spent half their lives in going out to kill something; as the Prince's ideas of an international tournament of industry appeared a little un-English to the parochial mind. Happily the Prince was spared to see the blossoming if not the fruit of his labours, and to feel assured that he had bequeathed to succeeding generations a record of good works more enduring than bronze or marble. Her Majesty has enriched this volume with many trivial fond records of a wife's affection; and among these



these unrestrained outpourings of tenderness and gratitude to Heaven for having granted her so pure and priceless a gift as her husband's sustaining love, there are two that it is difficult to read without a dimness of the eyes :—

'Albert,' the Queen writes to King Leopold in February, 1852, 'grows daily fonder and fonder of politics and business, and is wonderfully fit for both—showing such perspicuity and such courage—and I grow daily to dislike them both more and more. We women are not made for governing : and if we are good women, we must dislike these masculine occupations. But these are times which force one to take interest in them, *mal gré bon gré*, and, of course therefore, I feel this interest now intensely.'

The other is a passage in a private memorandum of the Queen's, written in 1844, in which Her Majesty laments that the pressure of public duty made it impossible to keep the religious training of the Princess Royal wholly within her own hands.

'It is already a hard case for me that my occupations prevent me being with her when she says her prayers. . . . I am *quite* clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling ; and that the thoughts of death and an after life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding view, and that she should be made to know *as yet* no difference of creeds, and not think that she can only pray on her knees, or that those who do not kneel are less fervent and devout in their prayers.'

And now we must regretfully close a volume which is not only a permanent contribution to English biographical literature but to English history. No one will read it once only. To have written it is not only to have written a good book, but to have done a good action. It is the picture of a character of stainless eminence, and the story of a career of uninterrupted service to England and to the welfare of mankind.

Throughout the space of the years we have traversed, under Mr. Martin's sympathetic guidance, in the footsteps of the Prince, there is not a single day in which we have not found him, as Goethe said of Karl August, 'busied with something to be devised and effected for the good of the country ; something calculated to better the condition of each individual in it' In his deep and constant devotion to duty he brought his natural instincts and disposition, his temperament and his tastes, under the strictest discipline, and into the most absolute subjection. His health and strength were consumed by the unrelenting ardour of his passion for the public good, and by the  
concentration

concentration of all the powers of his intellect and all the emotions of his heart upon the fulfilment of his responsibilities. What, under other circumstances, and in other conditions, might have been desultoriness in youth, or dreaminess or dilettanteism in manhood, became stability of will and steadfastness of purpose, as Consort, as father, as 'the first of subjects.' Who can read aloud the last sentence in this volume? It suspends the utterance and shakes the heart. It is from a letter written by the Queen, in February 1854, on the anniversary of her marriage, to Baron Stockmar :—

' This blessed day is full of joyful and tender emotions. Fourteen happy and blessed years have passed, and I confidently trust many more will, and find us in old age as we are now, happily and devotedly united. Trials we must have, but what are they, if we are together ? '

*Si quâ fata aspera rumpas.* We who know what is to come, seem to trace in these loving words the lengthening shadows of the too early autumn. Have we not been haunted through these pages by the foreboding consciousness that such a life could never suffer the lingering degeneration of old age? Let us be consoled by the reflection that if the magnanimity that held its peace amidst the murmur of evil tongues was not undepressed by grief at being misjudged; if that bright, eager soul was too early wearing out its vesture of decay, it was a soul exalted above calumny and calamity, and borne by its own sustaining strength into a calmer and clearer air than that which vulgar natures breathe.

How often in later days has our country learnt to regret the loss of that large and luminous mind; that sedate and temperate judgment; that wide-reaching solicitude, and that perfect self-control, for which the *civium ardor prava jubentium* had neither terrors nor temptations; that fine and firm intelligence, unfalteringly guided by right reason, never destitute of heart, unceasingly consulting the true and vital interests of England without dissociating them from the better future of the world !

- ART. IX.—1. *Parliamentary Papers.—Turkey.* 1875, 1876.  
 2. *Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. 1876.  
 3. *A Speech delivered at Blackheath on Saturday, September 9th, 1876; together with Letters on the Question of the East.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. 1876.  
 4. 5. *Replies of Lord Derby to Deputations at the Foreign Office.* September 11th and 27th, 1876.  
 6. *Report by Mr. Baring on the Atrocities committed upon the Christians in Bulgaria.* Supplement to the 'London Gazette,' Tuesday, September 19th, 1876.  
 7. *Through Bosnia and the Herzegóvina on foot during the Insurrection, August and September 1875, with an Historical Review of Bosnia and a Glimpse at the Croats, Slavonians, and the Ancient Republic of Ragusa.* By Arthur J. Evans, B.A., F.S.A. London, 1876.  
 8. *Between the Danube and the Black Sea; or, Five Years in Bulgaria.* By H. C. Barkley. London, 1876.

THE month of September, 1876, will long be remembered in our history for an outburst of righteous indignation, for a parallel to which we must look back over the range of a long life, to September, 1792. Few survivors of that awful time are now living, and there can be very few old enough to remember the storm of feeling roused then by the crimes committed in the name of liberty in the boasted capital of civilisation, as now by the slaves of a despotism which has been for centuries regarded as the enemy of Christendom. But the parallel may remind us, both that the most fiendish cruelties that man can inflict on his fellow-man are not the property of one race or age, and that the righteous passions which they excite are not the only counsellors to be heeded by those who would punish and repress such outrages. Happily the time has passed, or is fast passing away, when it was needful either to utter such a warning, or to defend any class or any individuals among our fellow-countrymen from the imputation, disgraceful only to those who made it, of cool indifference to or callous want of sympathy with the cries of shame and anguish which burst upon us from the villages of Bulgaria, devastated and befouled with the excesses of murder, fire, and lust. The universal feeling, which needed not the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone to fan it into wrath, has given a response not the less deep because calmer to the solemn utterance of pain and abhorrence by Lord Carnarvon. The attention which has been drawn by the recital of these horrors to deeds of equal  
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atrocities perpetrated by the Russians—in Poland, Turkestan, and other parts of the world, has taught a lesson which is well pointed in Mr. Forster's recent speech at Bradford:—‘And there will be one indirect advantage which has followed from these outrages in Bulgaria—the outburst of British feeling in regard to them. And I hope that all nations will be more alive to such matters, and that public opinion generally will be stronger in its condemnation of them, and that not only Russia but other nations, America and ourselves, will take the lesson to heart and know that we ought to go into these matters with clean hands.’

This perfect accordance of sentiment, which has settled down into the unanimous resolution to find a cure—however men may differ about the means—marks the fit season to examine the charges so freely hurled against Her Majesty's Ministers while the storm was at its height, and to judge, by the verdict which may be given, whether we can still trust the honour and interests of Great Britain, as well as the more sacred cause of peace and humanity, to their hands, in a crisis of unprecedented difficulty; or whether we are justly called to reject their policy for the measures proposed by those who aspire to fill their place.

The noisy agitation which for a time claimed, as usual, to express public opinion, has quickly begun to yield to the sounder reason, and no less deep feeling, of a silent majority. Passion and sentiment are proverbially bad counsellors, and the keenest indignation against the wrong-doer is an ill substitute for the political wisdom which takes account of all parts of a case, looks at facts as they are, and calmly applies itself to the problem that must be solved. As when in a tragedy the stage is cleared of its ghastly burden to make way for the denouement, so the horrors that have engrossed us, and can never be forgotten, are ceasing to occupy the foremost place; and though, by fixing our attention on them alone, the agitators have done their best to unfit men's minds for the calm consideration of the great question of policy, we have confidence in the good sense and ‘unerring instinct’ of the nation.

In the fair strife of English parties, questions, especially relating to foreign policy, have always been admitted to call for the utmost forbearance towards the responsible advisers of the Crown. In this spirit, as is acknowledged by their political opponents, the Conservatives uniformly acted while the Government was in the hands of the Liberal party. ‘I can answer,’ said Mr. Disraeli, on the eve of the Crimean

War,\* 'for myself and for my friends, that no future Wellesley on the banks of the Danube will have to make a bitter record of the exertions of an English Opposition that depreciated his efforts and ridiculed his talents.' And not only during that war, but also during the American and Franco-German wars, did the Conservatives act in the same spirit, and carefully abstained from adding to the difficulties and embarrassments of the Government by any party movements.

Very different has been the conduct of the chief leaders of the Opposition in the present crisis. Soon after the Parliament was prorogued Mr. Gladstone came forth from his self-imposed retirement, and hurled in pamphlet and in speech the bitterest invectives not only against the atrocities committed, but against the political leader to whom the Government of the country has been entrusted, since he himself committed what has been justly termed an act of political suicide. The pamphlet and speeches are marked by more than his usual eloquence. Had they been needed to arouse or direct popular feeling, nothing could have been more effective; but coming as they did, when the popular pulse was already boiling up to fever heat, their effect is not that of a trumpet-call to national duty; it is simply a party blow, skilfully aimed against political antagonists, and, like all appeals to popular passion, it is likely to produce results far wider in their action than the fervid orator expected or intended. We had a right to expect from one who had been Prime Minister of this country for five years the matured suggestions of the thoughtful and experienced statesman; but we have instead the impulsive utterances of a refined and generous mind, startled by a sight of unforeseen horrors, and affording evidence in every page that its attention has been suddenly drawn to horrible realities which could hardly have been unexpected by any one accustomed habitually to study the facts of recent Turkish history. Instead of giving sound practical advice to his countrymen, Mr. Gladstone brought down the question openly into the arena of party strife; and he boldly defended the party spirit of his course in his speech at Durham, and still more strongly in his ill-advised letter, which was read at the meeting at St. James's Hall on October 9th.

The same spirit animated the speech of the Duke of Argyll at Glasgow (Sept. 19), which has just been republished with a gross party insinuation stamped upon its very title, 'What the Turks are, and *how we have been helping them.*' What this means is made clear by the following avowal in the Preface:—

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\* Debate in the House of Commons, Feb. 17, 1854.

‘This speech has been called an indictment of the Government. And so it is. The first step to amendment is to see clearly what has been wrong before. In this case everything was wrong before, except, indeed, the ingenuous advice to Turks to be wise and good. There was from the first an unjust desire to see the Christian insurrection suppressed at any price. Then everything done subsequently was either wrong, or done in a wrong way. There was no foresight—no timely action. The one thing done heartily has been to help the Turks.’

We beg our readers to reflect how serious is the charge made with such contemptuous levity, and, as it were, doubled, by republishing at the same time the attack which the Duke made on Lord Derby’s policy about Crete in 1867—‘*nonum prematur in annum*’—to prove (says the above Preface) ‘that I have only reiterated opinions which I have long entertained,’ which then ‘could not possibly have any party significance whatever,’ but which are now revived to show that ‘the same attitude—not only *ungenerous*, but *unjust*—appeared in the conduct of the Foreign Office under the same Minister during the Cretan Insurrection.’ The matter that lies before us is far too extensive to permit our going back to that question; but as other writers have attempted to discredit Lord Derby’s present policy from the example of Crete, we are glad to trace in that island signs of a fair promise of the fruits of local self-government.

With that sort of pharisaic scorn, with which certain Liberals assume the right to treat Conservatives, the Duke charges some followers of the Ministry with ‘sharing the same convictions (as himself), yet holding their peace because their own party is in power,’ and the Ministers themselves with ‘*trading on a false interpretation* of their object in’ sending the fleet to Besika Bay; of which more anon. They are charged with the like double dealing in giving contradictory reasons to Lord Odo Russell and Sir Henry Elliot for objecting to the Berlin Memorandum. Their imbecility has matched their disingenuousness: they ‘were *dragged* into’ one and another measure of reluctant concert with the Powers, and ‘*impelled* to refuse’ a third; and the obvious wisdom, nay necessity, of watching the result of the change from the worthless Abd-ul-Aziz to the promising Murad is described as their waiting to see ‘whether the Eastern Question would settle itself by the substitution on the Turkish throne of one idiot for another.’ If the Duke really believes all this of the trusted servants of their Queen and country, whom he faces in honourable rivalry in Parliament, he may well describe them, in a Highland phrase,

phrase, as 'dukes of guile and lords forlorn;' but if the levity of his 'counts of an indictment' is equalled by their want of any foundation, we must describe the conduct of the 'pursuer' in stronger terms than 'not only ungenerous but unjust.'

About the same time (Sept. 13) Mr. Lowe came down into the arena, but in a characteristic spirit of moderation, and calm elevation above all personal animosity. Most truly did he describe the issue as 'much too great, too solemn, and too momentous to be degraded to the use of party in any sense whatever.' This sounds something like a rebuke of the manifestoes uttered a few days earlier from Hawarden and Blackheath, especially when the speaker goes on to protest against the idea that the horrible massacre in Bulgaria makes it 'necessary that England should take up its lance, like Don Quixote, and go tilting against every nation that acts in a manner that wounds its susceptibilities, and offends its feelings of humanity.' All this is in the high tone of classic irony, one of the keen weapons which Mr. Lowe is ever borrowing from the 'useless education' which he derides. He still protests against 'trenching on the ground of party politics,' while he goes on to declare his utter dissent from the policy announced by Lord Derby at the Foreign Office, which he grossly misrepresents; till, warming with the dialectic exercise, he ends with a distinct proclamation of direct antagonism between the people and the Government. 'It remains to be seen whether we shall submit to have our affairs directed in a sense directly contrary to that which our conscience and feelings of justice require.' The alternative was emphasized by Mr. Lowe's subsequent letter, demanding an autumn Session, in order to coerce or displace the Ministry.

We have said enough to expose the party spirit of the agitation; but it is only fair to add that the conduct of Mr. Lowe, Mr. Gladstone, and the Duke of Argyll has not been followed by all the leaders of the Liberal party. Lord Granville has explained his studied abstinence from agitation in a weighty letter. Lord Hartington has gone to study the question on the spot, doubtless not omitting to confer with the statesmen at Constantinople, with a result which we may anticipate from the fair and manly testimony of Mr. Forster, the value of which is enhanced by its marked contrast with the hasty utterance of his first impressions towards the close of the last Session. We might crowd our already too limited space with the declarations of forbearance and confidence made by some Radicals as well as by many moderate Liberals, in concert with their staunch political

political opponents, like Lord Enfield and Mr. Coope at Staines.\* While gladly making these honourable exceptions, we must emphatically declare that this party agitation has produced an impression throughout Europe respecting the attitude of England, as determined by the action of the Liberal party, which has prolonged the savage war in Servia, and led Slaves and Russians to rely on our tacit sanction to their ambitious schemes. It is this that constitutes the unutterable mischief of the course chosen by Mr. Gladstone and his friends belonging to the late Ministry. For the last decisive testimony to this effect,—and it is but the last of the mass of evidence which has come daily alike from exulting Slavonians and trembling Turks, from cunning Russia, from embarrassed Austria, from astonished Germany, from sarcastic France, as expressed even by the organ of M. Gambetta—we need only cite one item of recent news:—

‘Belgrade, October 9.

‘The political situation here remains unchanged, but the Servian war party are wonderfully sanguine as to the proximate overthrow of the Conservative Cabinet in England by the expression of the popular will, and are confident that a Liberal Administration will offer no objections to a Russian invasion of Bulgaria and the expulsion of the Turks from Europe.’

Were we criticising the course of mere republican agitators, and enthusiasts for the liberation of the oppressed and the autonomy of races, we should hardly expect a hearing for the solemn claim of duty which springs from considerations of policy. But it is no less incumbent on statesmen in Opposition, than on those in office, to measure their every word and act by the effects which, they must or ought to know, will surely be produced on all who watch their course for signs of what they may venture to do or leave undone. Applying this test

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\* We cannot omit to place upon record the wise words uttered in the very midst of the excitement by one, not a politician, whose heart always sympathises with the distress of others, and whose hand is always open to relieve it, but who did not allow her feelings to overmaster her judgment. In answer to an invitation to be present at a workmen's demonstration at Exeter Hall, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts replied in a letter, which our space does not allow us to quote entire, but the following extracts from which we would commend to the notice of our readers:—‘I feel it would be unjust, and somewhat impolitic, to harbour any idea that our Government, holding office under our most gracious Sovereign, is a whit more indifferent to these sufferings than any other class of Her Majesty's subjects. . . . The page of history, alas! does not teach that the execrable deeds perpetrated by the Bashi-Bazouks are wholly unmatched in warfare, or by cruelties legally inflicted upon a dominated people even in our own generation. Nor are there wanting amongst ourselves instances of assaults so brutal and dastardly that we have no need to be careful in speaking of the ferocious and licentious acts of a wild soldiery as unparalleled.’



to the declarations of the Opposition orators—their scornful rejection of what Mr. Lowe most emphatically describes as England's uniform policy hitherto—their indiscriminating denunciation, not only of Turkish despotism, but of the whole Turkish race—their contempt for the 'Russian bugbear,' and 'hobgoblin,' as well as for the 'balance of power'—their uncompromising demand for the 'autonomy' of the nations subject to the Porte, without regard to the consequences of proclaiming, or even the means of effecting it (displaying utter ignorance of the state of those countries and the condition of their inhabitants)—much less to the bleeding and agonized victims of the false hopes which induce them to prolong this savage war—we are bound to say that never, in our political history was any course taken so unfortunate and unpatriotic as that into which such leaders as Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll have been hurried by their sentimental sympathies and party feelings.

Mr. Gladstone is as right in the choice of his main issue, as he is wrong in the side he takes upon it. The policy and purpose of the Crimean War form the pivot on which the question still turns. He is not the man to shrink from confessing that responsibility for the war which he shares with the Duke of Argyll, not to speak of the surviving members of Lord Aberdeen's Government, who have had no part in the present agitation. On the contrary, he founds his chief argument upon the responsibilities then incurred by England, above all the other parties to the war and the Peace of Paris, and on the rights with which that Treaty invested us for their fulfilment. In like manner Mr. Lowe argues that before the Crimean War the Rayah—the 'sheep' kept to be slaughtered and devoured at the will of its master—'had a city of refuge in the shape of an appeal to the Government of Russia. But we carried on the Crimean War to a successful end. We put an end to the right of the rayahs to appeal to Russia, and gave them the right to appeal to a number of the great Powers of Europe, which of course could only act collectively, and, equally of course, never acted at all.'

Really Mr. Lowe seems to have as great a contempt for the history of twenty years ago as if the Crimea had been ancient Attica! Here are four or five historical propositions laid down as the basis of an argument, not one of which is accurate in fact. Firstly, the special protectorate claimed by Nicholas, so far from being an acknowledged right, was resisted as the pretext for political influence working towards the ends of Russian ambition. Secondly, it is just because we *did not* carry

carry on the Crimean War to a successful end that its fruits have been so scanty, and the weeds left on the ground have sprung up to their present height. As Prince Albert warned the Government of Lord Aberdeen, we suffered Russian aggression and Turkish obstinacy to force us into the war, without taking adequate security from the Porte for the use to be made of our help; and we yielded to our French ally in coming out of the war with its work half done, in such a manner as to ensure the evil consequences which we predicted at the time.\* Thirdly, there was no joint protectorate of the Christians assumed by the great Powers in the Treaty of Paris; but the Porte itself undertook engagements on their behalf, and for the general reform of its Government, which were embodied in the Imperial Firman or *Hatt-i-humayoum*. The statement of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Gladstone has been so frequently repeated by others, that it is as well to quote the exact words of the Treaty. Article IX., which is the only clause in the Treaty relating to the Christians, runs thus :—

‘His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, having, in his constant solicitude for the welfare of his subjects, issued a firman which, while ameliorating their condition without distinction of religion or of race, records his generous intention towards the Christian population of his Empire, and wishing to give a further proof of his sentiments in that respect, has resolved to communicate to the Contracting Parties the said firman, emanating spontaneously from his sovereign will.’

‘The Contracting Powers recognise the high value of this communication. *It is clearly understood that it cannot, in any case, give to the said Powers the right to interfere, either collectively or separately, in the relations of His Majesty the Sultan with his subjects, nor in the internal administration of his Empire.*’

We do not maintain that this is the only measure of our obligations apart from the Treaty; but what shall we say of statesmen who are so ignorant of the Treaty upon which they rely as to say that it gives us rights which it expressly forbids? And what shall we say of Mr. Lowe’s conclusions?—for there are *two*: not only that we must give up our whole policy and ‘break off all communication with Pandemonium,’ but that Her Majesty’s Government are utterly at fault for not instantly reversing the engine (if we may use the homely simile), and ‘taking a new departure in which the diplomatic action of England shall at last be brought into accordance with the moral sentiments, the feelings, and the wishes of its people.’

As to the Crimean War itself, the time has come to speak

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\* See ‘Quarterly Review,’ No. 196, March, 1856.

out plainly both against cavil and misrepresentation. With all its faults of conception and execution, it was a just and noble effort against a great and real danger. But we cannot acquiesce in that misstatement of its real object, which forms the foundation of Mr. Lowe's invectives. It has been reiterated from the platform and the Press, that the object of the war—'its sole object,' says Mr. Lowe—was to maintain the integrity of the Turkish Empire and the Ottoman Power in Europe—that our friendship for the barbarian unbelievers is preferred to the rights of oppressed nations, and makes us deaf to the groans of persecuted Christians—that 'we tolerate abuses at which our blood curdles in order to keep up what was a supposed bulwark against the aggression of Russia,'—that this our policy makes us morally responsible for the Bulgarian outrages, just as the owner of a fierce dog is answerable for his acts.

And here we must pause for a moment to ask whether these grossly exaggerated pictures of the innate ferocity of a whole family of the human race are likely to serve the cause of peace, humanity, and civilisation? They sound strange from the lips of Christians who believe in the common brotherhood of mankind, strangest of all from the author of the famous 'flesh and blood' argument. One is tempted to suppose that Mr. Gladstone has modified both his philanthropic and scientific faith, and discovered that very link which the evolution theory wants between beast and man in this 'one great anti-human specimen of humanity.' Characteristically enough, he feels the exaggeration as soon as it has slipped from his pen—but the current of invective bears him on, and, while admitting the advance of the European Turks in civilisation, he is forced to regard all good specimens of the race as '*lusus naturæ* on the favourable side; monsters, so to speak, of virtue and intelligence;'—reminding us of Sir James Mackintosh's character of Henry VIII., who 'perhaps approached as nearly to the ideal standard of perfect wickedness as the infirmities of human nature will allow.' Talk of heedless rhetoric after this! We cannot now turn aside to discuss the character of the Turkish race for good as well as evil. Mr. Forster has had the courage to speak out, even on behalf of the Turkish soldier, his courage and order, obedience and temperance, and to show that in respect, at least, of the one vice that most degrades man to the level of Mr. Lowe's 'beast,' the anti-human specimens of humanity are to be found much nearer home. But no good end is served by dwelling on either picture, save to move us to the efforts by which the worst vices may be eradicated from natures that are still,  
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after all, human. Is it right or wise to cut off a whole family of mankind from our sympathy, in order to sympathise the more with the victims of their crimes?

‘*Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!*’

Shall we apply the rule only on the slopes of the Balkan, and not to the wilds of Circassia and Glencoe? To the valley of the Hebrus, and not of the Ganges, nor to the plains of Poland, or Hungary, or Turkestan? To Scio and not to Jamaica? The terrible name even of *Batak* has a suspicious likeness to *Badajoz*. Have we never read, in the annals of medieval Christendom, or of modern Christian warfare, of that *Παίδων, παρθένων, γυναικῶν ἀνήμεστος φθορεία*, which Mr. Freeman quotes from a Greek poet of Byron’s time? \* Alas! the humiliating parallels are inexhaustible; and if every race that has perpetrated inhuman deeds were to be ‘improved off the face of the earth,’ it must indeed become a desert

‘Where blended lie the oppressor and the oppressed.’

An orator as great as Mr. Gladstone said, ‘It is hard to bring an indictment against a whole nation.’ Surely it would have been more consistent with Christianity to mitigate the hatred of race and creed, instead of preaching, like a second Peter the Hermit, a new crusade against the ‘great anti-human specimen of humanity.’ Those who have resided long among the Turks have seen many acts of benevolence and piety done by them which Christians might well copy. Take for instance the following touching case, which we have come across while writing these lines:—

‘Just as one of the ships crowded with emigrants dropped its anchor in Kustendjie harbour, a mother gave birth to a small daughter, and one of the women that were near her, thinking there was enough trouble without this addition, took the poor, squalling thing on deck, and quietly chucked it into the sea, not even troubling to look what became of it. As it happened it fell not far from a boat rowed by a Greek, and, more out of curiosity than anything else, he made a grab at it with his boat-hook, and succeeded in hooking it through the skin on its ribs. After looking at this strange catch, and finding it was yet alive, he pulled it into the boat, and, withdrawing the hook, leisurely rowed ashore. He thought when he landed that it was dead, but not liking to throw it again into the harbour, he took it up by its legs, in the way a keeper carries a rabbit, and marched off to consign it to a dust-heap outside the town. As he passed a café where an old Turk was smoking his pipe, the child gave a writhe, and the Turk seeing it called to him to stop, and heard the story. Without

\* ‘Fortnightly Review,’ Dec. 1875, p. 759.

saying a word he took the baby, and, carrying it to a door on the opposite side of the street, handed it over to his wife, telling her to see what could be done for it. It only required what is necessary for us all—food and raiment—but the old woman, having nothing to do all the live-long day, threw in a little cuddling and cosseting, and when I was last at Kustendjie it was a sturdy, bright-eyed little five-year-old, calling the Turk and his wife father and mother, and evidently was the pet and tyrant of the household. May it live happily, and end its days better than it began them; and may the old Turk when he dies get a place very near Mahomet, and the kindly old woman become a lovely houri!\*

The true first principle of our Eastern policy, for the sake of our own interests—is that no great aggressive Power shall be suffered, if we can help it, to establish herself at Constantinople. We cannot stay to dwell on the theme so often set forth by historians, from the time when the site was chosen by Constantine the Great 1550 years ago down to the eloquence of Gibbon, of the commanding character of that site, at the crossing of the highways between Europe and Asia by sea and land; and, if in the hands of a first-rate Power, dominating the Euxine and the shores of the Levant. What then if there be a Power essentially military in its organisation and under a despotic Government; whose head is a sacred father in the eyes of millions of the most fanatically devoted people in the world; with an administration as corrupt and oppressive as that of Turkey, and far more intolerant of freedom in thought and worship; keeping down conquered provinces, and repressing the resistance of those she is ever moving on to conquer, with an organised and systematic cruelty? What would be the result to civilisation and to the interests of Britain, if such a Power were planted at the ancient capital of the East, extending her right hand over Asia Minor and Syria to Egypt and Arabia, while her left already holds in its iron grasp the whole North, from the Baltic to Alaska; with her face watching stedfastly the progress of her conquests in the East; keeping the portals of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles closed against other Powers by military jealousy and a protective policy in commerce, but ever open to send forth the fleets equipped at Nikolaieff and Sevastopol and trained in the *Mare Clausum* of the stormy Euxine; while our route to India by the Euphrates would be cut off, and that by Suez kept open only, at the best, by a constant and most burthensome display of naval force in

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\* The above is taken from Mr. Barkley's recent work on Bulgaria, the title of which we have prefixed to this Article. Mr. Barkley resided several years in the country, and gives a lively and interesting account of its present condition.

the Mediterranean? Call this the 'Russian bugbear' and the 'Russian bogey,' if you please. We do not argue against nicknames, but deal with declared and impending realities. Most truly did Prince Albert state, as the real object of the Crimean War, that, in preventing Constantinople and the Turkish territory from falling into the hands of Russia, we should be battling '*not for the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, but merely for the interests of the European Powers and of civilisation.*' To the same effect Lord Palmerston said in the House of Commons on August 7, 1855, that 'the objects of the war were wider than could depend on the decision of the Turkish Government. The protection of Turkey was a means to an end. Behind the protection of Turkey was the greater question of repressing the grasping ambition of Russia, and preventing the extinction of political and commercial liberty.' In one word, whatever measure of support we have given to Turkey has been, not the essence, but a necessary accident of our Eastern policy. It has been given on conditions the very opposite to any complicity of ours with her crimes and follies, her misgovernment and persecution of the Christians, as is testified even by the complaint that those conditions have been continually broken, till at last their fulfilment is despaired of.

The position of the Turk at Constantinople is no choice of ours, nor any creation of our policy. We do not maintain him from any love of himself, nor because we rely on his strength to guard the post, though that is absurdly underrated. His corruption and weakness are at least as great an embarrassment to us, as an injury to the nations of his Empire. But the whole Eastern Question hangs upon the fact that he is there, and has been there for above four centuries, with a long prescriptive right which he is not likely to yield, or to have wrested from his hands, till after a fanatic struggle of despair, the horrors of which would exceed a hundredfold all that he has been charged with. Nor is any practical mode apparent by which he will be soon displaced, save that, after a convulsion which would involve all Europe, the Czar should be enthroned upon the Bosphorus. To prevent that catastrophe, and to avert the horrors which must precede it, is our real Eastern policy; to be carried out, if possible, by the concert of the European Powers.

We are now called on to reverse that policy in the sacred names of liberty and justice, humanity and civilisation: cries which are sure to find an enthusiastic response; in the haste to give which at the first demand, men forget to ask themselves where the right is to be found, how humanity may be best protected, freedom  
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secured, and civilisation advanced. Thus, in the present case, it is for many enough—we will not say to know—but to be told, that the oppressed Christians of Bosnia and Herzegovina have risen, after unexampled endurance, against their Mohammedan tyrants ;—‘ that Servia and Montenegro, like Sardinia a generation back, have drawn the sword when they could be no longer deaf to the cry of their brethren ;’—that the attempt of the Bulgarians to strike a blow for liberty has been suppressed with a savageness which of itself condemns the cause of the common tyrant ;—that the long-hoped-for time has come to unite these nations in a great Slavonic confederacy, free to govern themselves, even if still tributary to Turkey as their Suzerain ;—and that such a settlement would interpose the surest barrier between Russia and Constantinople. A fair picture and an attractive programme ! but which must first be tested by facts before its merits can be adjudged.

A hasty glance at the scene of this military and diplomatic conflict may help to dispel some of these strange errors and illusions. The provinces of European Turkey occupy the great peninsula which extends from the Adriatic to the Euxine, with its base on the Austrian frontier and the Danube. North of the river, the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia—still tributary to the Porte, but since the Crimean War virtually independent, and united as the State of Roumania under a German prince of the house of Hohenzollern—are interposed between Russia and Turkey, but virtually under Russian control. They are distinct in race from their Slavonic neighbours in those empires, boasting their name and descent from the Romans settled by Trajan in Dacia, though with an admixture of the older Slavonian population. On the south bank of the Danube and its tributary, the Save, are the provinces of Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Croatia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro, peopled, like the Austrian territory between the Save and Carpathian chain, by different tribes of the southern Slavonians, long since severed from their brethren of the same race in Russia and Poland by the conquests of the Magyars in Hungary. The people of the five western provinces and their Austrian kindred are nearly homogeneous in race and language ; but Bulgaria has a more complex history.

The fair province of Mœsia, which the Emperor Valens had granted to the Goths, was overrun by a Slavonic tribe, who differed greatly in language and manners from their brethren on the Save ; and they were in turn subdued by the Bulgarians—an Ugrian race. But these warlike conquerors were so few that they were completely absorbed by the Slavonian population,  
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and the land bears no trace of them but their name.\* Though that name is applied on the map to the region between the Danube and the Balkan (the ancient *Mœsia*), both slopes of the chain are peopled by the Bulgarian Slaves; and the chief scenes of the late atrocities lie in the southern region. This somewhat important fact in geography appears to be unknown to the enthusiasts who have proposed to liberate the oppressed Bulgarians by driving the Turks beyond the Balkan, much as if Lombardy should have been set free by driving the Austrians to the south of the Alps!

Among the Slavonian tribes, the lead has been always taken by the Serbs, who for a short time established, amidst the ruin of the Byzantine Empire, a great Servian Kingdom, which was overthrown by the Turks in the fatal battle of Kossowa, A.D. 1389. The process of conquest was not uniform in the provinces thus again dissevered. In Bosnia and Herzegovina, the great body of the proprietors saved their lands by embracing the alternative of Islam; and hence almost all the dominant Mohammedans are native landholders of the Slavonic, and not of the conquering Turkish race; and this is true to a great degree in the other provinces. Here is another fact for the meditation of those who propose the expulsion of the Turks.

Mr. Evans, in the interesting work the title of which we have prefixed to the present Article, very properly draws attention to this important fact.

‘Whatever were the favouring causes of this wide-spread renegation, its effect has been to afford us the unique phenomenon of a race of Slavonic Mahometans. This must be borne in mind at the present moment, for nothing is more liable to confuse the questions at issue than to look on the Mussulman inhabitants of Bosnia and the Herzegovina as *Turks*. Conventionally, perhaps, one is often obliged to do so. But it should always be remembered that, with the exception of a handful of officials and a certain proportion of the soldiery, the Mahometan inhabitants of Bosnia and the Herzegovina are of the same race as their Christian neighbours, speak the same Serbian dialect, and can trace back their title deeds as far. It is a favourite delusion to suppose that the case of Bosnia finds a parallel in that of Serbia; that here, too, an independent Christian principality could be formed with the same ease, and that the independence of Bosnia has but to be proclaimed for the Mussulman to take the hint and quit the soil, as he has already quitted the soil of Serbia. But the cases of the two provinces are

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\* This solution of the long-disputed question of Bulgarian ethnology seems to have been established by Schafarik, in his ‘*Slawische Alterthümer*,’ 1837. A useful sketch of the ‘Slavonian Provinces of Turkey, Historical, Ethnological and Political,’ has been reprinted from the ‘*Pall Mall Gazette*,’ Stanford, Charing Cross.



altogether different; in Serbia the Mahometans were an infinitesimal minority of Osmanli foreigners, encamped; in Bosnia, on the contrary, they are native Slaves, rooted to the soil, and forming over a third of the population. Under whatever Government Bosnia passes, it is safe to say that the Mahometans will still form a powerful minority, all the more important from having possession of the towns.'—p. lviii.

It is estimated that, among the twelve millions of people in European Turkey, there are nearly five millions who speak the Slavonian tongue; but the proportions between Mohammedans and Christians vary greatly in the different provinces. There are nearly four millions of Mohammedans, but of these a little over two millions are Turks, the rest are native Slavonians. In Bosnia, the Christians constitute a little more than half of the population; in Bulgaria, nearly two-thirds; while in Servia and Montenegro the Mohammedans are an insignificant minority. This vital distinction has prepared the latter States for the 'autonomy' which they won, with the consent and protection of the great Powers, a few years back; while a like constitution would divide each of the other provinces into two hostile camps, and would lead to an internecine civil war, unless kept down by a strong central military power, just as we too well know would be the case of Ireland, if separated from Great Britain.

In Bosnia 'autonomy' would probably place the Christians under the rule of their Mohammedan countrymen, a fanatical race, who are thus described by Mr. Evans:—

'The great Bosnian lords, now calling themselves Begs or Capetans, resided still in the feudal castles reared by their Christian ancestors; they kept their old escutcheons, their Slavonic family names, their rolls and patents of nobility inherited from Christian kings; they led forth their retainers as of old under their baronial banners, and continued to indulge in the chivalrous pastime of hawking. . . . But though in political affairs, language, and customs, so much of the præ-Turkish element has survived—though there are to be found many secret observances of Christian rites among Mahometans in high places—it would be a grievous error to suppose that the influence of Islam is superficial in Bosnia, or that their religious convictions are not deep-rooted. On the contrary, the Slavonic Mahometans of Bosnia, occupying an isolated corner of the Sultan's dominions, have not been so liable to those external influences which at Stamboul itself have considerably modified the code of true believers. The Bosniac Mussulmans have had their religious antagonism perpetually roused by wars with the unbelievers who compass them round about; they, more than the Levantine Moslems, have borne the brunt of the long struggle with Christendom.

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‘Thus it is that Bosnia is the head-quarters of Mahometan fanaticism, and that when, at the beginning of this century, Sultan Mahmoud II. endeavoured to introduce his centralising innovations and reforms into Bosnia, which also promised the Christians a certain amount of religious liberty, he found himself opposed here not only by the feudal caste, who rallied round the Janissaries, but by a race of Mahometans whose religion had assumed a national character of a more fanatical hue than was fashionable in the capital.’—p. ix.

In Bulgaria, on the contrary, ‘autonomy’ would probably give the supremacy to the Christians, and would lead infallibly to the dismemberment of the Turkish empire, for Constantinople would be at the mercy of any power that had possession of the passes of the Balkan.

The future destinies of the Slavonic race have long formed the fond dream of speculative patriots and idealists. Sometimes the Slaves upon the Danube and Balkan have looked to Austria as the head of a Southern Slavonic State; but there is a bitter jealousy between the Slave and Magyar; and while Hungary is the prevailing power in Austria, she resists the development of the Slavonic element alike within her own borders and the adjoining Turkish territory. The wider and grander scheme is that of *Panslavism*—a union of the whole race both in the North and South, probably under the headship of the Czar. The idea has lately received some striking marks of favour from Alexander II., and a Southern Slavonic conference has adopted Russian as the common language of the race. But here also there are jealousies, and the clergy of the Southern Slaves seem unwilling to accept the Czar’s ecclesiastical supremacy.

One bitter fruit of Continental despotism is that such aspirations seek their means of fulfilment by conspiracy. The sneers at Lord Beaconsfield’s mention of ‘secret societies’ only prove the ‘invincible ignorance’ which springs from our happy exemption from a curse which can no more exist in ‘freedom’s caller air’ than the Oriental plague in a pure atmosphere. But on the Continent these societies are a terrible reality. They flourish nowhere more than under the outward despotism of Russia; and even the dread which they inspire may be a motive for sometimes using them as hidden engines of State policy.\* That their plots are intermixed with purer aspirations after liberty, only corrupts the latter without rendering the former less dangerous. It is now no longer denied that these secret committees have been the chief motive power alike in the insurrec-

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\* The coquetting of despotism with conspiracy is a well-known fact. We could relate an example, on unimpeachable authority, concerning the relations of Charles Albert and the Duke of Modena with the Carbonari, but we are not permitted to divulge the details.

tions of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the abortive rising in Bulgaria, and the open war declared by Servia and Montenegro. Amidst his other most valuable and candid testimony, Mr. Forster bears witness to the truth from his personal knowledge, only qualifying it by the curious retrospective prophecy that the oppressed Christians would have risen without such instigation, which closer observers, resident in the country, assure us they had neither the courage nor will to do. The more closely the sad story of the last two years is traced to the fountain-head, the more must every impartial person be convinced how small a part is borne by any spontaneous answer to the appeal:—

‘Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,  
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?’

The insurrection of Bosnia and the Herzegovina broke out in the summer of 1875; and the state of affairs nine months later is described to Sir Henry Elliot by one of the ablest of our Consular agents, Mr. Holmes, who shows most clearly that the rising was instigated by Montenegro and by the Slave Committees, with the aid of Russian money, and was in no sense the spontaneous movement of the people:—

‘May 5, 1876.

‘Montenegro professes neutrality, but has really been the most active partisan and supporter of the insurrection. The Prince is supposed to be a mere tool, and if the Principality has as yet gained nothing else, it has received immense sums of money, ostensibly for the use of the poor and wounded insurgents, but of which the greater part finds its way into the pockets of the Prince and his Senators. Of this there is no doubt, and therefore Montenegro is quite content that the present state of affairs, so profitable to herself, may be prolonged.

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‘As to Russia, also, the sincerity of Prince Gortchakow and the Government is not questioned, but it is said that *the Slav Committees and thousands in Russia contribute money to keep up the revolt*. Their desire is said to be a wish to destroy the strength and credit of Turkey, and to embroil Austria in hopeless internal difficulties, for ulterior designs not yet quite apparent.

‘Lastly, as to the insurrection and the people of this country. The insurrection is, as it always has been, confined to some 5000 or 6000 individuals and their chiefs, the greater part of whom had nothing whatever to complain of, as they were practically independent, as I have often explained. The few among them who are really from the Herzegovina properly speaking, after having been forced to rise, have been taught to fight, and now, being well furnished with money and provisions, seem to take pleasure in their lawless life. The chiefs find themselves wealthy, and they and their followers will not lay

lay down their arms as long as they find it so much to their advantage to maintain their present position, caring really no more for their fellow countrymen, for Turkish reforms, justice, and all the griefs which they have put forward, than if they never existed. But the thousands of people who were forced to rise, but who were indisposed to fight, and immediately sought escape from coercion, and refuge wherever they could obtain it for themselves and families—who have from the beginning earnestly desired, and do still desire, to return to their homes, but who could not do so because those who called themselves their chiefs had destroyed their houses and menaced and ill-treated them if they spoke of returning—who have not participated in the slightest degree in the wealth that has been scattered broadcast among these chiefs and their armed followers, mere tools in the hands of others—who have been for months in a state of semi-starvation, and who know that for years to come they cannot hope to obtain the simplest comforts of existence which they have lost,—these, together with numberless families of respectable Mussulmans who have lost their all, are the victims to be pitied, and who have suffered by the detestable political intrigues which caused the outbreak.'—*Parliamentary Papers, Turkey*, No. III., p. 149.

Turning to Bulgaria, we will briefly state the whole case, of which only one side has been made prominent. Up to the time of the Crimean War Bulgaria passed as the Bœotia of Europe, and even the knowledge brought back by our officers who served there gave little promise of such advance in civilization as has been apparent during the past twenty years. Compared with the Turkish Beys and Moslem landowners, the Bulgarian serfs were described as dirty, lazy, and uninteresting boors, and they were often charged with the misdeeds of gipsies and other wanderers and professional thieves. A better acquaintance with them brought to light many amiable features of character and claims to Western sympathy, and it is evident that a few years of peace, and of better communication with the world outside Turkey, have wrought wonderful changes in Bulgaria, besides bringing wealth in exchange for the abundant agricultural produce of the soil. Making every allowance for the exaggerations of sympathising travellers, it is clear that the people and their country possess all the elements for forming a prosperous, civilized nation, and that they have many good qualities essential to national greatness, in which some of their more pretentious neighbours are conspicuously deficient.

Still the capacity is at present mostly elementary. Long debarred from all chance of military organisation for self-defence, without natural leaders of note in political, social, or industrial improvement, Bulgaria was only feeling its way to separate provincial existence. Two active elements in its progress were

a national Church distinct from, and refusing all subordination to either Constantinople or Moscow, and a wide-spread, popular desire for education. Deprived of all means of superior training at home, many of the more intelligent schoolmasters sought instruction abroad, and some of them returned home imbued with socialistic notions of a Panslavist Republic, which was to embrace all the Slave populations of South-Eastern Europe. It does not appear that these visionary projects had made any deep impression on the people at large, but they were sufficient to enable a few foreign agitators to get up a pretence at insurrection, which they hoped might cause a diversion, and aid the resistance to Turkish rule in other provinces.

The proofs of the machinations of the conspiracy in Bulgaria are overwhelming. Mr. Schuyler, the fellow-witness with Mr. MacGahan to the Turkish atrocities, reports to the American Government as follows:—

‘Philippopoli, Aug. 10, 1876.

‘During the last winter and spring agents of the Bulgarian Committee at Bucharest \* made an agitation in Bulgaria for an insurrection against the Turkish Government, and met with considerable encouragement among the younger part of the population. Owing to the betrayal of the plot the insurrection broke out prematurely on the 1st and 2nd of May in the villages of Klissura, Koprishtitsa, Panagurishta, Avro-Selo, Bellova, and perhaps one or two others. There was great alarm, and even a panic at Tatar-Bazardjik and Philippopoli.’—*Supplement to the London Gazette* for Sept. 19, 1876, p. 5140.

Mr. Baring’s Report gives a full description of the schemes and action of the conspirators:—

‘During 1875 it was evident to the Bucharest Committee that the position of the Ottoman Government was becoming critical, and also that heavy taxation had produced deep discontent among the Bulgarians; accordingly, on the 3rd March (20th February) last, twenty fresh emissaries were sent into the country to make another attempt to bring about an insurrection. A man of the name of Benkowsky was to take the Sandjak of Philippopolis, while one Vankoff was to proceed to Eski-Zaghra. Their instructions were to appoint sub-Committees of ten in each of the towns and of four in the villages, a condition being made as regards the latter that the priest and schoolmaster should be *ex officio* members. This will explain the active part taken by these two classes of men in the late rising.

‘The schoolmasters are men who have many of them been educated in Russia, and are a strong example of the truth of the adage that “a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.” They have returned to their

\* We learn from the Preface to Mr. Barkley’s book, to which we have already referred, that a similar Committee used to meet at Bucharest in 1865–66, and that the Russian Consul in that city frequently attended their meetings.

homes with a smattering of education and a mass of ideas respecting Panslavism in their heads; these ideas they have endeavoured to propagate, and the unfortunate people have now to thank them and their spiritual pastors for a large share of the miseries which have befallen them.

'When the sub-Committees were formed they set about collecting money, and up to the 9th (21st) March, 1450 Turkish pounds had been collected.

'The plan of action decided on was shortly as follows:—

'To destroy as much of the railway as possible, including the bridge at Ouzoun Keupni.

'To burn the rolling-stock at Sarembey.

'To set fire to Adrianople in a hundred and to Philippopolis in sixty places, and also to burn Sofia, Tatar-Bazardjik, Tchtiman, Isladi, and a number of villages.

'To attack the Turkish and mixed villages, and to kill all Mussulmans who resisted and take their property.

'To occupy certain important points, such as Avrat-Alan, Kalofer, Tchoukourlou, &c.

'Bazardjik to be attacked with 3000 men, and the Government stores seized.

'The rising to be general and simultaneous.

'Such Bulgarians as refused to join the insurrection to be forced into it, and their villages burnt.'

Had the plan of insurrection not been made abortive, we might have had to shudder over another story of '*Bulgarian Horrors*,' in the more literal sense of the epithet, as when, 'in 1827 more than two thousand old men, women, and children (*Turks*) were burned alive in the village of Akdere alone by the *Bulgarians*, whilst a *Russian corps d'armée* looked on.'

Appended to the report of Mr. Baring is a French translation of a paper containing, in the form of thirty-six questions and answers, the full instructions agreed upon at the meeting of the conspirators at Otlouk-Keuy, for the conduct to be observed during the insurrection, and signed by a number of the delegates. It was found upon the person of Nikowski, the president of the meeting, after his death, and Mr. Baring believes it to be an authentic document. No impartial person imputes unmitigated ferocity either to the irritated victims of oppression or to the panic-stricken objects of their plots; and these schemes of fire, massacre, and pillage, are relieved by touches of humanity

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\* This fact is taken from the work of Captain St. Clair and Mr. Brophy, '*A Residence in Bulgaria; or Notes on the Resources and Administration of Turkey, the Condition and Character, Manners, Customs, and Language of the Christian and Mussulman Populations, with reference to the Eastern Question*;' which is full of matter most instructive at the present crisis. We need hardly guard ourselves against being supposed to adopt all the opinions of the writers.

such as that which Mr. Gladstone from this document quotes respecting the conduct to be observed towards the Turks who should submit. But those who read his pamphlet, with any idea of learning the whole truth, should compare that question and answer with those which immediately precede it:—

‘*Question 10.* What conduct is to be pursued with regard to the Mussulmans of the mixed villages?—*Answer.* To massacre them, pillage their goods, and burn their dwellings.

‘*Question 11.* What should be done with the population of the Mussulman villages?—*Answer.* The insurgents should attack them without loss of time, and oblige them, by fire and sword, to submit.’—*Ibid.*, p. 5154.

And *then*, but not till then, after *Question 12* has directed the disposal of the captured arms and plunder, comes the question and answer which Mr. Gladstone quotes to show that *if* any Turks submitted to this gentle persuasion they were to be treated in the genuine spirit of revolutionary ‘equality and fraternity!’

In Bulgaria the Turks are chiefly gathered in the towns, such as Philippopolis and Tatar-Bazarjik, which stand on the banks of the Maritza, the classic Hebrus; while the Bulgarian rayahs inhabit the villages.\* But the towns which the insurgents devoted to sack, pillage, and conflagration—‘these acts of vengeance and rapine being accomplished’ are their own words (Qu. 21)—have naturally a mixture of Bulgarian inhabitants, for whose protection the 16th Article provides, while the 17th and 18th direct in detail the measures to be taken ‘to save the Bulgarian inhabitants, after having burnt Philippopolis and Bazarjik.’ Those whose sympathies have been won by the extract which he has emphasised with italic type, will miss here any word about sparing those ‘*Turkish brethren*,’ of whom that answer said, ‘*It is a part of our duty to take care for their happiness, their life, and their religion, on the same ground as for the life and the honour of our own people.*’ At Bazarjik, forty fires were to be lighted in every quarter, to occupy and distract the population, and thus afford an easy entrance. Twenty individuals had been chosen by the General Assembly to burn Philippopolis, and ten for Adrianople (Qu. 20), the second city of Roumelia, within 140 miles of Constantinople; and fifty were to set fire to all the villages in the plain of Bazarjik, the fertile and beautiful valley of the Hebrus (Qu. 21). For more reasons than one, it is important to mark the fate appointed for the villages of the Cir-

\* The *rayahs* are the descendants of the serfs of the old Bulgarian nobility which was exterminated by the Turks.

*cassians*; those former objects of Russian exterminating warfare and of English sympathy, who—like the Polish and Hungarian patriots—have found a refuge among the ‘anti-human specimens of humanity.’ It is one of the worst infirmities of human nature, that the maddened victim of oppression is driven by the twofold power of imitation and blind revenge to wreak on others the cruelties he has suffered; and some share of the responsibility for the deeds of the Circassian exiles in Bulgaria must be laid at the door of those, in whose own *official language* the ‘Circassian style’ has become a proverbial phrase for ‘sparing neither sex nor age, but killing all of them.’

We have no desire to parade horrors against horrors, and we think that since the first needful exposure the public mind has had as much of such sensations as is wholesome or decent. We are content to justify our assertion by one scene from Mr. Schuyler’s work on Turkistan, concerning the campaign under General Kaufmann in 1873 against the Yomud tribe of Turkomans. The account is taken down from the lips of an eye-witness:—

‘When we had gone about twenty-five miles from Khiva, General Golovatchef said before a large number of officers in my presence; “I have received an order from the Commander-in-Chief. I hope you will remember it and give it to your soldiers. This expedition does not spare either sex or age. Kill all of them.” After this the officers delivered this command to their several detachments. The detachment of the Caucasus army had not then arrived, but came that evening. Golovatchef called together the officers of the Caucasus and said: “I hope you will fulfil all these commands strictly in the Circassian style, without a question. *You are not to spare either sex or age. Kill all of them.*” The old Colonel of the Caucasus said, “Certainly, we will do exactly as you say.” (Those who know anything of Russians can imagine the calm stolidity with which this assent would be given.) On the 7th, when we began to meet the Turkomans, these orders were again brought to mind, and nearly everyone whom we met was killed. The Cossacks seemed to get quite furious, and rushed on them with their sabres, cutting everybody down, whether a small child or an old man. I saw several such cases. I remember one case in particular which I could not look at for more than a moment, and rode hastily by. A mother, who had been riding on horseback with three children, was lying dead. The eldest child was dead also. The youngest had a sabre cut through its arm, and while crying was wiping off the blood. The other child, a little older, who was trying to wake up the dead mother, said to me, “*Tiura—stop.*” The Turkomans were much enraged at these things, and cut one Cossack into pieces before our eyes.’—Schuyler’s *Turkistan*, vol. ii. pp. 359, 360.

But a heavier responsibility still must be laid at the door of Russia,



Russia, in the person of her Ambassador at Constantinople. One of those trifling facts,—of which, like the atrocities of Russia, it may be deemed ‘mere wantonness’ to remind the agitators—is that the Bulgarian atrocities, which, we are told, must forbid us any longer to keep measures with the young Sultan and his reforming ministers—were perpetrated in the last days of the wretched voluptuary and avaricious tyrant, Abd-ul-Aziz, who was completely under the control of General Ignatieff. How the Russian influence had been permitted to eclipse that once wielded by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, is a question which not the present Government but that of Mr. Gladstone should be called upon to answer. When a betrayal of the Bulgarian conspiracy precipitated the outbreak, and the insurgents first led off the horrid dance of death by the cold-blooded murders at Avrat-Alan (May 1st), the supineness of the ‘Turkish Government allowed the movement to spread till the Turkish officials, awaking suddenly to a sense of their danger, some in imbecile terror, others from innate barbarism, let loose on the unarmed and inoffensive population the savage hordes of armed Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians. What followed is well known; but it should be recollected that many of the perpetrators of the worst crimes were not *Turks* at all, but *Sclavonians*. The full particulars are given in Mr. Baring’s Report (pp. 5137–8):—

‘The fact is that when the revolution declared itself the most indescribable panic seized upon the Mussulmans; they expected an invasion of Servians and Russians, they knew themselves to be in an immense minority, they credited the Bulgarians with courage and fighting power which they certainly never possessed, and they thought that immediate massacre would be their fate. When, therefore, they found that their foes were not so formidable as they thought they would be, they revenged themselves most cruelly for the panic into which they had been thrown.

‘The Province was denuded of troops, the police force was and still is extremely small, and many of its members were wretchedly armed with flint carbines and long Albanian guns which might have been made in the last century.

‘The provincial authorities sent urgent appeals to Constantinople for troops, but unfortunately Mahmoud Pasha, who is generally credited in Bulgaria with having given ear to those baneful counsels which have brought his country to the brink of ruin, delayed sending the aid asked for. It was then that Aziz Pasha had recourse to the dangerous expedient of calling an ignorant and fanatical population to arms.

‘Aziz Pasha actually issued this fatal order, but Mahmoud Pasha stands none the less plainly convicted of culpable negligence for not having sent troops the moment they were asked for, and the enemies of Turkey may have the satisfaction of knowing that the neglect of  
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that one man has done her more real harm than twelve months suppressed insurrection in the Herzegovina and Bosnia.

'As regards the importance of the insurrection, it was neither so formidable as the Turks in their first panic thought it was, nor so utterly insignificant as many people wish to make it out to be.

'The principal instigators *came entirely from abroad*, and without *foreign intrigue no revolution would have broken out*; but it is not easy to say really to what degree they succeeded in indoctrinating the people with their revolutionary and Pan Slavistic ideas.

'The Bulgarian as a rule is not made of the stuff which produces a revolutionist; he is rather conservative, hard working, thrifty, somewhat apathetic, and far from courageous. The priests and schoolmasters were probably those who lent the most ready ear to revolutionary teachings, and some of the "tchorbadjis" were also drawn into the affair, but I believe the majority of the respectable Bulgarians took no real part in it.

'The Turks gained an easy victory, and abused it most shamefully, the innocent being made to suffer for the guilty in a manner too horrible to think of. Moreover, unscrupulous persons did not hesitate to gratify private vengeance on this occasion, and many a debtor got rid of an importunate creditor by denouncing, or threatening to denounce, him as a "Committee dji."

'*A thousand regulars sent to Otlou-keui, Avrat-Alan, and Bratzigovo, and a few more to Bellova, where the presence of Benkowsky gave the insurrection rather more importance, would in a few days have stamped out every vestige of revolution.* The really guilty might have been punished, and a suitable example made, and the world would not have been horrified by the accounts of massacres of women and children and of wholesale burning and pillaging.'

These regular troops were withheld, we are assured, through General Ignatieff's counsel and persuasion, who assured the Turkish Ministers that there was no real danger; and knowing this, we cannot afford to treat with scorn the repeated intimations, which come daily from abroad, of intrigues still in progress which may give a pretext for Russian intervention. It has always been the policy of Russia insidiously to undermine the Turkish power by thwarting her efforts to improve the condition of her subjects.

But while the evil counsels of one Power lulled the Porte into criminal neglect, another Government stand charged, by their political rivals at home, with taking measures 'which were substantially wise and purely pacific,' but in such a manner as to convert 'this judicious act' into 'this ostentatious protection to Turkey, this wanton disturbance of Europe.'\* The serious part of the accusation, that the calling up of the fleet to

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\* Mr. Gladstone's 'Bulgarian Horrors,' pp. 39, 40.

Besika Bay, near the entrance of the Dardanelles, encouraged the Turks to perpetrate the massacres of Bulgaria—absurd in itself now that we have seen the nature of the outbreak—is disposed of by a simple comparison of dates. The insurrection broke out on the 1st of May; on the 5th the murder of the French and German Consuls at Salonica gave a terrible emphasis to the panic roused by Mussulman fanaticism at Constantinople; on the 10th Sir Henry Elliot telegraphed for the fleet; which, after first being destined by Lord Derby for the station of Smyrna, as an intermediate step, arrived at Besika Bay on the 27th. The pressure of events, and the distinct and simple motives which led to this step will be seen in a moment from the following despatches:—

*‘ Sir H. Elliot to the Earl of Derby.*

*‘ (Telegraphic.)*

*Constantinople, May 9, 1876.*

*‘ Great uneasiness prevails here amongst all classes, and there are grounds for apprehending serious consequences.*

*‘ Nothing certain is known of the designs that may be entertained, but for some days the Mussulmans have been buying up arms. My colleagues believe that the presence of ships of war at Besika Bay might be a protection to the Christians here, and would give them confidence.’*

*‘ (Telegraphic.)*

*Constantinople, May 10, 1876.*

*‘ Every day the state of things here becomes more critical. My own impression is that the designs of the Mussulmans are directed more against the Government than against the Christians, but still, in case of a disturbance, the latter might be placed in great danger by the spirit of fanaticism which prevails. It is doubtful whether the army could be depended upon to act against the Mussulmans.’*

*‘ (Telegraphic.)*

*Constantinople, May 11, 1876, 7.10 P.M.*

*‘ I received to-day a numerous deputation of the principal English, who waited upon me in order to represent the danger to which they are much exposed.*

*‘ The presence of ships of war at Constantinople is the only measure of safety they could suggest, and they considered that the imminence of the danger would justify an exceptional departure from the Treaty.*

*‘ I am quite without means of protecting the numerous English living here, but the knowledge that our vessels were at Besika would, I think, have a good effect upon the turbulent Turks.’*

*It thus appears an undoubted fact that the fleet was sent to protect the Christians, and it had that effect. Its presence also*

*‘ a check upon Russian intrigues at Constantinople. The  
it at Constantinople at once subsided, while in England  
of relief was scarcely less; for there had in truth*

*grown*

grown up a demand that our foreign policy should take a new point of departure, reversing, not our traditions of patriotic interest and honour, but the inaction and concession which had for some years made England's want of influence a by-word in both hemispheres. There had been a general impression that if the like step had been taken, when it was demanded by Colonel Rose (Lord Strathnairn), in the absence of Sir Stratford Canning at the beginning of 1853, that one sign of resolution free from hostility might have prevented the Crimean War, counteracting the fatal impression on the mind of Nicholas—for which we must remind Mr. Bright, amidst all his self-satisfaction, that he and his friends were heavily responsible—that he might leave English resistance out of his account. Whether the step would have really been received by the Czar as a friendly warning, or as a new cause for anger, no one can say with absolute certainty ; but assuredly Mr. Gladstone has no right to put upon it the hostile interpretation, because, when the fleet did at last go to Besika Bay, all hope of peace was past. Much less has he a right to say that if the presence of our fleet in that bay (where he himself wishes it to remain) has any reference to other English interests than the primary purpose of protecting the British residents at Constantinople, we are either playing a game of 'idle brag,' or 'waiting for the dissolution of the Turkish Empire, to have the first and strongest hand in the seizure of the spoils!' Was such the motive with which the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen sent the fleet to Turkish waters in 1853?

The words of the Premier, which Mr. Gladstone wrests to a meaning inconsistent with Lord Derby's most exact explanation of his motive, are appreciated in Europe, as well as applauded at home :—

'The Mediterranean fleet is a symbol and guarantee of our power. We have never concealed that we have in that part of the world great interests which we must protect, and we determined that, whatever happened, there should not be any change in the distribution of the world in that part without due knowledge. . . . *It is said we sent the fleet to the Dardanelles to maintain the Turkish Empire. I entirely deny it; we sent the fleet to maintain the interests of the British Empire.*'

Following the order of events—as we have thought it our best course in so vast and complex a subject, all the conditions of which seem shifting from day to day—we next come to the most instructive chapter of the wanton and aggressive war, declared by Servia in the very crisis of Turkey's dynastic agonies and the embarrassments of her finances and the confusion

sion of European diplomacy. And here we are glad of an occasion to feel ourselves in sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's sense of justice. Unlike the mere zealots of revolution, who seem to assume that every rising in the name of freedom must needs be right, Mr. Gladstone feels the treacherous ground on which he is advancing. 'The case against Serbia,' he says, 'is the best part of the Turkish case. Serbia, before she moved, had suffered no direct injury; *she had no stateable cause of war.*' But then 'there are states of affairs in which human sympathy refuses to be confined by the rules, necessarily limited and conventional, of International Law.' A grave assertion, as all apologies for law-breaking must needs be, and demanding the extremest case of wrong, on the one hand, and power to right it, on the other, for its justification. If ever a State was especially bound by national law, it is Serbia, who owes to a European guarantee alike her virtual independence and her duty to the Porte as her suzerain. She was enjoying the full measure of Mr. Gladstone's autonomy, and was entirely freed from Turkish oppression, though not from Russian intrigue. Truly she is an encouraging example of the effects of extending 'autonomy' to the other Turkish provinces! She avails herself of it to make war upon her paramount sovereign, with the assistance of a foreign Power. Nor had she the chivalrous plea of risking the full penalty of defeat; for she could rely on the protection of the guaranteeing Powers from its natural consequences. Her alleged reasons for drawing the sword were the danger from Turkish armies all round her frontier, and sympathy with her struggling brethren of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The first may be dismissed as a mere pretext; and as to the second, it is universally admitted that the Porte was strictly within its right in suppressing the Bosnian insurrection. The real motive of the war was the ambition of the young Prince to extend his territory, and to recover the old supremacy of Serbia in the Balkan Peninsula; but its actual origin is due to the activity of the Sclavonian Committees, and to the secret prompting of Russia, which was followed, when the war broke out, by open aid. This is not at all inconsistent with the plea that Russia would gladly have withheld Serbia from declaring war at that precise time. The Servian Bishop Strossmayer has informed us that the insurrection in Herzegovina was prematurely commenced against the advice of Russia, and that Serbia and Montenegro went to war of their own accord, though they have naturally accepted the Russian aid since furnished to them. But the  
 hop proceeds to make the remarkable revelation, that 'last  
 year

year Prince Gortchakow informed Prince Milan that Russia was *unprepared*; that only *within three years* did she count on taking Constantinople, and that only then would she call on the Slaves of the South to plant the Greek Cross on the dome of St. Sophia.'

The pretence that the war is a national rising on behalf of the struggling Bosnians or the sacred cause of Servian nationality has been completely exposed by the testimony of impartial observers on the spot, confirmed by information from abundant sources, private as well as public. There is a conventional fiction in Servia, by which all classes talk of the war as if it were highly popular. Nothing can be more untrue. The mass of the people never wished or cared for it, while those who have to bear the brunt detest the fighting. The Servians have no grievance of any kind, and know nothing of the oppression of the Turks; while they have an intense jealousy, not of foreigners, but of one another. They are a race of peasants, without an upper class; better off than our agricultural labourers (and this is true also of the Bulgarian peasantry), as the necessities of life are abundant. Their priests—the 'popes' of that Greek Church which excites so large a sympathy in certain classes of our countrymen,—are, like those of Russia, among the most ignorant and least respectable of the population, idling about the villages and smoking and drinking in the bar-room. Indeed, the Slavonic Church may be entirely left out of account as a political power that can have any possible influence towards realising the dream of a free State restored at the 'New Rome,' whether Slavonian or Greek, or compounded of those two utterly irreconcilable races. Such dreams, indeed, only show the weak side of the historic mind, which, ever busy in reconstructing the past, takes it as the model of present policy and of future ideals.

The Servian peasantry are so utterly apathetic about the war that, as one who has been among them informs us, he was never asked how the fight had gone, nor even heard it discussed outside the larger towns. As for those who have been called to the field by the levy of the whole able population, it is enough to mention the horrible fact, admitted by Mr. Forster, and attested by Colonel Loyd Lindsay, and by all who have visited the hospitals, that hundreds (the last exact statement we have received makes the number 1000) have mutilated themselves in the forefinger on the field of battle, in order to incapacitate themselves for further military service. Even the officers shirk their duty, always going in rear of their men, after the prudent example of their would-be King, who has never been within ten miles of the

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the scene of action. To think of comparing such a cause and such a leader with the desperate venture of Charles Albert—like, indeed, in one respect, as the tool of secret societies—or the calculating boldness of Victor Emmanuel!

Prince Milan himself is a vain, ambitious young man, without either heart or head, in the hands of a cunning and dishonest clique who have for a time seized the reins of Government at Belgrade, and now completely dominated by General Tcherniaieff, formerly a newspaper editor, and a disgraced ex-officer of the Russian army, and who can therefore be used or discarded as may be ultimately convenient. Of what powers in Russia, public or secret, or both, he is just now the puppet, is not agreed; but none can doubt where lies the will and power to reap the seed he is sowing. The influx of Russian volunteers, Imperial soldiers, many of them actually in the Russian uniform, and of officers who have obtained furlough with the assurance of being restored to their rank and pay, all this is now known to all the world. According to the last accounts of military eye-witnesses, there are now in Servia 20,000 Russian soldiers, with the full complement of officers. The abuse of the Red Cross, under which—as Mr. Forster himself saw—many of them have passed the lines, creates a new risk for humanity in war. At the last moment of our writing we read, among the intelligence from Deligrad, that ‘a body of Cossacks arrived in the camp on Sunday (October 8th), and their lances created quite a sensation among the soldiers.’ In a word, a Russian army is in the field within Turkish territory, supporting a rebellious feudatory; and while Russia is making professions of peace, and we are told that the only obstacle to a settlement of the Eastern Question is our want of concert with her diplomacy, she is practically at war with Turkey on Servian soil.

By the armed occupation of Servia, without the consent of the allied Powers, Russia has in reality violated the Treaty of Paris, which enacts in its XXIXth Article, ‘that no armed intervention can take place in Servia without previous agreement between the High Contracting Powers.’

It makes no essential difference whether this is the war of Russia or the Russians, of Tcherniaieff or the Czar. The result must be the same in either case; and we owe it to the firmness of our Government, as well as that of Austria, that the regular Russian are not openly encamped also in Bulgaria, in the Hebrus, and at the very gates of Adrianople, the Turkish capital. The autograph letter of Alexander Francis Joseph, proposing that Russia should occupy

occupy Bulgaria, and Austria Bosnia, showed the hand of the party now dominant at the Imperial Court.

But a brief experience of Russian presence in Servia seems to have broken the charm that invested the Imperial leader of Panslavism. Already have the Government and people begun to feel the proverbial fate of those who call in dangerous and too powerful allies. In the towns an industrious and thriving class of tradesmen resent the Russian officers' custom of not paying for what they buy. The peasants hate them, because they treat them like dogs; while the Russians, in their vigorous tongue, curse and denounce the cowardice and apathy of the peasants, which has frustrated their hopes and plans. In the army they are hated by the officers whom they supersede; and as for the common soldiers, an eye-witness tells us that at Alexinatz 'a big Russian bully'—a sort of aide-de-camp to Tcherniaeff—invited him to come and see how 'he was going to drive two battalions before him' to battle. No wonder that the peasants thus forced to serve and driven to slaughter choose the direction of their musket practice: for example, a Servian regiment went into battle at Alexinatz with twenty-two Russian officers, of whom only four came out alive, and all those who were found on the field were shot in the back! The like fact is attested by a German surgeon, who extracted *Servian bullets* from the wounds of Russian officers in the hospital. Russian money comes in freely to Bosnia and Bulgaria, as well as Servia. The Greek corn merchants on the Danube expressed to our informant, with one voice, the belief that Russians were at the bottom of the whole disturbance in Bulgaria. The height to which the conflict has grown between the parties of peace and war in Servia, the statesmen and true patriots on the one side and the faction terrorised by Tcherniaeff on the other, is now known to all readers of the daily papers. The upper classes, not belonging to the war party, foresee the fate of absorption by Russia. A late minister of Servia said to our informant, 'Far better for Servia to be as she was before, than to have freedom by Russian interference.'

Mr. Forster has truly said that we have to deal with *two Russias*: the Imperial Government is one; the aspirations and schemes of the old Russian party, at Court, among the people, and especially in the secret societies, form another. We have faith in the good *intentions* of Alexander II., proved throughout his reign of twenty years, and confirmed by the knowledge which he must possess of the true interests and safety of his Empire. The Crimean War did curb the power of Russia; but it did much more: it struck a blow, unrecovered,



covered, and irrecoverable for a long time yet, on her resources and her military population. Our agitators have been asked again and again to look forward and weigh the horrors of Bulgaria against those of a great European war; we ask them to look back over twenty years, not so much to the battle-fields of the Crimea or the Danube (where, in the outcry against Turkey, Silistria seems a forgotten name), but to the long tracks of weary suffering, disease, and death, that led from every part of the Empire to Sebastopol. Who can count how many stalwart peasants perished on the road, for one that reached the goal? Russia lost in the struggle by battle, famine, and disease, more than half a million of men. The Czar knows this, and he knows the fate to which despair drove his father. Whether Prince Gortchakow has said it or not, Russia is *unprepared* in men and money; and a great war would be little short of her ruin. Her only hope of success is that she may meet with no serious resistance; and this fatal encouragement has now been given, as if in the name of the English people. Still we should have no fear of the decision, if it depended on the Czar alone. But there are checks upon the will even of the autocrat, of such a kind as to inspire constant apprehension. Close observers have seen symptoms of a change since the attempt at assassination in Paris; and, whatever the cause may be, the old Russian and Pansclavonic party have seemed to be lately in the ascendant. None can penetrate the mystery, or foresee the policy that may be shaped by the changing events of every day. But this we know, that there are most powerful elements in Russia working stedfastly towards long cherished purposes most threatening to our interests and the peace of Europe. The means to carry out these schemes are wanting; and every consideration of prudence should dissuade Russian statesmen from the attempt. A firm but friendly attitude of warning seems the first requisite to that concert which all parties desire, and which it has been the constant aim of our present Government to secure.

We have said less than we intended of the general action of the Government in this crisis of unexampled difficulty, during which they have had to deal, in concert with Powers whose interests are conflicting and their counsels dark and intricate, with Turkey bankrupt in her finances, torn asunder by rebellion and civil war, distracted by the revolutions of the palace and the strife of the fanatic and reforming parties; and, even as we write, we know not what to-morrow's news may be. But one result stands forth above the denial of the bitterest opponent: the interests and honour of our Queen and country are unimpaired, in a position where

where one false step might have entailed loss, dishonour, and confusion, on ourselves and the European commonwealth. We do not care to answer accusations which, after all, are chiefly negative, or to scrutinise alleged errors which many of the critics of the Government have confessed to be errors on the right side of calmness and caution. We have not to look far to see that a too sympathetic statesman may be a doubtful guardian of the nation's welfare. The patient watchfulness, which has declined the hasty adoption of affected expedients, while it is labouring to discover a real solution of the problem, has been vindicated by the result. Andrassy Notes and Berlin Memoranda have receded into the limbo of half-measures; and Lord Derby retains the honour of having suggested the only scheme which has secured the assent of the great Powers, as a means of composing the present troubles, and putting Turkey into a state in which, for the sake of peace, if not for her own, she may be worth preserving.

We need only refer to the higher honour which Lord Derby has secured by the despatch to Sir Henry Elliot on the Bulgarian atrocities; so fresh is it in the memory of our readers, and so universal and heartfelt has been the satisfaction with which it was received. A very few words may suffice to describe its substance:—A clear, vigorous, but dispassionate, utterance of the verdict of Britain upon the atrocities; a firm demand for the punishment of the offenders; a censure, such as is seldom addressed to a friendly Power, of the neglects and faults of the Turkish Government; a proposal of wise, adequate, and practicable securities for the future—all addressed to the Sultan in person, with the weight of a personal remonstrance by Her Majesty's representative.

Events are moving too quickly for us to follow. We know not whether the long respite from war proposed by the Porte has been accepted by Russia and Servia, nor how they will employ the interval; but Lord Derby has made proof of his zeal and fitness for the negotiations, which the country will now leave with full confidence in his hands. Meanwhile the discussions of the past month will have had one good effect, in fully exhibiting all that can be said for the scheme of giving 'autonomy' or administrative independence to the disturbed provinces.

If we consider the exact measures which Mr. Gladstone proposes, we find, that after a score of pages of passionate invective against Turkish misrule and Tory mismanagement, he tells us of three great objects to be aimed at. 1st. To stop misrule in Bulgaria. 2nd. To exclude Turkish administration from Bosnia,

Herzegovina, and Bulgaria; and 3rdly, to redeem by such measures the compromised honour of the British name. If the pamphlet had been written for a purely party purpose, there was of course no reason why a party leader should show his hand by being more definite as to the measures he would adopt. But if, as we are assured, Mr. Gladstone intended to write solely in the cause of outraged humanity, and in vindication of the national honour, what shall we think of the great teacher who has only such vague generalities to propose?

For at least a generation past the efforts of our diplomatists have been ceaselessly directed, with no small amount of success, to attain the first object throughout the Turkish Empire; and with regard to the second—the exclusion of the Turks, or at least the Turkish administration from three provinces, but especially from Bulgaria—the purpose is no sooner stated than its inherent difficulties at once become apparent. We do not merely speak of the difficulty of defining the object. Bulgaria may mean either the province properly so called, north of the Balkan Range, or the country inhabited by Bulgarians, which would extend far south almost to the frontiers of Greece. The object to be attained is graphically described by Mr. Gladstone, when he says: ‘Let the Turks now carry away their abuses in the only possible manner, viz. by carrying off themselves; their Zaptiehs and their Mudirs, their Bimbashis and their Yuzbashis, their Kaimakams and their Pashas, one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the Province they have desolated and profaned.’ For some four centuries there are probably few European statesmen, who have not, at least once in their lives, anticipated Mr. Gladstone’s wish. But to what extent this process is to be applied, and how it is to be effected, are the real difficulties; and regarding them we gain no new light from the excited utterances of the great party leader.

The limitation of this process to one province or to a part of a province is clearly impossible, and it was a true instinct of what the proposal implied, which immediately led the party followers of the late Prime Minister to formulate his proposal as ‘the expulsion of the Turks from Europe.’ Whatever may have been Mr. Gladstone’s wishes and intentions, when he dashed off his eloquent diatribe, there can be no doubt of its effect on his party, when we find at least three of his late colleagues in the Ministry following up his attack in terms which can bear no other interpretation than that the expulsion of the Turks from Europe was understood to be the war-cry which he had given to his party.

But we have no wish to bind Mr. Gladstone to the rhetorical  
flourishes

flourishes of irresponsible party followers. We would only ask him to suppose that his words have produced what, if they had been true, would have been their natural effect, by ejecting from power the careless or culpable Ministers whose shortcomings he denounces; that he had himself been again summoned to the helm of the State. Let him seat himself in imagination at the council-board of diplomatists who are to settle at least the present phase of the great Eastern Question. How could he then come forward as the advocate of anything but uncompromising hostility to many millions of the fiercest and most fanatical soldiery on the face of the earth? As the avenger or destroyer, as the preacher of a new crusade to expel the enemies of Christendom from Europe, his course would be clear and consistent; but, except as the director of fleets and armies on the path of vengeance, it is difficult to see what character he, or any representative of his administration, as English negociator at Constantinople, could assume towards the Turks or their Government. Four provinces of Turkey are, according to his programme, to be freed entirely from the presence of Turkish officials, and we conclude that the hordes of Circassian and other miscreants, whose acts have disgraced the name of humanity, are also to be cleared out of Europe. Where they are to go to, what Asiatic or African province is to be cursed by their intrusion, we will not stop to inquire. Many thousands of them were only a few years ago driven by the Russian conquests in Circassia from their mountain homes, which, barbarians though they be, they can scarcely have quitted without many a bitter pang; they will hardly be again uprooted and driven forth thence to strange lands without some use of force.

But we shall be told, the force to be used is that of all civilised Europe. The great Powers, or, at all events, England and Russia, are to unite, and against such tremendous odds even Turkish courage and obstinacy must give way, and the question will be settled by a mere show of force with the least possible violence or bloodshed.

To those who know the Turks or their conquerors, or who have had to deal with the fanaticism of Islam when once fairly roused, the idea of their submitting to Mr. Gladstone's programme, in its most restricted form, without a prolonged and desperate resistance, must appear simply ridiculous. They may submit to their fate when defeated, and be marched whithersoever their conqueror may dictate; but that they will do so without a struggle, that they will bow to the yoke without a desperate resistance, is against all experience of human nature, and especially of Turkish nature, in similar cases.

But there is no question of the sufficiency of our force, if steadily applied, to carry out the whole of Mr. Gladstone's plan, and a good deal more, from which he, even in his present frame of mind, might reasonably shrink ; moreover, we are not to be without allies, and we are told that England and Russia by themselves, if they would only agree on what is to be done, could effect all that is needed, without calling in the aid of other nations.

Let us consider this proposal. Let us, for the moment, put other nations out of our account, and suppose we have to reckon with Russia alone.

Mr. Gladstone, or the negotiator who represents him, would not have sat long in consultation with his Russian colleague, before he would realise the fact that, as we have said above, he has two Russias to deal with. There is one—the Russia of the Emperor, and his most experienced and cautious advisers, fully aware of the fact to which Mr. Gladstone seems blind, that the sudden extrusion of the Turkish Government from any large portion of European Turkey is most difficult of accomplishment, except at the risk of a general European war. To the financial and military difficulties into which such a war would plunge the Empire the leading Russian statesmen are fully alive, and they have constantly before them spectres of internal discord, of Socialist conspiracies, and of foreign strife for provinces not yet thoroughly amalgamated, which they fear may any day lead to the disruption of the Muscovite Empire—one-half, following the impulse of Peter the Great, becoming a great Russo-Germanic Empire, with a tendency to amalgamate Scandinavia and Denmark, and with a capital at St. Petersburg—the other portion adopting the policy which, from the time of Catherine to the present moment, has been that of the old Russian party, intensely Anti-Turk, Anti-German, and Pro-Sclavonic, seeking development by the Euxine and Bosphorus, with Moscow, and ultimately Constantinople, for its capital.

At present neither we, nor perhaps even the Russian Government itself, can be sure what force is the real master of Russia. A dangerous enthusiasm for ideal objects infects her nobility, people, and army. Turkey is not the only fanatical empire in danger of breaking up ; and this *double* danger enhances the call for union on the really civilized Powers of Europe.

Time and peace, which shall allow the internal reforms and improvements of Russia to be completed, which shall carry out a system of railways, recast her army, improve her finances, and reconcile the great mass of nobles and serfs to a new order of things, may obviate this danger, and preserve a united Russia

as the one great Power of Eastern Europe ; and if the Russian negotiator should be chosen from the same school as the Emperor's present advisers, Mr. Gladstone might find his colleague very much of the same opinion as himself regarding the measures to be immediately adopted.

But he may belong to the other Russia—the Russia of Panslavism and of secret societies, some religious, some atheistical, some socialistic, and some communistic, but all more or less bitterly hostile to existing institutions, and not unfrequently allied to ultra-republican associations, which hold the assassination of despots and the redistribution of property to be necessary preludes to any reform of defective institutions. Without himself holding such extreme views, the Russian representative may be a man like the present Commander-in-Chief of the Servian armies, prepared to go all lengths for the immediate accomplishment of some Panslavonic ideal. At any rate, he will certainly be keenly alive to the impossibility of resisting the passionate impulses of the Slavonic party in Russia, and will look to Turkish misrule and British benevolence simply as means for accomplishing some Russian end. He will not for a moment dream of supporting any proposition which does not conduce to some result useful to Russia. A strong belt of really self-governed provinces from the Euxine to the Adriatic, an extended Slavonic Empire, really independent of Russia and Austria, an Austro-Slavonic Empire, or a Greek Kingdom sufficiently influential to hold the keys of the Bosphorus, would all be expedients equally hateful to any Russian, as tending to frustrate the hope of exclusive Russian domination in the Euxine and Bosphorus.

It is this peculiarity of all Russian aspirations which forms the fatal defect in any such plan of Russian co-operation as Mr. Gladstone dreams of. Russian policy may be Christian and civilizing ; it may possess a thousand recommendations in our eyes as philanthropists,—but it is essentially and above all things aggressive and acquisitive. This is of vital importance not only to us, but perhaps even to Russia's nearer neighbours, to Germany, Hungary, Austria, and the Southern Slavonians. Our immediate aims may be identical with those of Russia ; but any alliance with Russia to carry out the improvement of Turkish provincial administration can have no other result than to leave us the undignified task of burning our own fingers whilst plucking chestnuts for Russia out of the fire. Those who preach to us co-operation with and confidence in Russia, seem to have forgotten the experience of the past, which ought to teach us that we cannot trust her.

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We need say nothing of the certainty that all the Christian subjects of the Porte, who are not prepared to submit at once and unreservedly to the Head of the Russian Church, would energetically resist any redistribution of the Turkish Empire which would leave them and their ecclesiastical affairs subject to Russian control. The grievances of Roman Catholics in Poland, and the utterances of the Papal press, might have warned Mr. Gladstone of one great difficulty in calling on Russia for aid in settling the Eastern question to our satisfaction, even if he had never studied the ecclesiastical grievances of Bulgarians, of Greek schismatics, or of Armenians of the Latin Church.

But we need hardly note that nothing can be more chimerical than the idea of Russia and England, however closely united, dealing with this question without reference to the other great Powers, and a moment's reflection will show us that the view which the great Powers must take will depend on comparatively minute differences in the scheme of proposals for the future government of European Turkey.

Whilst Austria might be brought to consent to such schemes of local self-government as are shadowed forth in what Lord Derby has said on the subject, it is certain that she would stoutly resist any scheme which should make Serbia a really strong, independent kingdom, or which would form a belt of independent Sclavonic States between her and Turkey. We do not believe it possible that Austria would submit without a struggle either to this solution, or to a Russian occupation of Constantinople, with or without the co-operation of England. Austria's difficulties in this matter may be entirely self-created, for there is no doubt that a well-defined and generous policy towards the Southern Sclavonians would, in the opinion of outside lookers-on, be the safest course for Austria; but such a course would at once throw down the glove to Russia and be a great peril to the Austrian union with Hungary. It is the profound conviction of a great majority of Austrian statesmen, though it may not be ours, that her only safety lies in maintaining the existence of something like the present Government at Constantinople, not necessarily Turkish, but certainly neither Russian nor Sclavonic, and that the Austrians will be driven from this conviction without trying the fortunes of war seems to us hopeless. The question is, in their eyes, whether wisely or unwisely we will not judge, but honestly and profoundly, a question of national existence.

And what may be, what must be the results of the first shot fired by the great Powers in a contest over this Eastern question?

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The prospect is too vast and terrible even for conjecture as to its several features. Let us only reflect for a moment that it will be impossible that this war should be like the wars we have witnessed during the past half-century—a mere duel between two giant military Powers. Every nation in Europe must take a side; for, even without excepting ourselves, every European nation, save, perhaps, Spain and Portugal, has something to gain or to lose, something to hope or to dread, from the direct results of the contest.

In almost every great Power on the Continent there is a growing conviction that the maintenance of their present exaggerated military forces is becoming intolerable, and that the contest which should settle, for at least a generation or two, the future boundaries of the great Powers, would be a positive relief from the excessive strain of the present armed truce.

Such being our views, we need not express our opinion of the insane or wicked agitation which would hound the nation into a policy likely to provoke such elements of strife; nor need we repeat our regret that so high-minded a statesman as the late Prime Minister should have lent the aid of his eloquence to exaggerate the national excitement.

But we shall be asked, Have you no alternative plan for meeting the difficulties of the situation? And we answer, unhesitatingly, that such a plan is to be found indicated in the measures proposed by Lord Derby; and we entertain the firm belief that, when fully developed, they will be found to have applied the influence of the British Empire in the only way in which it can be applied to correct Turkish misrule, while avoiding as far as possible the risk of a general European war.

There are two ways in which the influence of European civilization can be brought to bear upon less civilized people. The force of the civilized nation may be employed to root out and expel the less civilized, by transplanting them to provinces where their barbarism will be less inconvenient to the conqueror, as the Circassians were transplanted from Circassia to Bulgaria, or by shutting them up in territorial reserves of barbarism, there to wither and perish, like the Red Indian in the United States. This has been the Russian plan; and it is the only one consistent with the summary procedure recommended in Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet. It would, probably, speedily shock him and his followers by its very completeness; but it is far easier and more efficacious than the other mode—the old English plan, which we have followed, not without success, in North America and India, and which the example of Egypt shows to be perfectly applicable to whole provinces of the Turkish Empire.

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Let the more civilized Power or Powers use their influence to reform and raise the Government of the country ; to incite, by diplomatic pressure and example, the local administration to govern better and more wisely ; to insist on internal reforms, backing the advice, where necessary, by material pressure or support ; but abstaining, as far as possible, from selfish territorial aggrandisement. This we conceive was the policy of Lord Palmerston, and of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe when he so worthily represented British interests at Constantinople. It is, we have no doubt, the policy which Lord Derby and his colleagues would follow, in their determination to use the great power and influence of our Empire in correcting the abuses of Turkish administration while preserving the peace of Europe. In the case of Turkey, this policy would require, no doubt, more appliances and more time than Mr. Gladstone's heroic methods of cutting the Gordian knot. It would entail a reversal of the policy of his Government in clipping Consulates and depriving our diplomatists of their best means of independent observation. It would be opposed to that 'Masterly Inactivity' which, since Lord Palmerston's death, has been in such favour with Liberal Governments. To give to every one of the provinces of Turkey such a measure of self-government as its people may be capable of ; to exact sufficient securities for the person and property of the Christian subject in every province, and for the protection from oppression of Moslem as well as Christian ; to reform and extend the Porte, so that it may really represent the interests of all creeds and classes ; and to bring the Government back to so much toleration of local self-government as may not lead to revival of old abuses ; to protect everywhere the Western capitalist or trader from arbitrary oppression ; to enforce the due application of national loans, and to insist on justice to the national creditor : all these tasks are far more tedious and difficult than to 'turn the Turks, bag and baggage,' out of Bulgaria, or even out of Europe. But they have the merit of being practicable without a general war or repeated massacres, and more effectual in the long run. They are in accordance with the temper and spirit of our race, and are more likely to be supported by national perseverance, than explosions of wrath, however natural, following prolonged and professed inattention to all questions of foreign policy which required the application either of thought or of money to their solution.

We have endeavoured to consider Mr. Gladstone's advice to his countrymen apart from its influence on his party ; but it is impossible to disregard the effect which his appearance in the arena has produced, in eliciting declarations of the sort of policy

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we may expect from his late colleagues, if not from himself, should they return to power.

In the first place the Government are told they must summon an Autumn Session of Parliament, a demand ingeniously devised to produce a maximum of excitement and irritation, with the least possible good result. There can be no sort of doubt of the national abhorrence of the Bulgarian atrocities, or of the national determination no longer to give any support to such misgovernment as that of the existing Turkish Administration; nor can any, save the most heated or prejudiced partisan, doubt for a moment that Lord Derby and his colleagues are determined to give adequate expression to the national will in this respect. At any rate, for good or evil, the die is now cast. We have argued to little purpose if we have not convinced our readers that the real work of Turkish reform must be done with the concurrence of all the great Powers, if we would avoid a general European war. Whatever England may have to propose or support must have been already formulated or considered by the Diplomats before Parliament, even if called together to-morrow, could possibly assemble, though it by no means follows that the negotiations are in a state for the papers to be laid before Parliament. What then can an Autumnal Session of Members necessarily half informed as to what has taken place, and excited by the popular agitation of the last three months, possibly effect towards a solution of the great question? The voice of Parliament must resolve itself into an expression of confidence or want of confidence in Her Majesty's Ministers. In the former case, after weeks of unnecessary interruption, Lord Derby and his colleagues may resume their labours. On the other hand, should the agitation have been successful in sowing seeds of distrust, Mr. Gladstone and his party might be recalled to power. But as events will not wait, and the agitation raised by the ex-Premier and his friends has already produced its natural results in Servia and in Russia, there is but a slender chance of his having an opportunity of trying his hand at the expulsion of the Turks 'bag and baggage' before the war has extended to other Powers, who will be confident of England's support in this new crusade.

It is, however, quite possible that such an extension of the war may render necessary an early Session to grant Supplies for armaments necessary to protect our own interests. Neither the nation nor civilized Europe will have reason to thank Mr. Gladstone for this result of his agitation. On no other grounds, we trust, will an early Session be summoned.

In short, it seems to us that nothing could at the present  
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moment be more disastrous for the prospects of European peace, than any impression that the English nation had lost its head, and was going to make common cause with Russia in the expulsion of the Turks from the provinces which they 'have desolated and profaned.' It is abundantly clear, if we may credit the correspondents of the daily press, who have throughout this period of startling events shown themselves so well informed, that the publication of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, and the party turn which it has given to the excitement, have greatly raised the spirits of the war party in Servia, and lessened the power of the Russian Government to resist the popular demand for war. Nothing, perhaps, was further from Mr. Gladstone's purpose, but the result of the words he has written and spoken on this momentous subject is now an historical fact beyond the reach of recal. He will, we are sure, find much to regret in what he has said on this Eastern Question, and much more in what he has written, when a closer study shall have shown him the inherent difficulties to be solved, and when full discussion of the subject in all its bearings shall have convinced him that there is no royal road by which we may hope to escape the laborious task of patiently solving the most knotty problem which has ever been submitted to an English Cabinet.

We have much faith in the inherent good sense and right intention of the English people. We believe that, in the long run, they will not be led away by any ignis fatuus either of a joint Anglo-Russian scheme for domination in Turkey (with, we presume, limited liability for ourselves) such as Mr. Gladstone proposes, or by any plan for leaving Turkey to drift to wreck as Mr. Lowe suggests, with the certainty of a bitter contest among the wreckers for what may escape destruction. It is not so long since the foreign policy of England was under the control of a Liberal Ministry, of which Mr. Gladstone was Premier, and Mr. Lowe a prominent and most influential member. The causes of the present state of affairs in Turkey were all that time in full operation, and no one who studied foreign politics could have been blind to what was certain, sooner or later, to be the result of the course of unchecked extravagance and reckless misgovernment in Turkey. Yet what can the late Liberal Ministry refer to, in the shape of effectual measures to avert or provide for the inevitable catastrophe, or to make British influence available for the better Government of the Sultan's dominions?

With the exception of reductions in consular charges, which everywhere made the task of our diplomatists more difficult in learning what was going on, we can call to mind no measures of  
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the late Ministry which could have affected our position at Constantinople, and the gradual withdrawal of England from all interest or risk of entanglement in Continental politics was a favourite and avowed object of Liberal speculation on foreign affairs. It was not long before the natural result was produced in the general contempt with which English advice in foreign affairs was regarded at the great Courts of Europe. It seems almost a burlesque on constitutional government to talk of recalling the late Ministry to power with any view of increasing the weight with which English counsel shall be received on questions of foreign policy.

Lord Derby had not been many weeks at the Foreign Office before a marked change came over the estimation in which England was regarded by foreign politicians. Without bluster, and with careful abstention from anything like arrogance in tone, or selfishness of purpose, the influence of England insensibly increased, and it is at this moment far greater in Constantinople than that of any other single nation. It may not be quite equal to the task of inducing the Sultan and his dynasty to volunteer abdication in order to make way for an Anglo-Russian dynasty, as one member of the late Government has suggested, nor to commit a 'happy despatch' by walking out of Europe without a struggle—the only alternative to a general war, which Mr. Gladstone's proposals admit of. We can imagine nothing more deplorable in the interests of the varied populations of Turkey, nothing more certain to hasten a general war in Europe over the spoils of the Turkish Empire, than that the conduct of affairs should pass from the hands of Lord Derby into those of agitators, who, when in power, showed themselves so little prescient, so careless of all consequences in diplomacy, provided they could effect some small economies, and who allowed the influence of England at Constantinople to sink so low—who, moreover, in the present crisis, have shown so little capacity either for calm judgment or for any action, save such as must precipitate the outbreak of hostilities, of which no statesman can calculate the possible area, nor any man living foresee the ultimate result.

The true feeling of the country has been exhibited in the all but universal approval of the conduct of the Porte in accepting and going beyond the armistice asked for by the Powers by the offer of an armistice through the whole winter, accompanied—not by new promises—but by the actual inception of constitutional reforms for the whole Empire. The scheme of those reforms is now before the Powers, and a Commission of high Mussulman and Christian dignitaries, under the presidency of Midhat Pasha,

is already engaged in reducing it to law. The reply of Russia (and we suppose we must give Servia its due place in a parenthesis) will test its real motives and probably decide the question of peace or war for Europe, and give a chance to the germs of political regeneration or mark the beginning of new troubles for the Christians of Turkey. Meanwhile it is most ominous for the cause of peace and improvement to see the organs of agitation in our press treating the proposed armistice and the scheme of reform alike as a rejection of the requirements of the Powers, and a mere attempt at gaining time with a sinister 'purpose, which is not that of good government, but of adjourning . . . the inevitable revolution in Eastern Europe.' Nothing could be more characteristic of the state of mind to which the agitators have worked themselves up, than such language addressed to Europe at a time when peace and war are hanging in the scales. Is it really meant that every effort of Turkey to meet our wishes is to be interpreted as an insult that *she* should dare to have the least voice in the European concert which is to settle her own affairs?

Our present task is preventive rather than constructive; but the germs of a new construction seem to lie in Lord Derby's proposal of local self-government and administrative reform. All depends on the choice of the men, and especially of the presiding genius. Both Slavonians and Greeks might grow up to the destiny that may await them, but for which both need preparation and self-discipline. Their dissensions may be healed; their churches may be reformed into some semblance of that purity which some vainly think they see in contrast to Roman Catholic corruption. But such a future must have a natural growth. The object is not within the reach of a stroke of policy by which the Greek Empire should be resuscitated; and it would certainly be lost by enthroning the Czar at Constantinople. Time may reveal the nation and the man fit to establish a free Christian State over these seats of the highest ancient civilization in Asia as well as Europe.

Meanwhile, taking a calm retrospect of the whole matter, we believe it will be found, when the present excitement has calmed down, that, as so often happens in the warmest debates, the two parties have but been advocating the two co-ordinate aspects of that great policy on which the English people have set their hearts; and that the bulk of the nation and of her leading statesmen are equally resolved to bring Turkish misrule to an end in Europe, and to stop the march of Russia to Constantinople.

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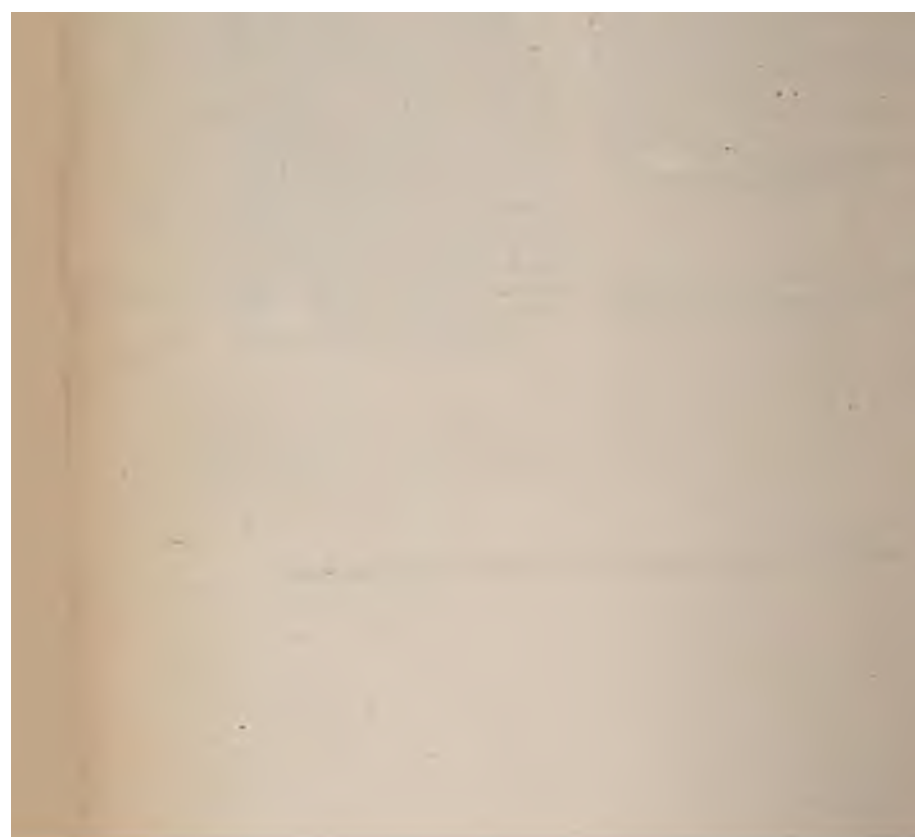
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